THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated W
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by

Volume 201, Number 1

JULY 7, 1928

5c. The Copy
10c. in Canada

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Philip S. Collins, Treasurer

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., Los Angeles, Cal., Richmond, Va., Boston, Mass.

Volume 201 | 5c. THE COPY | PHILADELPHIA, PA., JULY 7, 1928 | $2.00 By Subscription (52 Issues) | Number 1

THE GARDEN OF FASCISM

By BENITO MUSSOLINI

IN SOME contingencies violence has a deep moral significance.

In our land a leading class was neither present nor living. The Liberal Party had abdicated everything to the Socialists. There was no solid modern national unity.

Ignorance was still astride of the workmen and peasant masses. It was useless to attempt to blaze a trail by fine words, by sermons from chairs. It was necessary to give recognition to chivalrous violence. The only straight road was to beat the violent forces of evil on the very ground they had chosen.

With us were elements who knew what war meant. From them was born the organization of Italian Bundles of Fight. Many also volunteered from our universities—students, touched by the inspiration of idealism, who quit their studies to run to our call.

P. & A. PHOTO.

A Great Demonstration in Milan When the Black Shirts, Who Overthrew the Ministry and Set Up Their Own Leader, Mussolini, as Premier, Marched Into the City

We knew that we must win this war too—throw into yesterday the period of cowardice and treachery. It was necessary to make our way by violence, by sacrifice, by blood; it was necessary to establish an order and a discipline wanted by the masses, but impossible to obtain through milk-and-water propaganda and by words, words and more words—parliamentary and journalistic sham battles.

We began our period of rescue and resurrection. Dead there were, but on the horizon all eyes saw the dawn of Italian rebirth.

The unhappy year of 1921 was closed with the tragic dissolution of the Fiume drama. After the Treaty of Rapallo, by which Fiume was doomed to be a separate body, the Italian resistance in Fiume made itself more decided than ever. D'Annunzio declared that, whatever the cost, he would not abandon the city which had suffered so long and painfully to keep alive and keep pure its Italian soul.

I, too, had been living this drama, day to day. D'Annunzio and I had been close together since the first days of the campaign. Now for more than a year I had been accustomed to receive his brotherly letters. They brought to me the breath of the passion of Fiume. Since the first moment of the occupation of the holocaust city the poet had disclosed to me his firm will to fight. Significant evidence is found in a letter which D'Annunzio had sent me on September 14, 1919, transmitting to me, for my newspaper, one of his most virile messages. He wrote:

My dear Mussolini: Here are two lines in a hurry. I have been working for hours. My hand and my eyes are aching. I send my son, Gabriellino, brave companion, to bring you this manuscript. Look out for any needed correction and thank you. This is only the first act of a struggle that I will see to the end after my own style. In the case that the censorship should be bold enough to interfere, please publish the letter with the white intervals showing where words are omitted. Then we will see what we shall see.

I will write you again. I will come. I admire your constancy and the strength of your well-directed blows. Let me clasp your hand. Yours,

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.

From July to December the situation in Fiume grew more and more difficult. In face of the determined attitude of D'Annunzio, Giolitti—to be faithful to the engagements assumed at Rapallo by Count Sforza—resolved to blockade the city. The results of the blockade were dubious; therefore the government made up its mind to occupy the city by a military expedition. They chose Christmas, because there were two holidays during which newspapers did not appear. Italian soldiers were being hurled against an Italian city, against a handful of audacious legionaries, ardent-souled Italians, the combatants of D'Annunzio's brothers. Blood was on the streets. There were even the dead. All Italy was saturated by deep indignation.

Thereafter a sense of remorse and conciliation took the upper hand. A formula was found. D'Annunzio gave up his authority to a committee of citizens and left Fiume. It had been held by him during sixteen months with invincible faithfulness. Now it was requisite to intrust its destinies to its best citizens and to the events which were maturing, inexorable. I wrote at that time a message which found echo in all Italian hearts:

Below all the verbosity and the shuttle of mere words, the drama is perfect; horrible, if you choose, but perfect. On one side is the cold Reason of State determined to the very bottom, on the other the warm Reason of the Ideal ready to make desperate, supreme sacrifices. Invited to make our choice, we, the uneasy and precocious minority, choose calmly the Reason of the Ideal.

A few days later, on January 4, 1921, I commemorated the dead of the [illegible]lon of Ronchi by one of the most fervid articles I ever wrote. It ended with the following words:

They are the latest to fall in the Great War, and it is not in vain! The Italian tricolored banner hails them, Italian earth covers them. Their graves are a shrine. There all factions and divisions are obliterated. The dead of Carnaro bear witness that Fiume and Italy are one, the same flesh, the same soul. The opaque ink of the diplomats will never undo what has been sealed by blood forever.

Hail then to the Ronchi Legion, to the Duce—the leader, D'Annunzio—to his living who return and to his dead who never will.

They have remained to garrison the snowy mountains—Nevoso!

The iron necessity of violence already had been confirmed. Every one of us felt it. Now came the moment to move to action with a clear sense of the definite issue. The formation of squads and battling units that I had drawn up by intuition had been accomplished. I had given them in precise directions well-specified tasks within clean limits. They began their work of discipline and retaliation.

Our violence had to possess impetuosity. It had been trained to be loyal, as were the legions of Garibaldi, and above all chivalrous. The Central Committee of the Italian Bundles of Fight coördinated, under my direction, the whole work of the local executives and of the action squads, not only in the provinces but even in the towns. Valiant and vigorous elements joined us from the universities. Italian schools are enriched by the glorious names of students who quitted their halls for political life and Fascism. These eager boys left, without regret and without wavering, a merry existence to face mortal dangers during punitive actions against betrayers of our country. Later on, to these heroes of bold youth I directed the awarding of degrees *ad honorem;* they had given their blood freely so that their nation might be saved. Among them was the best type of Italian young manhood, who by disciplined methodical action, full of impetus, as were the actors, met and destroyed the social-communist spiders which in the web of foolishness and ignorance were exterminating every life germ of the Italian people. Wherever there popped up a vexation, a ransom, a case of blackmail, an extortion, a disorder, a reprisal—there gathered the Fascist squads of action. The black shirt—symbol of hardihood—was our uniform of war.

PHOTO, FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS.

Mussolini in His Private Aeroplane Leaving Milan on a Secret Mission

Mussolini With Some Fascist Leaders

The Liberal-democratic government quite naturally put difficulties in the way of the Fascist movement. It relied principally on the royal guards—Guardia Regia—blind instrument of antinational hatred. But we, who had sane courage, resource and ability, accepted the fact of facing ambush, traps and death. When instead we were taken to prison, we remained there long periods waiting for trial.

The Spirit of the Black Shirts

I HAD an effect on my soldiers which seemed to me almost mystic. The boys saw in me the avenger of our wronged Italy. The dying said, "Give us our black shirts for winding sheets." I could not remain unmoved when I knew that their last thoughts were of "Our native land and the Duce." Love and songs bloomed. A revival of youth, filled with Italian boldness, swamped by their virile male beauty the unrestrained rages of irresponsibles, painted out the fear of the Socialists, obliterated the ambiguity of the Liberals. The poesy of battle, the voices of an awakening race were multiplying, in those years of revival, the energies of our nation.

Our dead were innumerable. Italy's imps, the red dabblers, who were steeped in political intrigue, already were seeing the danger menacing, to them, of the coming of Fascism. Therefore they used every means to put us down; they created their snares and ambushes more and more carefully and built their pitfalls more and more cunningly. Every day both the public streets and the open rural fields of Italy were smeared with the blood of frightful conflicts.

Sundays, holidays and any occasions of gatherings seemed particularly marked out for attack.

I restrained our own violence to the strict limit of necessity. I enforced that viewpoint with lieutenants and with the rank and file. At times they obeyed me with regret and pain. They were thinking of companions treacherously murdered. But they always submitted to my orders against reprisals. They accepted my authority voluntarily and completely. If I had had a mind to do so, I could have commanded pitched battle. The boys would have leaped at the chance; they were looking to me as at a chief whose word was law.

There were episodes of such a deep attachment to me that I felt lifted up and refined by it. It created in me a deep sense of responsibility. Among these episodes I remember a young man, twenty years old, the Count Nicolo' Foscari, treacherously stabbed to death by a communist dagger. This fine boy died after two days of agony. With the agony of the wound and at the point of death, he wanted to have always near him my photograph. He declared himself glad and proud to die and that from me he knew how to die.

I was calloused to political battles. My inclination, however, has always been against all but chivalrous battles. I understood the sadness of civil strife; but in desperate political crises, when the bow happens to be too much bent, the arrow either flies off or the cord breaks. In a few months of action and violence we had to win no less than fifty years lost in empty parliamentary skirmishes, lost in the marshes of little political intrigues, in the wretchedness of an atmosphere defiled by selfish interest and petty personal ambition, lost in the maze of attempts to treat government as if it were a jam pot to attract the flies.

In 1921 I tried a political agreement and truce with our adversaries under the protection of the government. The utter incomprehension of the Socialists and Liberals was enormous. My gesture, prodigal and generous, created solely by me, served only to raise new fogs, miasmas and equivocations. The truce had been signed by the Socialists but not the communists. The latter continued the open struggle, helped in every way by the Socialists themselves. A generous experiment in pacificism had been quite useless. Socialism had corrupted Italian life. There would be always some unconciliatory antagonists, and so the struggle, after a short parenthesis, was taken up again. It lasted until the extreme consequences, but its renewal was the beginning of the great political battle of 1921.

The Battle Renewed

I WILL not set forth all the deadly frays of this year. They have gone into the past. But in the houses of my men are burning perennially the votive lamps of the survivors and on their hearths is the living memory of the fallen. The Fascist legions are of every age and of every condition. Many died when the victory was as yet uncertain, but the God of just men will direct for all the fallen eternal light and will reward the soul who lived nobly and wrote in blood the goodness and ardor of his faith.

The first months of 1921 were characterized by an extreme violence in the Po Valley. The Socialists came to the point where they were even willing to shoot at the funeral processions of the Fascists. It happened even in Rome. It was at that time that in Leghorn there was held the congress of the Socialist Party. A schism broke out. On that occasion was created the autonomous Communist Party, which afterward in all the manifestations of Italian

(Continued on Page 99)

Fascist Members Consigning to the Flames Editorials and Articles of the Opposition Press

MIMOSA GLANCES

By Eleanor Mercein

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

MAIS, madame, écoutez!"—it was the voice of Anatole the chauffeur, desperate at the keyhole. "Ah, *mon Dieu*, is this an hour for tranquil repose? *C'est Monsieur Esteban*, who has envy to commit a suicide! Already in the company of the Spanish sporting gentleman he enters the arena, with intention to mount from a stepladder a charging bull. *Mais oui, je vous assure!* With my two eyes I have seen it! *Vite, vite, madame!* Ah, name of a name of a name! *Quel pays barbare!*"

Emily Urruty sat up in bed with her eyes tightly closed, trying to believe this nightmare a continuation of her slumbers; slumbers replete with charging bulls and other appropriate details, since they had been for several days guests at the Canellos bull ranch. But she knew better. Her husband's head was indeed missing from the pillow beside her own.

The bucolic atmosphere of their present surroundings was strangely other than that of the Urruty uplands, those remote mist-green pastures with the plash of cool little waters everywhere, and the sound of shepherds' chirilions blowing faintly down. Here was a boding silence over the sun-stark, violent landscape, empty and desert except for wandering groups of shaggy black cattle, tended by gypsy herdsmen and great brindled field mastiffs, more dangerous often than the bulls themselves. Nor were there any familiar lowings and bellowings, as of ordinary cattle. These, as their host put it delicately, had already been "arranged" for the arena, where the tender sensibilities of a feminine audience are not to be outraged by uncouth sounds. As with their victims, the horses, the vocal cords of fighting bulls are usually cut.

The arrival of the duke's guests had been celebrated the day previous by a *gallumbo*. "An amusing sport," their host explained, "usually reserved for special saints' days, when I give my people in the village here a young bull of their own to play with. But I think it may afford you pleasure—unless you would rather watch our friend Alvorez kill? Which is, of course, a rare privilege." He indicated another guest, referred to by Anatole as "the Spanish sporting gentleman"; a taciturn, heavy-shouldered young man whose hair arrangement had greatly puzzled Emily until she realized that it was a *coleta*, the pigtail of a bullfighter, neatly pinned up out of the way for private life. Señor Alvorez was known to fame, it appeared, as El Macho, the Bulldog. As friend of the house and very great artist—here Don Jaime bowed to his guest, who returned the courtesy—a Canellos bull was always at his service; and it was a privilege, replied the other politely, to be permitted to engage cattle from the Canellos herd.

She Gave Him a Shy Glance
Out of the Corner of Her Eye—a True Mimosa Glance, as She at Once Realized. "Oh, Yes, I Like Kissing Very Much; Especially Children"

But the ladies, Emily speaking for them in some haste, had decided in favor of the *gallumbo*, which sounded less sanguinary.

It proved to be quite sanguinary enough. A young bull was turned loose in the village square with no restraint whatever except a drag anchor of several men on a rope; and there the village had its way with him. Old men teased him with their coats, leaping aside in frantic nimbleness as he charged; boys rushed past under his nose, shrieking terrified defiance; women poked at him with pitchforks.

Everywhere the laughing, yelling crowd broke and scattered before him, pushing one another into his path, escaping into doorways; while the drag anchor was hard put to it to keep him from following them into the sanctuary of the church itself. The animal seemed to enjoy the rough sport as much as any, gamboling about like a tremendous Scottie pup on legs insufficient for his huge head and shoulders; pouncing and "playing fierce," with lolling tongue and eyes rolling in sheer mischief—until he caught unawares a cripple boy, whose crutch was not nimble enough.

The yells of the village died into sharp silence, broken by a relieved roar of laughter again as the lad's mother snatched off her red flannel petticoat and teased the bull away from his victim with desperate impromptu cape work, while two mounted herdsmen came to the rescue with their pics.

Don Jaime, looking on from a balcony with his guests, was charmed with this maternal prowess; shouted "*Ole! Ole! Tan bonita, tan guapita!*" and flung her his purse and hat, as Spanish gallants fling presents to dancers on the stage, to the vociferous enthusiasm of his retainers.

Only young Bette Urruty remarked in a low voice to her grandmother: "The boy is hurt, *madre*. May I go to him?"

And the old lady replied quietly in Basque, "But certainly not, my child! It is not yet our affair."

The duke repeatedly regretted the absence of his elder grandson. "You should see that Maximo of ours! In the *gallumbo* he is truly formidable—what a talent for the bulls! I myself have seen the lad vault a charging *novillo* by means of a pole, from a stepladder; a pretty trick! None of my peons here have quite the courage for it, naturally."

"Ah? From a stepladder?" Esteban pricked an interested ear, while Emily hurriedly interposed a question: "Has your other grandson also a talent for the bulls, Don Jaime?"

The old gentleman sighed. "Viciana's passion for the *corrida* is keen —— But no," he admitted regretfully, "he has lived too much in cities. One cannot encourage the boy to enter the arena; he has not quite his brother's hardihood. It is perhaps more wise to let José-Maria do his bullfighting vicariously."

At the time Emily had congratulated herself on having deflected her husband's interest from tauromachian experiments; she recalled with alarm his casual mention of riding a bull, and after so much polite inaction as a guest Esteban's pent-up spirits were apt to require violent outlet. Her self-gratulations were evidently premature. The Basque mind is not easy to deflect.

She arrived at the corral, thanks to Anatole's warning, just in time to see her husband describing a graceful parabola through the air with a vaulting pole, while a puzzled and resentful bull was making complete wreckage of a stepladder which stood where his enemy had stood only a moment before. Later Emily had also the pleasure of seeing her husband astride the outraged creature, slapping his hat and yelling in approved cowboy fashion, while the bull bucked more desperately than any bronco.

"*Hijo de mi alma!*" cried the duke, wiping his eyes with pure pleasure. "Son of my soul, come to my arms! *Que hombre! Que caliente!* And does it not prove that my little ones, my *novillos*, are the most charming animals in the world if one but uses with them sufficient tact?"

Also stout enough spears, thought Emily, grateful for the peons who had stationed themselves about the corral with their sharp-pointed *garrachos*, ready for a rescue if required.

It was indeed a man's world, this Spanish peninsula, into which she had strayed out of the safe and sane gynecocracy of America; and the ease with which her companions adapted themselves to it gave Emily one of the moments in which her husband's people, her husband himself, seemed strange to her, almost alien. Even Madame Urruty smiled in calm approval on her grandson's mad antics, like the old Basque Spartan that she was; while Bette the staid, the collected, forgot to be a young lady upon the point of becoming a matron, and danced up and down in glee, to the duke's surprised approval, crying, "*Encore, Steban! Bis encore!* Make him to run away, make him to jump the gate!"—so that her brother, recognizing the customary shrill voice of family support, flashed her a grin and put the bull through paces he did not know he had.

It was a relief to all of them to see Bette herself again. There had been, since the failure of the arranged betrothal with Don Jaime's older grandson, something a little disturbing about the girl—a certain listlessness camouflaged under polite interest, a certain poignancy of expression deepening the eyes, edging and sharpening the soft young features—which troubled Emily in particular, who recalled only too well her own pangs of unrequited affection. She still awoke sometimes at night, shaken with dry sobbing, from a dream of those long months during which she believed Esteban lost to her.

If it took danger and deeds of derring-do to renew the child's enthusiasm for living, by all means let there be danger, thought Emily resignedly; for all their never-boasted length of lineage, these Basques she had married into were only half civilized at heart.

That, explained Esteban, returning to them after having reduced his mount to wearied submissiveness, was how people learned to ride in his wife's country, in far America.

"Is it possible?" murmured their host, eying his pretty American guest with new interest; evidently picturing her in the mind's eyes, a very modern Europa, cantering along Park Avenue becomingly mounted on a bull. He was inspired by emulation to a little exhibition of his own.

"Myself, I have not the habit of riding bulls," he said deprecatingly, "nor am I quite of the agility for pole vaulting. Yet one does not lack entirely, I hope, the *genio del viejo*—the spirit of age. Perhaps you will like to see how the bullfight was conducted in days when to *torear a caballo* was still the sport of gentlemen?"

Madame Urruty protested: "Surely at your years, my friend, you do not enter the arena? Leave such folly to the age of folly!"

The duke smiled somewhat reproachfully. "Is there, then, a special age for folly? But skill is not a matter of years, perhaps. . . . My fighting dress, Pascual," he added to his servant, "and inform Andrea I shall require his company."

"Good!" exclaimed the matador El Macho, stirred out of his professional taciturnity. "Never before have I been privileged to witness one of *el señor duque's* little *fonciona* here, though they are well known."

Their host, he explained briefly, followed the ancient method of bullfighting as learned from the Moors, who met the bull as they would meet an enemy on the field of honor, fighting from horseback with spear and lance, the point being less to kill than to keep the bull from injuring horse or rider. "So Canero, the Portuguese, always fights," he added, "who has never had a horse killed under him." Only after bullfighting deteriorated into a sport of common people, who could not afford horses of the blood to face bulls, did the custom come about of blindfolding worn-out hacks upon which to vent the first furies; thereby making greater safety for men who must fight on foot.

"*El señor duque*, like many of our Castilian gentlemen, has never countenanced such use of unprotected horses, being one of those who are endeavoring to restore the more aristocratic fashion," said the matador; less for humanitarian reasons, it appeared, than in the interests of clean sport.

Two horsemen came riding presently into the corral mounted on nimble little *jacas*, true cow ponies, men and horses alike sheathed in heavily padded leather. One was Andrea, headman of the Canellos ranch, a fine proud old peasant of the type Emily was familiar with in her husband's country; who still wore the pigtail, having been in his day a professional *torero*. The other was Don Jaime himself.

Emily could not believe her eyes. There sat the fragile elegant of Toledo, confessedly timorous of automobiles, so languid that he could not open his own newspaper, so lame that he never walked abroad without the support of a cane or of his manservant, as steady in his saddle as an old centaur, taking alone the full fury of a slavering black brute that charged out of the *toril* straight upon him. At spear's length from the waiting horseman the young bull swerved and halted, a ribbon of blood streaming from one shoulder. First honors to Don Jaime! Again and again the thing occurred; occasionally it was Andrea who received the bull instead of his master; more than once the animal was attacked rather than attacker, the quick little horses, active as cats, wheeling as he wheeled, the light, sharp *garrachos* always ready for him. Once Andrea went down, and the duke spurred instantly between him and danger, thrusting, recovering, thrusting again with the cool, deliberate skill of an old duelist.

Esteban, not easily moved to demonstration, was yelling himself hoarse, Alvorez had sprung astride the *barrera* to be nearer the scene of action; and suddenly Emily found her eyes hot with tears. Here, she thought, was the true bravura of Spain, and all its pathos; this old *valiente* upholding alone the traditions of his caste in place of younger members of his house who had failed him—the one who would not do his own courting, the other whose taste for deeds of valor must be satisfied vicariously. For the first time she understood how Léocadie Jauregui that was, daughter, wife and mother of strong men, had never quite been able to forget this dashing *caballero* of her youth.

It was to Madame Urruty he looked for his approval when presently he returned to them, rather spent and obviously glad of the supporting Pascual.

"You liked our little affair there?" he asked complacently. "I no longer attempt the *derribo*, I do not try to overthrow the bull—but you will think better now of the 'spirit of age'?"

She smiled at him, her eyes amused yet very kind; while Bette, speechless with the enthusiasm displays of valor

She Drew a Deep Breath of Relief. The Marqués de Viciana Was, So to Speak, Her Oyster

always aroused in her hardy young nature, suddenly flung both arms around his neck and kissed him. An entente cordiale was established; their host forgave Bette at last for not being Emily.

"If only," she sighed later to her sister, "it were *monsieur le duc* one were to marry, instead of the strange *petit fils!*"

Emily chuckled. "I dare say, from what I've seen of it, that the *genio del viejo* would be more than willing."

It was the beginning of a warm friendship between Bette and the old knight troubadour, which greatly reassured her family. The girl was evidently forgetting her disappointment over Maximo. True, she had been the chosen *novio* only once, but young Maximo's was a figure that lent itself to romance, and Bette was of curiously suggestible temperament, so ready for love that it would come to her almost too easily. There had been also the mortification of finding herself unwanted—a terrible thing to one of her proud and trusting confidence in the world's approval. It had perhaps never occurred to Bette Urruty that she, accustomed to the complete if undemonstrative devotion of an entire community, could be unwanted anywhere. So that the duke's marked preference for her society was very healing to a somewhat bruised young spirit.

She entered into the life of the *ganaderia* with ardor, manifesting for adolescent bulls the same maternal interest which had made her successful at home with lesser livestock. Matters of pasturage and fodder soon held no mysteries for her, while terms of tauromachian eugenics flowed from her lips with a candor worthy of the matriarch herself. The duke had never found such an audience for his hobby; even his grandson Maximo had regarded the bulls more or less as playthings instead of the noble natures which they were, each with his name and personality and individual character.

"I sometimes think, indeed," the old gentleman confided to Bette seriously, "that into these true bulls of Castile may have entered the spirit of our glorious ancestry—Saracens, Crusaders, the Cid Campeador, Ramon Lull! Else what," he sighed, not without pathos, "has become of that spirit? Where but in the Plaza del Toros do you now find traces of the glory that was Spain?"

She learned of the annual trial of the calves on the savannas, by which eight out of every ten in a herd of yearlings are proved fit only for butcher's meat, while the remaining two or three, who have the spirit to turn at bay against the testing *garrachos* of the herdsmen, are kept for the arena, most watchfully tended and humored, their nervous systems guarded from shock as carefully as if they were performing artists.

"Which certainly they are!" commented the girl, with the grave sympathy that greatly endeared her to her host. "But to raise fighting cattle must be of great expense, monsieur?" she added, being of a practical nature.

"*Yo lo creo!*" boasted the old headman Andrea, their frequent companion. "I believe you, *seña'!* Each bull costs *el señ'* what it would cost one of our families here in the pueblo to live for several years, and he is sold for perhaps two thousand of pesetas! But one has also the great glory." And the company of bulls, added Andrea, was always ennobling. Even the gypsies thereabouts were more respectable citizens than elsewhere, since *el señor duque* found them valuable with the bulls; they owned their caves along the river bank, they even went to mass like Christians, the fear of death being so frequently upon them in the bull pen; and more than one had risen to the proud honor of becoming a genuine *torero*, thanks to *el señor duque*.

"So those are gypsies, who live in the cave houses beside the river?" asked Bette curiously. That colorful and mysterious people always exercised over her imagination a certain charm. "But I thought the *gitanos* were a wandering folk, Andrea?"

"Even the birds of the air, *seña'*, know a tree branch which for them is home," said the old peasant sententiously. Gypsies loved the bulls like brothers, he added, and those of the Tagus country always returned thither, since there was that in the Tagus water to renew the vigor of manhood, even as it gives strength to the Toledo blade. Where else in the world was made such a steel that could bend itself double without breaking—like the Cid's own sword, Tizona? Nor were there *toros* to be found anywhere in the world's pastures, declared the headman, reverting to his favorite theme, with the noble ferocity of Toledo bulls, especially those of the Canellos herd, which never returned to their kill, like stupider animals. Once done with a horse, or a man—*zas!* They were done. "Our bulls," declared Andrea soberly, "are gentlemen, you see."

To Emily the *ganaderia* was strongly reminiscent of the Kentucky stock farm of an old cousin of her father who bred race horses; there was the same plain, vigorous masculinity about the place, the same patriarchal relation between man and beast. The duke was a member of that select order of gentlemen called the Maestranzas, of which the king himself is head, who control all affairs in Spain connected with the *aficion*—a term which corresponds to the "talent," in racing parlance. He took his duties very seriously; the ranch house was filled with portraits of bulls and bullfighters, with testimonials and breeding records, with mounted horns and cattle whips. The matador El Macho was received there much as a passing jockey would have been welcomed at her cousin's house in Kentucky.

"Matadors are a finer order of men than jockeys; *de pelo en pecho*—with hair on the chest, as we say in Spanish. Their business is like that of soldiers—to risk life," Esteban said. "Spanish gentry are very proud of the company of matadors."

The duke dramatized his rôle of bull breeder rather picturesquely in leggings and a broad hat worn over a handkerchief, also a sleeveless jacket of leather laced with thongs, like that of Andrea; a costume not altogether convincing, but very becoming to his slender and elegant old figure. Casting aside languorous town habits, he rose betimes, and his household with him; especially Bette, who

daily accompanied him on the round of pasture and corral, riding a small *jaca* he had given her, across the saddle bow the light, sharp-pointed *garracho* without which horsemen never venture among bulls.

The matriarch was well content, and did not hurry their departure for Madrid, where the second choice in grandsons awaited them. "The child knows her affair. There is room on this property for a good *elchekandere*," she said thoughtfully; and indeed the village was in a state of naked poverty which would have shamed any Basque neighborhood.

"We shall be fortunate if she does not take up bullfighting in person," grinned her brother; reminding them that it would not be the first time a Spanish woman had entered the arena professionally.

Bette, although the duke's partisanship had done much to restore her damaged self-confidence, was still rather panic-stricken at the thought of facing another *novio*, and glad to delay their visit to Madrid. Emily caught her once examining herself dubiously in a mirror.

"*Belle-sœur*," she said wistfully, "when there are in the world such beautiful persons as you, and—and"—she caught herself just in time to avoid mentioning the girl Johár, whom Maximo had preferred to herself—"how is it possible that any young gentleman could look at such as me? Old ones, yes, and children and animals—those are less *exigeant*. But fine young men —— *Belle-sœur*, are there not ways in which a polite *juene fille* can make herself more—noticeable? Such as to rouge the mouth and cheeks, to *friser* the hair?"

Emily recognized the distress signal of her sex. She herself suspected that the simplicity, the delicate naïveté, which constituted for a sophisticated palate Bette's chief charm, might not appeal to the age when most youths prefer their ladies with a past—the duke's second grandson was very young. To supply Bette at such short notice with a past was hardly feasible, but certain effects might possibly be achieved; not for nothing had Emily Weldon served long apprenticeship to that valiant band of her fellow countrywomen whose motto, We Strive to Please, is writ large over Europe.

She looked the girl over critically. The jutting, clear-cut features, the slender angularity, the proud directness of gaze were slightly hieratic, almost Egyptian in effect—a type difficult to reconcile with present ideas of beauty; yet Emily saw that beauty of a sort was there, had blossomed almost overnight. There was a bloom on Bette, in the clear ivory patina of the skin, the luster of her deep eyes, the blue-black sheen of hair which she knew so badly how to arrange. The time had come when, if ever, the thoughts of young men seeing her would take their natural direction. However, in Emily's experience, some slight assistance to the thoughts of young men never came amiss.

A few deft touches loosened the smooth heavy braids and twisted them classically round the girl's high head.

"There!" she said with satisfaction. "That helps! We're not trying for smartness, you know; more for the ultra-womanly, mother-of-the-Gracchi effect; that '*siempre flor*' our duke so loves to quote."

Bette sighed. "Ah, no, *belle-sœur!* It is you, so small and exquisite, who suggest 'the eternal flowerhood.' With me there is too much of nose."

"And of character, perhaps," admitted the other, "which is equally inconvenient for vamping purposes, but useful enough in the holy bonds of wedlock." She continued her appraisal.

The figure, as far as it went, was all very well, with sufficiently feminine suggestions in the silhouette. The feet she pronounced really good—"And feet are so important nowadays! Only be careful never to box them into sensible shoes; you look quite sensible enough as it is."

Bette nodded obediently, regarding her extremities with new interest.

"On the whole," continued her adviser, "it is action rather than appearance which makes the vamp. Anyone can manage to look the part nowadays, clothes being what they are, but to be it takes some doing! The world's palate has become a bit jaded." She paused in perplexity.

"Tell me, Emily"—Bette rubbed a coaxing cheek along the other's arm. "I do not know just what that is, a vamp; but if you tell me how, I will be one."

The oracle was rather stumped. How to bring into the realm of the conscious processes which were to her instinctive? In Bette's need she bethought herself of certain advices on the part of her late parent, Archibald Weldon, himself a professional beauty of some standing in a day when the requirements were more rigid.

There was, for example, the important matter of the smile. "Nothing," that authority on charm had warned his daughter, "could be less intriguing than the fixed and indiscriminate smile of amiability. But used as contrast with a frown—and how few women frown well!—a sudden, personal flash of teeth, or a faint, reluctant tremolo of sensitive lips—you see what I mean?"

Nor did his daughter forget a dissertation on the usage of the eye; for Archibald Weldon knew very well that the eye feminine has not been accorded humanity for mere purposes of vision.

"If purely platonic relations are to be established, my pet, you will find nothing more effective than a frank, direct gaze; not quite into the pupil, but slightly above—into the hairs of the eyebrow, let us say. Few men are so stirred by emotion as to misunderstand a frank, direct gaze into the eyebrow. If slight encouragement is intended, a glance from between the lashes, mischievous or lingering, as you may prefer." ("Mimosa glances!" interpolated Bette, pleased to recognize a form of flirtation familiar to her by hearsay.)

"For further encouragement, there is the shy upward lift of the eyes, immediately veiled. But repeated. And by the way, never make up the lid, my pet—the lashes if you must, but a painted lid gives an impression of insincerity. For the warmer relations"—here Mr. Weldon had cleared his throat, finding parental candor to have its difficulties—"there is the long fixed gaze from half-shut eyes, as if hypnotized; the form yielding, the lips parting in a slow abandon—but I must advise you rarely to make use of this encouragement until you reach years of full discretion."

"Ah," said Bette, in thoughtful comprehension, "the *mirada* look, of which gran'mere told us, for declared lovers. So that is a custom not entirely of Spain?"

Having handed on these expert counsels for what they were worth, Emily was amused that night at dinner to observe young Bette giving her neighbor, the matador, cautious experimental glances of a lingering nature out of the corner of her eye, to that gentleman's manifest uneasiness. Señor Alvorez volunteered some hasty domestic anecdotes about his wife and family.

But the girl soon had more promising material on which to test the value of Mr. Weldon's posthumous counsels. On the final evening of their visit, while they sat watching a dying sun turn the haggard, aromatic wastes of the *vega* once more into the Moors' garden of lost delights, a long-drawn shriek broke the wide silence, together with other sounds, faint and far-off, which suggested an American jazz orchestra approaching in full voice.

(Continued on Page 72)

Suddenly the Crowd Was Startled by a Shrill Voice Lifted in the Unmistakable Ululating Cry of the Basque Irrezina. Every Head in a Béret—and There Were Many—Turned Instantly Toward the Girl in White Who Stood in the Canelios Box

PIE FOR THE CHAMP

By Horatio Winslow

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

"This is My Stepbrother, Mr. Bull O'Leary, Champion Heavyweight Wrestler of the Southwest. I Like to Have Him Around When I am Showing Valuable Documents"

HARDLY had I slid the purple pages under the blotter when, cutting into the hotel writing room, Elsie plumped herself down at the desk beside me. I had acted in the nick of time, for a painful school-day experience had shown me the dangers of correspondence which lies about regardless. And I was glad that the yellow letter and the pink letter, already sealed and addressed, were safe in my pocket, where Elsie could not suspect their existence.

"Roscoe," she began abruptly, "we might as well get down to facts and figures. For the last couple of weeks something has been ailing you."

A sudden twinge from the neighborhood of my heart came as a suggestion that what ailed me was nothing less than the emotion of a great love. But I decided not to mention this to Elsie for fear she might not understand.

"You may feel, Roscoe," she went on, "that I am no friend of yours, though I happen to qualify on that list; but I am certainly your partner. Your interests are mine, because anything disagreeable that may happen to you will exert a painful pressure on my pocketbook nerve. Do you get me, Roscoe?"

I nodded, but without much enthusiasm.

"When we met, you told me your story—how you came to Chicago with twenty-three years of hope and innocence behind you, a pie appetite, a musical-saw income and a desire to make big money in vaudeville. You follow me, Roscoe?"

There seemed to be practically no response expected, so I did not make any.

"I found you with your last cent gone, the musical saw in hock, and yourself, as you had not eaten for almost five hours, practically starving to death. Am I right or not, Roscoe?"

"Those are the substantial facts," I commented in a crisp, cold voice.

"I was not born on the lot, Roscoe; but three years in vaudeville, even if spent as a magician's assistant, will give a bright girl an idea of what the customers like. I saw possibilities in you. I had long planned the little act we are now doing; the one thing I needed was the climax. You told me how for four years hand running you had won the pie-eating contest at the Dane County Fair. That gave me the name for the act, the climax and the principal performer. Your pie-eating lifted us from the coffee-and-cake circuit to the almost-big-time where we are today."

She stopped, but I took no advantage of the fact.

"Yet, star as you may be, Roscoe, you will admit I have helped. Never have I failed to get you the biggest hand possible. If you are a wow, it is partly my fault. And if I have not been able to persuade you to fake your pie-eating, at least I have induced you to buy Merriwether's Stomach Balm and to take vigorous exercise. After all that, Roscoe, I would like to know what you mean by turning to the left."

I said I didn't know what she meant—a statement not entirely true.

"We are partners, Roscoe. There is nothing sentimental about our alliance, but we owe it to each other to be square shooters. I realize that country boys will be country boys; at the same time it certainly gives me a sharp pain to see you wreck your appetite over a double-edged battle-ax."

"What do you mean?" I demanded, preparing to start to my feet.

"Don't clog sitting down, Roscoe. You know exactly what I mean. The lady is too slick for you the best day you ever lived. If you want to have a little harmless flirtation, that is your business. But no man yet ever had a harmless flirtation with Stella Letoile, Classic Danseuse Supreme, and got away with it. Moreover, when you begin to go dotty over a female hoofer old enough to be your grandma ——"

"Miss Ellis," I said with all the severity of which I was capable, "kindly choose your words when you discuss one of my friends."

For a minute Elsie looked at me without speaking. Finally she said: "When I do, I will, Roscoe. In the meantime, if you write any letters to the baby just mentioned, be sure you choose your own words—it may mean money in your pockets later." And turning, she walked out of the writing room.

I did not attempt to stop her; but after waiting a moment to be sure she was not coming back, I pulled the unfinished purple letter from the blotter and regarded it with marked emotion.

Little had I supposed when, as a boy on my Uncle Bemus' farm, I saw my first picture of Stella Letoile that some day I would be delighting the public on the same bill with this celebrity. That old newspaper photo had showed Miss Letoile with her hands over her chest, her eyes rolled up and hair hanging down—it had made me think of a rich strawberry pie with a good deal of thick cream added. Underneath it had read:

Star Refused Balm. Wealthy Clubman Held Not Guilty of Breach of Promise. Letters Received by Stage Beauty Not Considered Conclusive.

I still remember the comment passed on this news item by Alf, my Uncle Bemus' hired man: "Yes, that is the way it always is, Roscoe. You take them rich fellows and they are triflers, one and all. First they get some poor girl to believe their lallygaggings are serious and then they refuse to marry her, and they don't give her any balm, either."

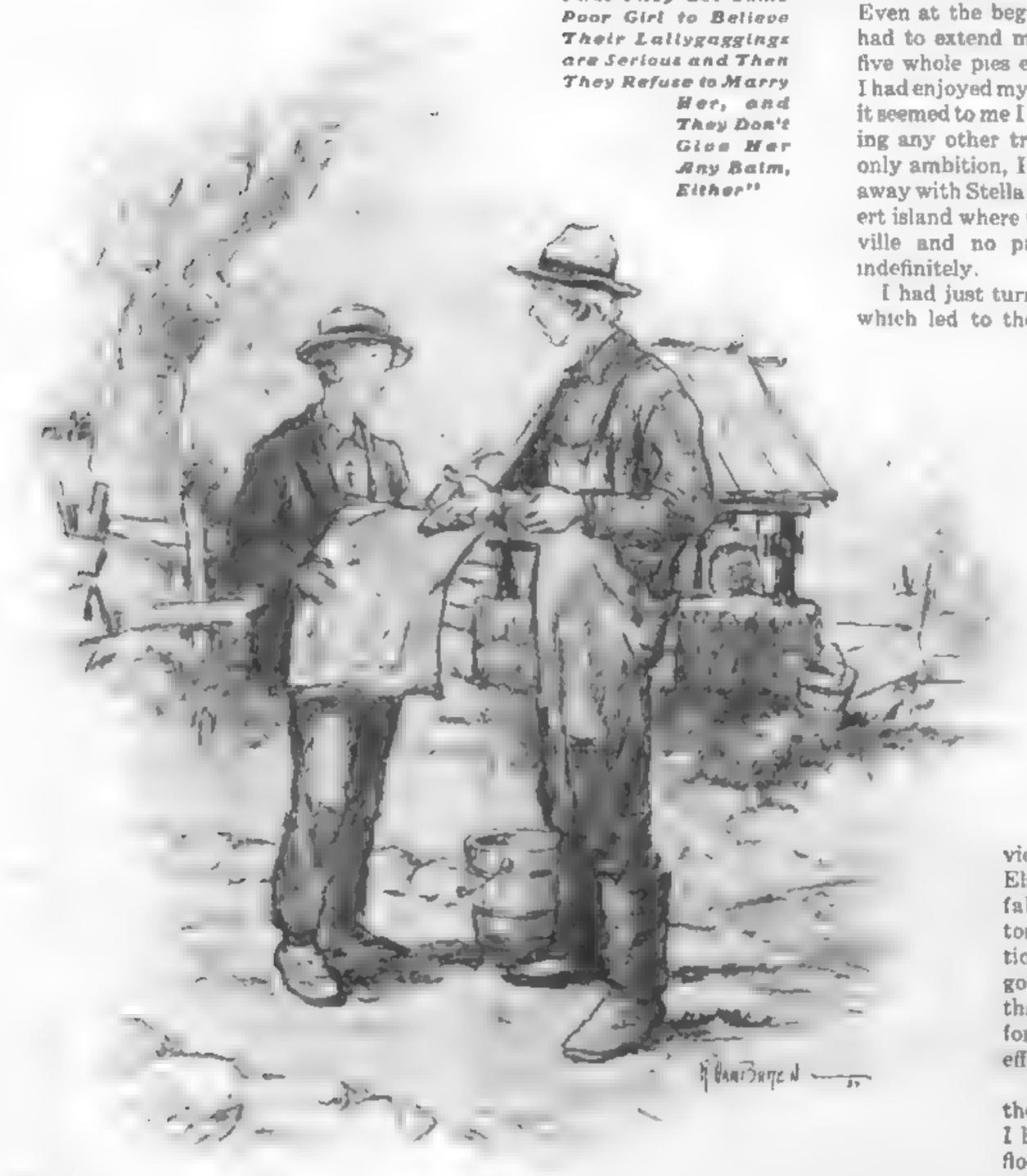
Having laid to one side a four-page original poem entitled Whene'er I Think of Thee, and also on purple paper, I continued the letter from the middle of Page 6.

"Well, Miss Letoile," I wrote, "as I have already stated, the pangs of love are happening to me with greater and greater intensity, and I can say I have never experienced anything like them before, and I believe they are the result of the fact that we were meant for each other by Providence's decree, and as I have already stated in my two other letters, the date of the marriage is up to you.

"Being Undisputed Champion Pie-eater of the world, my position is secure with the public, and though malicious knockers have stated I am faking and could not eat so much pie and still continue to weigh only 135 pounds, my offer still stands of a thousand dollars ($1000.00) reward to anyone who can prove I do not eat a complete pie at each and every performance. It is sometimes hard, but I do it, thus living up to my watchword, which is now and has always been No Faking. And in addition to this stage career, which you can see for yourself is full of promise, I am the only relative of my Uncle Bemus, who is said to be worth half a million dollars."

I started to write a P. S. explaining that the last time I had seen my Uncle Bemus had been when he was chasing me off his farm with a pitchfork; but deciding this was unnecessary, I left the letter as was: "Forever yours," followed by my full name.

This purple letter, together with the original poem, I placed in an appropriately colored envelope, sealed same and addressed it to Miss Letoile at the theater. For four days I had been carrying the pink letter without daring



"First They Get Some Poor Girl to Believe Their Lallygaggings are Serious and Then They Refuse to Marry Her, and They Don't Give Her Any Balm, Either"

to mail it, and the yellow letter for a week. Fearing that any further delay would be not only unnecessary but contrary to my best interests, I now took all three envelopes to the lobby, summoned up my courage and, having closed my eyes, dropped them in the mail box.

It was the noon hour. But though paying for accommodations on the American plan, I turned firmly from the dining room and walked into the fresh air.

According to all the novel books I had ever read, characters who were in love invariably lost their appetites and had uneasy interior sensations. For three weeks we had played on the same bill with Stella Letoile, Classic Danseuse Supreme, and during that entire time I had been troubled with these above symptoms. In addition, I had been feeling another symptom which I decided was also the result of unrequited love, though I did not remember ever having come across anything like it in the novel books. This sensation was what you would feel if an iron hand should repeatedly open and close in your insides. And I decided that if this was caused by my tender feelings for Miss Letoile, I was certainly about as much in love as anybody could get.

Leaving the hotel, I walked up and down the streets of Peoria, Illinois, thinking of the object of my affections and also of my act, which was scheduled for 3:15, 7:55 and 9:40. When Elsie and I had first pulled our Afternoon at the County Fair, and when I had knocked the critics cold with my reproduction of a country boy winning a pie-eating contest with a genuine and entire blueberry pie, I had enjoyed every minute of our time on the stage. Even at the beginning, when I had had to extend myself by devouring five whole pies each and every day, I had enjoyed my art. But that noon it seemed to me I would prefer following any other trade whatever. My only ambition, I felt, would be to go away with Stella Letoile to some desert island where there was no vaudeville and no pies and stay there indefinitely.

I had just turned down the street which led to the theater when my knees gave way and I observed several conservative office buildings in the act of spinning like tops. It occurred to me that maybe my affection for Miss Letoile was getting such that I had better not try to appear before the footlights that afternoon. Though much was to be said for this point of view, the fear that Elsie might think I was faking these symptoms, and the recollection of the fact that a good name is better than jewels, braced me for a last despairing effort.

It was adequate, for the next clear memory I have is lying on the floor of the dressing room with my head on an old shoe. It was at this point that I began to wonder whether what ailed me was really the pangs of unrequited affection or something else.

The orchestra was tuning up and from the other side of the partition I could hear a voice which I recognized as that of Stella Letoile.

"Listen to this," she was saying. "'Jurors Give Chorine Forty Thousand Dollars Balm in Case Involving New York Clubman.' It certainly takes a dumb Dora to get the breaks. Personally, I have lost three different suits for breach of promise and each one was proved up to the hilt by signed letters. The last time I was so sore I got a boy friend of mine, Bull O'Leary, the champion heavyweight wrestler of the Southwest ——"

The words seemed to come from farther and farther off.

Raising my voice with an effort, I called, "Listen!" My object was to inform Miss Letoile with my dying breath that I was not like any of those New York clubmen, and that I really wanted to marry her, as stated in letters which she would probably receive before evening.

The door of the dressing room opened. "What has happened, Roscoe?" It was Elsie.

"I think I am passing over to the other shore," I said in as calm a voice as possible. "Still, you might try to find some doctor who has specialized on pie diseases. But before he gets here I would like to say a few last words to Miss Letoile."

"I'll have her right in, Roscoe. And don't give up—we'll pull you through."

The next moment a harsh laugh rang out. It came not from Elsie but from the woman I had been secretly idolizing.

"What? Come in and look at the poor hick? Why should I? I am no horse doctor. If he is sick, maybe from now on he will do his clowning in a hospital. Let him go back to the sticks and die of dyspepsia—the big pie-eating boob!"

And that is my final remembrance of life behind the footlights in Peoria, Illinois, because at this stage of the proceedings I uttered a low moan and lost consciousness.

II

FIVE days later I opened my eyes in my hotel room. From a chair by the bed Elsie was holding my right wrist.

"Where do we go from here?" were my first words, for at the moment I was all confused. "Hello, what is the matter?"

Tears had welled to Elsie's eyes, and they ran down her cheeks as in an unusually gentle voice she responded: "Nothing is the matter, Roscoe, except that you had a rush of pie to the brain. Late yesterday the doctor decided it might not be necessary to operate, so that is that. You passed out Thursday; it is now Tuesday. As our bookings have been canceled, we don't go anywhere

(Continued on Page 51)

"You Might Try to Find Some Doctor Who Has Specialized on Pie Diseases. But Before He Gets Here I Would Like to Say a Few Last Words to Miss Letoile"

THUS MAN LEARNED TO FLY

The Story of the Wright Brothers and the Airplane

By Howard Mingos

The Wright Brothers' First Machine at Kill Devil Hill, North Carolina, 1900, Gliding in a 27-Mile Wind

THE pilot was speaking to a party of friends in the holiday crowd at one side of the field.

"Sure! That ship there is almost human. It will do anything that I want it to. Just watch me!"

With that he took off like a startled pheasant. For twenty minutes he thrilled his audience. He flipped the plane over on its side, over and over again. He tumbled from great heights, like a falling leaf. He rolled down out of a cloud bank, turned up and looped the loop time and again, as if trying to describe a more perfect circle with each loop.

Then he made a steep dive toward the crowd. The onlookers shuddered at what might happen if he hit them.

Swift as a bolt came the plane, noise of engine and propeller drowned out by the zinging, shrieking air blast against the flying wires. It reached an awe-inspiring crescendo close at hand, as the plane leveled off low overhead and tore past at 400 feet a second. Then a moment later, from off in the distance, it turned back and glided to the field. It had demonstrated that it was a living vibrant thing; that machine and pilot were one in the air, to be parted only when the human element climbed out and rejoined his friends.

"Who on earth ever thought of making a thing like that?" the question greeted him.

In Spite of Natural Laws

"SEARCH me. I don't know who thought of it first," the aviator replied. He was a youngster. "I know that this is the twenty-fifth year of flying—and that's about all. There was a big guy down in Washington, in the Government. He did something. Then there were the Wright brothers out in Dayton. The Army named air fields after both parties. But I don't know that anyone thought of it first; it just happened."

From now on to the end of recorded time, though whole epochs be merged into one short paragraph of history, the present century must have its place, not by virtue of the wireless, not because of the powerful engines, the manifold uses of electricity or the thousand and one miracles of chemistry and physics—nor any of the wonders yet to appear—but because man learned to fly.

Of all the scientific marvels, however vital and permanent their influence upon the human race, the airplane is the only thing actually created since 1900. Marconi's feat with wireless, none the less wonderful and creditable, lay in subjecting to practical use the natural laws known to exist. And so with all the rest except the flying machine.

With flying the case was reversed. The only known law was that of gravity. This was believed to oppose—by many scientists held to render utterly impossible—any kind of mechanical flight. For 400 years men of learning, and some others, had been trying to overcome gravity. Men noted for inventions in other fields tried to fly. They failed. One after another they gave it up. Others set out to conquer the air. Lives were lost. Close to $1,000,000 went into flying contraptions that did everything but fly. Then on December 17, 1903, Orville and Wilbur Wright, of Dayton, Ohio, flew an airplane of their own design near Kitty Hawk, North Carolina.

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF THE AERONAUTICAL CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

Orville Wright in the 1902 Glider at Kill Devil Hill

Only in recent years have sufficient numbers of persons become familiar with airplanes to attract public interest in the principles of flying. Therefore aerodynamics has been a fairly exclusive science. Thousands have learned how to pilot machines without knowing what really made them fly.

Neither of the Wrights cared to waste time in explaining to the public something which the vast majority of persons could not absorb mentally. For that reason their story of the flying machine has been largely confined to brief technical papers which only a scientist or a very patient investigator might understand.

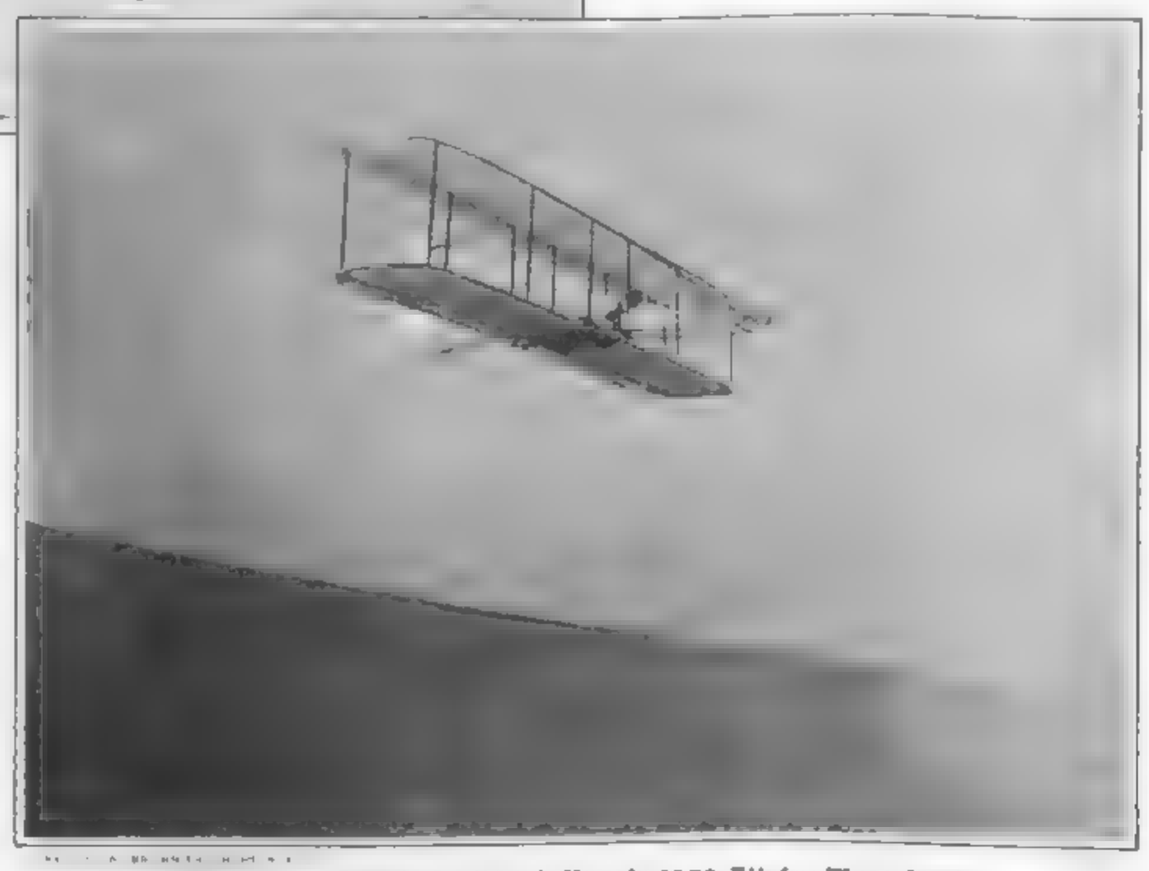
The visitor in Dayton soon finds that the natives like to think of their city as the Mecca of aviation, as the birthplace of the airplane and the home of the Wright brothers and the old home of certain ancestors. Those who know their history point with pride to the fact that Catherine Van Cleve was among a little group of hardy pioneers who penetrated that region in 1796 by way of the Miami River, pulled their boats up on the bank and cleared away enough of the virgin forest, not to mention Indians, to locate the site of the present city of more than 100,000 souls. A new hotel bears her name. Another early settler not far from Dayton was a descendant of the first American Wright, who had emigrated from Kelvedon Hall, Essex, in 1636 and settled in Springfield, Massachusetts. Catherine Van Cleve's granddaughter married young Dan Wright and they had five children. Their youngest, a son, was destined to become Bishop Milton Wright of the United Brethren Church and the father of Wilbur and Orville, their elder brothers, Reuchlin and Lorin, and a younger sister, Katherine.

In Dayton's History

DAYTON regrets that Wilbur was not born in town. That event took place on April 16, 1867, eight miles east of Newcastle, Indiana. Orville, however, was born in Dayton four years later, August 19, 1871, the youngest of the four brothers. A host of persons may be found who can recall the days when they were playmates of the Wright children, but Orville is the only living being today qualified to discuss the more intimate details of their invention.

He and Wilbur worked out their problem by themselves. They alone knew all the technical aspects of its solution. Wilbur died of typhoid on the thirtieth of May, 1912, and Orville was left alone with their voluminous notes and tools and instruments as memorials of one of the few really great individual achievements.

When I visited him in Dayton recently and explained that a complete account would be welcomed by the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, more especially as the world this year is celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of flying, Orville Wright gave me the salient facts for that part of this narrative which concerns him most. He placed at my disposal copies of their technical papers and augmented the scientific statements with his own observations.



The Glider of 1903, in Which Nearly 1000 Flights Were Made

He also spoke freely of their boyhood, his and Wilbur's, explaining how it was that they went to work on their invention, the years of effort and the final great overwhelming success.

So many airplanes have been flown and so much has occurred in the air during the past twenty-five years that the age of flying seems much older than that. Yet Orville Wright is comparatively young. Notwithstanding that he was nearly killed in the first airplane accident, receiving injuries which still cause him some trouble, his fifty-seven years rest lightly upon his shoulders. They are straight. He drives his own car and every week day motors from his palatial home in Oakwood, a suburb, to the Wright laboratories on the West Side, across the river from the main business district of Dayton.

As a New Kind of Sport

IN EVERY way a scientist, he is still searching in the realm of aerodynamics, reducing to complete and exact formulas those laws governing mechanical flight which he and Wilbur used in their first airplane. His step is as elastic and his smile as ready as on that eventful afternoon when at the age of thirty-two he alighted in the sand near Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, after his first flight.

"But we took up flying at first merely as a sport," he explained. "We were interested in it as a means of recreation. Later, after we had flown, we believed that more persons would fly for sport than there do today. We also felt that the airplane would be most useful in getting to isolated out-of-the-way places. We felt that in war it would be useful as a scout machine and for bombing purposes. That was demonstrated in the last war.

"Just how rapid improvements will be in future I hesitate to say. The airplane was not improved aerodynamically to any extent until long after the war, but the war wrought a tremendous improvement in airplane engines. And they have continued to improve. I still believe that the airplane will become popular for sport, recreation purposes, though that development is much slower than Wilbur and I anticipated."

At first they thought of flying only for the sport that might be in it. That is the key to their effort. It mattered not that the hardest kind of mental work would be involved. To them it was sport. This attitude of mind was typical of the brothers. It had been so in their boyhood.

Their home was on the West Side, then the main residential district, and it was just the kind of home that one would expect a clergyman to have—a place of culture about which centered much of the social life of those days. Their library was full of books on a variety of subjects. The Reverend Mr. Wright possessed an inquiring mind and he proved to be a broad-minded parent ever desirous of having the children familiar with unusual things.

"Father wanted us to be interested and he encouraged our hobbies," said Orville Wright. "I was seven years old and Wilbur eleven when father returned home one evening after a trip out of town. When we ran to him, curious as to the nature of the surprise he had in store for us, father threw out his hand and tossed an object into the air. It went straight up to the ceiling.

"It was a toy, but scientists had spent much time with it. They had named it a helicopter, but we called it a bat. It was a delicate thing, with a light frame of bamboo and cork, paper-covered, and it had two propellers twirled by twisted rubber bands. We sent it up until it finally alighted in the top of a tree and remained there. We made others and thought to improve upon them by making each one larger.

"But the larger we made them, the less they flew. We did not know why. Finally we gave it up and specialized on kites. We spent so much time making kites and flying them that we became the neighborhood experts, until we had to admit that we were becoming too old for such sport."

Friends recall that Orville was captain of the boys' army early in his teens and that there was always something under way with him. He was a good student in school and his companions tendered him their grudging regard for his ability in mathematics. At times he astonished his teachers.

The Shop in Dayton Where the Wright Brothers Made Their First Airplane

Assembling Their Second Glider in Their First Shed at Kill Devil Hill in 1901

The year that Orville was fifteen his drawing class had to sketch flowers, shrubs and trees from natural models - a laborious, disagreeable task for most youngsters. One day the teacher looked into Orville's sketchbook and was amazed. There were the plants and flowers and leaves faithfully reproduced, but with ink instead of the usual pencil. Such was the precision with which they were executed that she thought Orville had inserted prints between the covers of the book. But no, Orville had drawn them in ink.

When I mentioned them to him, as such meticulous work promising the thorough, careful scientist of the future, Mr. Wright smiled and said, "No, I drew them too rapidly for that." Upon reflection he added: "But I remember the teacher cautioning the others against trying to use ink."

It was original—a trait which he may or may not have inherited from his pioneering ancestors. Both Orville and Wilbur were original in their ideas. Though his was not Orville's rugged constitution and he at times suffered from ill health, Wilbur possessed the same kind of keen analytical mind and a sense of humor which is still recalled by his friends. Their father, sizing up his four sons, as most fathers do, expressed his hope that Wilbur would one day follow him into the ministry. But Wilbur, like Orville, had that craving for a more active existence. They liked being out-of-doors.

"Wilbur was an able talker and possessed that verbal memory which makes a good writer," said his brother. "I have always found writing difficult. Perhaps I am too critical."

Orville early developed the habit of making things. He had been attracted by the wood engravings in a magazine, and deciding to do some wood engraving, made his own tools. He procured blocks from the pile in the woodshed and reproduced after a fashion the features of an ebony quartet pictured on the handbills of a minstrel show. Then he went next door to the home of his chum, who had a toy printing press. Together they got out an illustrated cover of a weekly, the first and last of that effort, for the partner retired from the firm.

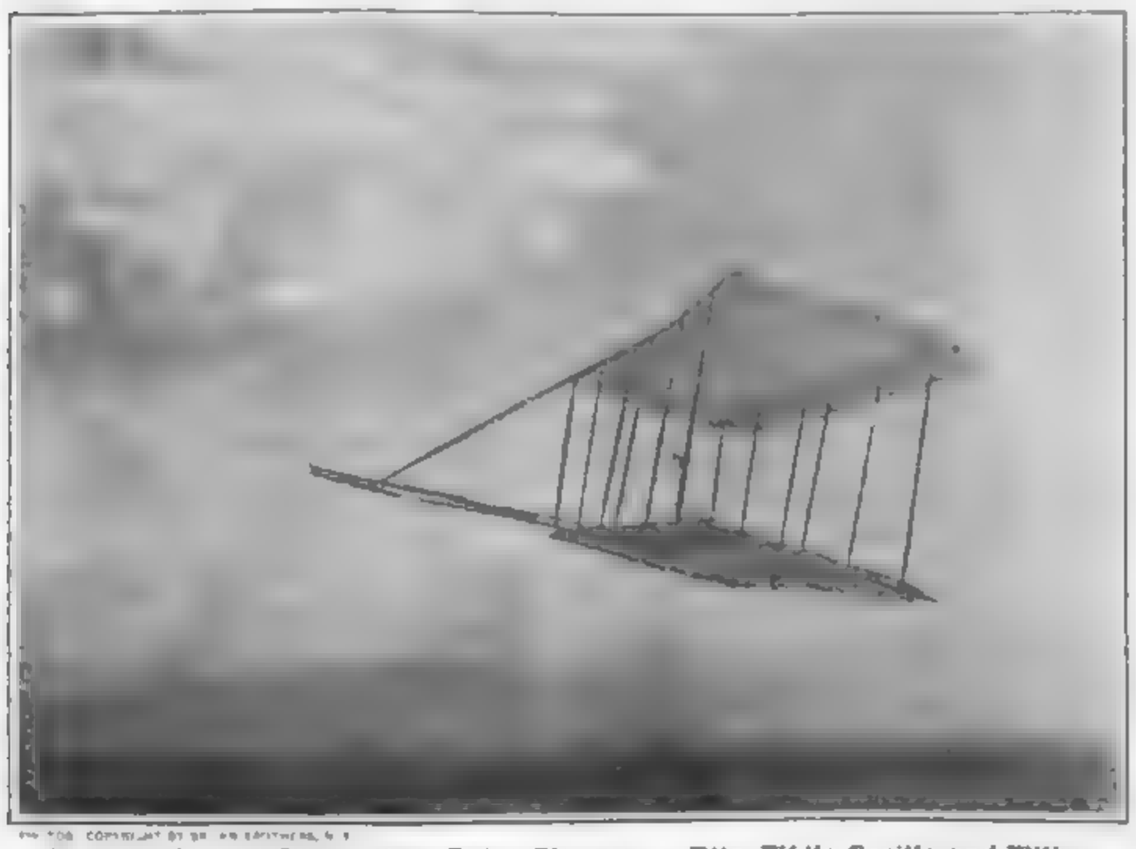
As Many Men Have Started

SEEING his interest, Orville's father bought him a book on wood engraving and his three brothers united in buying him a set of real engraving tools. With this equipment he commenced turning out more engravings, and then at the age of seventeen he rigged up a printing press in a corner of the barn. The press was his own—mostly of wood and string. It did not work very well. He and Wilbur put their heads together. They conceived the idea of building a real press.

To procure the necessary roller and other devices, the two boys, then in high school, visited the printing shops in Dayton and sought discarded parts. When they found something they needed, the owners invariably were willing to let them have it free. The question of having a perfectly flat bed for the press bothered them somewhat, until they found in a monument works a very old and discarded tombstone which had come from none knew where. This was purchased at a bargain. Orville and Wilbur polished it down to a smooth surface, and soon they were hiring friends to sell copies of their four-page weekly. It did not thrive and was discontinued.

The following year Orville and Wilbur started an evening newspaper—the Evening Item, a five column daily containing all West Side news that they could pick up, and padded liberally with boiler plate, outside material

(Continued on Page 105)



The First Wright Glider, 1900, Being Flown as a Kite, While Orville and Wilbur Worked the Controls by Means of Cords

THE RIVER GOD

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

WHEN I was a little boy I had a friend who was a colonel. He was not the kind of colonel you meet nowadays, who manages a motor showroom in the West End of London and wears crocodile shoes and a small mustache and who calls you "old man" and slaps your back, independent of the fact that you may have been no more than a private in the war. My colonel was of the older order that takes a third of a century and a lot of Indian sun and Madras curry in the making. A veteran of the Mutiny he was, and wore side whiskers to prove it. Once he came upon a number of Sepoys conspiring mischief in a byre with a barrel of gunpowder. So he put the butt of his cheroot into the barrel and presently they all went to hell. That was the kind of man he was in the way of business.

In the way of pleasure he was very different. In the way of pleasure he wore an old Norfolk coat that smelt of heather and brine, and which had no elbows to speak of. And he wore a Sherlock Holmesy kind of cap with a swarm of salmon flies upon it, that to my boyish fancy was more splendid than a crown. I cannot remember his legs, because they were nearly always under water, hidden in great canvas waders. But once he sent me a photograph of himself riding on a tricycle, so I expect he had some knickerbockers, too, which would have been that tight kind, with box cloth under the knees. Boys don't take much stock of clothes. His head occupied my imagination. A big, brave, white-haired head with cherry-red rugose cheeks and honest, laughing, puckered eyes, with gunpowder marks in their corners.

People at the little Welsh fishing inn where we met said he was a bore; but I knew him to be a god and shall prove it.

I was ten years old and his best friend.

He was seventy something and my hero.

Properly I should not have mentioned my hero so soon in this narrative. He belongs to a later epoch, but sometimes it is forgivable to start with a boast, and now that I have committed myself I lack the courage to call upon my colonel to fall back two paces to the rear, quick march, and wait until he is wanted.

The real beginning takes place, as I remember, somewhere in Hampshire on the Grayshott Road, among sandy banks, sentinel firs and plum-colored wastes of heather. Summer-holiday time it was, and I was among folks whose names have since vanished like lizards under the stones of forgetfulness. Perhaps it was a picnic walk; perhaps I carried a basket and was told not to swing it for fear of bursting its cargo of ginger beer. In those days ginger beer had big bulgy corks held down with string. In a hot sun or under stress of too much agitation the string would break and the corks fly. Then there would be a merry foaming fountain and someone would get reproached.

One of our company had a fishing rod. He was a young man who, one day, was to be an uncle of mine. But that didn't concern me. What concerned me was the fishing rod and presently—perhaps because he felt he must keep in with the family—he let me carry it. To the fisherman born there is nothing so provoking of curiosity as a fishing rod in a case.

Surreptitiously I opened the flap, which contained a small brass spear in a wee pocket, and, pulling down the case a little, I admired the beauties of the cork butt, with its gun-metal ferrule and reel rings and the exquisite frail slenderness of the two top joints.

"It's got two top joints—two!" I exclaimed ecstatically.

"Of course," said he. "All good trout rods have two."

I marveled in silence at what seemed to me then a combination of extravagance and excellent precaution.

There must have been something inherently understanding and noble about that young man who would one day be my uncle, for, taking me by the arm, he sat me down on a tuft of heather and took the pieces of rod from the case and fitted them together. The rest of the company moved on and left me in paradise.

It is thirty-five years ago since that moment and not one detail of it is forgotten. There sounds in my ears today as clearly as then, the faint, clear pop made by the little cork stoppers with their boxwood tops as they were withdrawn. I remember how, before fitting the pieces together, he rubbed the ferrules against the side of his nose to prevent them sticking. I remember looking up the length of it through a tunnel of aneck rings to the eyelet at the end. Not until he had fixed a reel and passed a line through the rings did he put the lovely thing into my hand. So light it was, so firm, so persuasive; such a thing alive—a scepter. I could do no more than say "Oo!" and again, "Oo!"

"A thrill, ain't it?" said he.

I had no need to answer that. In my new-found rapture was only one sorrow—the knowledge that such happiness would not endure and that, all too soon, a blank and rodless future awaited me.

"They must be awfully—awfully 'spensive," I said.

"Couple of guineas," he replied offhandedly.

A couple of guineas! And we were poor folk and the future was more rodless than ever.

"Then I shall save and save and save," I said.

And my imagination started to add up twopence a week into guineas. Two hundred and forty pennies to the pound, multiplied by two—four hundred and eighty—and then another twenty-four pennies—five hundred and four. Why, it would take a lifetime, and no sweets, no elastic for catapults, no penny novelty boxes or air-gun bullets or ices or anything. Tragedy must have been writ large upon my face, for he said suddenly, "When's your birthday?"

I was almost ashamed to tell him how soon it was. Perhaps he, too, was a little taken aback by its proximity, for that future uncle of mine was not so rich as uncles should be.

"We must see about it."

"But it wouldn't—it couldn't be one like that," I said.

I must have touched his pride, for he answered loftily, "Certainly it will."

In the fortnight that followed I walked on air and told everybody I had as "good as got a couple-of-guineas rod."

No one can deceive a child, save the child himself, and when my birthday came and with it a long brown paper parcel, I knew, even before I had removed the wrappers, that this two-guinea rod was not worth the money. There was a brown linen case, it is true, but it was not a case with a neat compartment for each joint, nor was there a spear in the flap. There was only one top instead of two, and there were no popping little stoppers to protect the ferrules from dust and injury. The lower joint boasted no elegant cork hand piece, but was a tapered affair coarsely made and rudely varnished. When I fitted the pieces together, what I balanced in my hand was tough and stodgy, rather than limber. The reel, which had come in a different parcel, was of wood. It had neither check nor brake, and the line overran and backwound itself with distressing frequency.

I had not read and reread Gamages' price list without knowing something of rods, and I did not need to look long at this rod before realizing that it was no match to the one I had handled on the Grayshott Road.

I believe at first a great sadness possessed me, but very presently imagination came to the rescue. For I told myself that I had only to think that this was the rod of all other rods that I desired most and it would be so. And it was so.

Furthermore, I told myself that, in this great wide ignorant world, but few people existed with such expert knowledge of rods as I possessed. That I had but to say, "Here is the final word in good rods," and they would accept it as such.

Very confidently I tried the experiment on my mother, with inevitable success. From the depths of her affection and her ignorance on all such matters, she produced:

"It's a magnificent rod."

I went my way, knowing full well that she knew not what she said, but that she was kind.

With rather less confidence I approached my father, saying, "Look, father! It cost two guineas. It's absolutely the best sort you can get."

And he, after waggling it a few moments in silence, quoted cryptically:

"There is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so."

Young as I was, I had some curiosity about words, and on any other occasion I would have called on him to explain. But this I did not do, but left hurriedly, for fear that he should explain.

In the two years that followed, I fished every day in the slip of a back garden of our tiny London house. And, having regard to the fact that this rod was never fashioned to throw a fly, I acquired a pretty knack in the fullness of time and performed some glib casting at the nasturtiums and marigolds that flourished by the back wall.

My parents' fortunes must have been in the ascendant, I suppose, for I call to mind an unforgettable breakfast when my mother told me that father had decided we should spend our summer holiday at a Welsh hotel on the river Lledr. The place was called Pont-y-pant, and she showed me a

In the Two Years That Followed, I Fished Every Day in the Slip of a Back Garden of Our Tiny London House

"The Poor Groundlings Who Can Find No Better Use for a River Than Something to Put a Bridge Over Think All Fishermen are Liars," Said He. "But We Know Better, Eh?"

picture of the hotel with a great knock-me-down river creaming past the front of it.

Although in my dreams I had heard fast water often enough, I had never seen it, and the knowledge that in a month's time I should wake with the music of a cataract in my ears was almost more than patience could endure.

In that exquisite, intolerable period of suspense I suffered as only childish longing and enthusiasm can suffer. Even the hank of gut that I bought and bent into innumerable casts failed to alleviate that suffering. I would walk for miles for a moment's delight captured in gluing my nose to the windows of tackleists' shops in the West End. I learned from my grandmother—a wise and calm old lady—how to make nets and, having mastered the art, I made myself a landing net. This I set up on a frame fashioned from a penny schoolmaster's cane bound to an old walking stick. It would be pleasant to record that this was a good and serviceable net, but it was not. It flopped over in a very distressing fashion when called upon to lift the lightest weight. I had to confess to myself that I had more enthusiasm than skill in the manufacture of such articles.

At school there was a boy who had a fishing creel, which he swapped with me for a Swedish knife, a copy of Rogues of the Fiery Cross, and an Easter egg which I had kept on account of its rare beauty. He had forced a hard bargain and was sure he had the best of it, but I knew otherwise.

At last the great day dawned, and after infinite travel by train we reached our destination as the glow of sunset was graying into dark. The river was in spate, and as we crossed a tall stone bridge on our way to the hotel I heard it below me, barking and grumbling among great rocks. I was pretty far gone in tiredness, for I remember little else that night but a rod rack in the hall—a dozen rods of different sorts and sizes, with gaudy salmon flies, some nets, a gaff and an oak coffer upon which lay a freshly caught salmon on a blue ashet. Then supper by candlelight, bed, a glitter of stars through the open window, and the ceaseless drumming of water.

From the Depths of Her Affection and Her Ignorance on All Such Matters, She Produced: "It's a Magnificent Rod"

By six o'clock next morning I was on the river bank, fitting my rod together and watching in awe the great brown ribbon of water go fleetly by.

Among my most treasured possessions were half a dozen flies, and two of these I attached to the cast with exquisite care. While so engaged, a shadow fell on the grass beside me and, looking up, I beheld a lank, shabby individual with a walrus mustache and an unhealthy face, who, the night before, had helped with our luggage at the station.

"Water's too heavy for flies," said he, with an uptilting inflection. "This evening, yes; now, no—none whateffer. Better try with a worrum in the burrun."

He pointed at a busy little brook which tumbled down the steep hillside and joined the main stream at the garden end.

"C-couldn't I fish with a fly in the—the burrun?" I asked, for although I wanted to catch a fish very badly, for honor's sake I would fain take it on a fly.

"Indeed, no," he replied, slanting the tone of his voice skyward. "You cootn't. Neffer. And that isn't a fly rot whateffer."

"It is," I replied hotly. "Yes, it is."

But he only shook his head and repeated, "No," and took the rod from my hand and illustrated its awkwardness and handed it back with a wretched laugh.

If he had pitched me into the river I should have been happier.

"It is a fly rod and it cost two guineas," I said, and my lower lip trembled.

"Neffer," he repeated. "Five shillings would be too much."

Even a small boy is entitled to some dignity.

Picking up my basket, I turned without another word and made for the hotel. Perhaps my eyes were blinded with tears, for I was about to plunge into the dark hall when a great, rough, kindly voice arrested me with:

"Easy does it."

At the thick end of an immense salmon rod there strode out into the sunlight the noblest figure I had ever seen.

There is no real need to describe my colonel again—I have done so already—but the temptation is too great. Standing in the doorway, the sixteen-foot rod in hand, the deer-stalker hat, besprent with flies, crowning his shaggy head, the waders, like seven-league boots, braced up to his armpits, the creel across his shoulder, a gaff across his back, he looked what he was—a god. His eyes met mine with that kind of smile one good man keeps for another.

"An early start," he said. "Any luck, old fellar?"

I told him I hadn't started—not yet.

"Wise chap," said he. "Water's a bit heavy for trouting. It'll soon run down, though. Let's vet those flies of youra."

He took my rod and whipped it expertly.

"A nice piece—new, eh?"

"N-not quite," I stammered; "but I haven't used it yet, sir, in water."

That god read men's minds.

"I know—garden practice; capital; nothing like it."

Releasing my cast, he frowned critically over the flies—a Blue Dun and a March Brown.

"Think so?" he queried. "You don't think it's a shade late in the season for these fancies?" I said I thought perhaps it was. "Yes, I think you're right," said he. "I believe in this big water you'd do better with a livelier pattern. Teal and Red, Cock-y-bundy, Greenwell's Glory."

I said nothing, but nodded gravely at these brave names.

Once more he read my thoughts and saw through the wicker sides of my creel a great emptiness.

"I expect you've fished most in southern rivers. These Welsh trout have a fancy for a spot of color."

He rummaged in the pocket of his Norfolk jacket and produced a round tin which once had held saddle soap.

"Collar on to that," said he; "there's a proper pickle of flies and casts in that tin that, as a keen fisherman, you won't mind sorting out. Still, they may come in useful."

"But, I say, you don't mean ——" I began.

"Yes, go on; stick to it. All fishermen are members of the same club and I'm giving the trout a rest for a bit." His eyes ranged the hills and trees opposite. "I must be getting on with it before the sun's too high."

Waving his free hand, he strode away and presently was lost to view at a bend in the road.

I think my mother was a little piqued by my abstraction during breakfast. My eyes never, for an instant, deserted the round tin box which lay open beside my plate. Within it were a paradise and a hundred miracles all tangled together in the pleasantest disorder. My mother said something about a lovely walk over the hills, but I had other

(Continued on Page 69)

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

THE Marquis of Benham sat at his desk in the study of Benham Towers. By his side was an old casement of leaded glass—an old casement which had been mended so often that some of the panes had more lead than glass in them—and through this window could be seen an oak-shaded lawn rolling down to the river below. It was a noble lawn, almost as old as the family itself; and on its grass a hundred generations of sheep had grazed so that the Marquis of Benham might have a proper bit of turf beneath his feet whenever he wished to walk to the river to feed his snowy swans.

But at the moment when our story opens, the marquis apparently had little thought for either sheep or swans. His back was turned to the window so that he could better face Bellafield, his butler, and Mrs. Stubbs, his housekeeper. Bellafield was a bland old boy with a husky voice and confidential manner, but Mrs. Stubbs was more on the grim; and even while listening to the marquis, she seemed to have one ear turned back as though she had long since learned never to trust the housemaids and the second man when they were out of her sight together.

There was one in the room, however, who was apparently content with the view outside, and that was the Honorable Alicia, who was curled in a chair by the side of the marquis' desk. Even a stranger would have known that they were father and daughter. Each had the Benham nose, for instance—a proud affair—and the same deep glance and curly chin. Naturally, the resemblance wasn't altogether complete. Alicia's cheeks, for example, might have reminded you of strawberries and cream, but there was more leather than fruit among the marquis' commanding features. And whereas Alicia's expression might have typified youth and hope, that of her sire more clearly reflected age and experience—experience which apparently hadn't been particularly happy in the immediate past. Indeed, he drew an unconscious sigh as he looked at the memorandum on his desk, and then he turned again to his butler and housekeeper.

"I—I'm Going to Tell You Something," Said Mill, Drawing a Deep Breath. "Yes?" She Murmured

"I have called you both," he began, "to tell you about our guests for the coming week-end. First of all—Mrs. Brierly. She will have her usual room."

For just a moment Mrs. Stubbs' eyebrows seemed to say "Oh! Is she coming again—after all?" But priding herself always on knowing her place, she merely said "Very well, my lord," and made a grim note on the pad which was fastened to the key ring at her waist.

"Mrs. Brierly," repeated Bellafield, and he, too, blinked a little in spite of his blandness, as he privily lifted one finger to keep the count.

"Next, Sir Arthur Channock," continued the marquis.

"The London doctor, m'lord?" asked Bellafield.

"The specialist—yes," said the other shortly. "I had him down a good many years ago—I thought you'd remember—when Lady Stanwyck—er—first began walking in her sleep—er—and what not."

"Ah, yes, m'lord," said Bellafield with an air of gentle resignation. "I remember him very well."

Lady Stanwyck, you must know, was the marquis' unmarried sister; and she, too, lived at the Towers.

"Oh—er—and this is important," continued the marquis.

Possibly because of its importance, Bellafield leaned forward as though to leave Mrs. Stubbs out of the picture. "Yes, m'lord?" he whispered.

"Sir Arthur is to have the room opposite Lady Stanwyck's."

"You will make a note of that, Mrs. Stubbs," said Bellafield in an undertone.

"Mr. Matthews, the curate, will be down again too," continued the marquis, fortunately failing to see the grim look which his housekeeper shot at his butler. "And he's to have the room next to Lady Stanwyck's. You both understand?"

"Quite, my lord," said Mrs. Stubbs before Bellafield could speak. "The doctor's to be opposite her ladyship and the curate's to be next door."

"Correct," said the marquis as Bellafield privily lifted a third finger. "And now for our last guest—a young American gentleman—a—er—what's-his-name——"

"Mr. Millard Moseley," said Alicia distinctly from the depths of her chair, "from Meriden, Connecticut," sounding the second *e* after the good old British manner.

"Ah, yes, Mr. Millard Moseley, of Meriden, Connecticut." This again with the three hard *e*'s. And managing at last to achieve a smile—anything American except the war debts could nearly always make the marquis smile—he added: "Getting rather alliterative over there, I should say. Alliteration's artful aid—er—and what not."

Perhaps Mrs. Stubbs didn't approve of artful aids. At least she looked severe enough as she noted the name.

"He's not been here before, I believe, m'lord," said Bellafield

"No," said the marquis. "Er—Lady Stanwyck and Miss Alicia met him in Venice the other week, and they tell me he was very kind to them. Took them out on the canal—er—and what not. Then later, quite by accident, they met somewhere on a train in Switzerland and he did them a very good turn there."

"Dear, he was a duck," said Alicia, looking dreamily down toward the swans. "He had tipped a guard for a private compartment, but when he saw us he let us in, and he guarded us all night while we slept—guarded us so well that the *gendarmes* were waiting for him in Calais in the morning."

"Yes, yes," interrupted the marquis somewhat hurriedly. "The only trouble is—where shall we put this young American fire eater?"

"Just what I was going to ask," said Mrs. Stubbs. "The north wing's been shut so long ——"

"Oh, put him in my room," said Alicia. "We don't want him to go back to the States thinking that England's moth-eaten. My room's the best on the floor and I can move everything out of the drawers and lock the wardrobe. And I'll take the nursery as long as he's here. It'll make me young again."

"Then that will be all," said the marquis with a touch of the feudal manner as he turned to his retainers. "You will prepare their rooms, Mrs. Stubbs; and you, Bellafield, will know where to put them when they come. You will send the car to meet the four o'clock train—and tea is to be ready on the terrace against their arrival."

When the butler and the housekeeper had gone, Alicia half turned in her chair and she and her father exchanged one of those long family glances in which are summarized the unspoken confidences of a lifetime.

"I'd marry her, dad, if I were you," said Alicia in a low voice. "You know she wants you."

"As things stand now?" he asked as sharply as she had spoken quietly. "Impossible!" And as though sorry for his sharpness, he added in a gentler tone: "No, no, my dear. Sir Arthur Channock is our only hope. And if he fails—well, we shall all fail together, I'm afraid."

II

TEA had been served on the terrace, and the butler and second man were discreetly watching the proceedings through the open pantry window. The second man's name was Sowers, riming with Powers; a thin young man with an active tongue who had long since recognized that if he ever expected to be a butler, he must lay on weight. He was eating buttered toast at the moment, but was one of those gifted orators who seem to speak even better with a full mouth.

"You say there's one more guest to come?" he asked.

"Yes," said Bellafield; and rolling the first adjective as though it were sweet on the tongue, he added, "A rich young American gentleman."

"Ah," said Sowers with buttery significance. "I 'ope 'e'll go away as rich as 'e comes."

"Look out!" cautioned Bellafield under his breath as the marquis walked past the open window.

"The old boy's worried," muttered Sowers, after a safe interval.

"And well he may be," said Bellafield, blandly looking after him. "And will be more so when he sells the Towers."

"The more fool, him, for selling," said Sowers, filling his teacup, "when one of the tidiest fortunes in England, you might say, is ripe to fall in his arms. Look at 'er sitting over there by the roses now—'ardly able to keep her eyes off him. And not a bad-looking piece either. You'd 'ardly think to look at her now that she was Brierly's Breweries, Limited, with 'arf a million thirsts in England a-paying her tribute every day she lives. A golden barmaid, if you ask me. I only wish I was in the old boy's boots."

They glanced at her over among the roses—a full-blown rose herself as she laughed and chatted with Alicia.

"Pride, I suppose," continued the footman, philosophically turning to the plum cake. "'Ere's the marquis—a noble pauper, as you might say, but the Towers goes back three hundred years and the Benhams go back with it."

"And so do the Bellafields, for that matter," said the butler, who was still watching Mrs. Brierly. "We all descended from Adam, if it comes to that."

"Ah," said Sowers, "we all descended from Adam, I know, but some of us slipped a bit on the way down. But even at that, I think 'e'd 'ave married her if she hadn't lost her jewel box 'ere larst month. Now nothing will do but 'e must make good the loss—even if he has to sell the Towers—to keep it from being reported to the insurance company and the police. Though if you ask me," he continued with a careful glance through the window, "I'd 'ave called in Scotland Yard the very first time it 'appened, no matter who the thief might have turned out to be."

"Look out!" cautioned Bellafield again under his breath.

This time it was Lady Stanwyck who was passing the window, heavy-lidded and languid, like that painting of Rossetti's where the lady has the lilies in her arms. And, indeed there was something pictorial, something exotic, in her whole appearance, from the Javanese scarf around her shoulders to her ostrich-leather shoes with their ivory colored heels.

"The old girl's taking it easy," said Sowers the Irreverent. "Resting up a bit, I wouldn't wonder, for tonight." And whether or not the principle of mental cause and effect figured in his next remark, he continued: "Where did they find this young American, do you know?"

"They met him in Venice last week," said Bellafield.

Sowers started humming: "'"Will you walk into my parlor?" said the spider to the fly."'" And aloud he was continuing, "So she goes out 'unting for them now," when a car was seen approaching up the drive. "He's coming now, I wouldn't wonder," he broke off. "A bit of swank, that, you know, driving up from London in his own machine."

An American car had stopped below the terrace and a tall young man climbed out and eagerly ran up the steps—his eagerness possibly due to the fact that the Honorable Alicia was waiting at the top to greet him.

"Ah-ha!" said Sowers, intently watching. "The little lady's growing up, but what a shame to use her for a fly trap! . . . A bit sweet on each other already, I should say. Not enough to 'urt, you know, but—well, say, 'arf a spoonful."

Lady Stanwyck had languidly joined her niece, and the two of them presently led the newcomer to the marquis.

"Now then!" exclaimed the butler, suddenly speaking with authority. "Lively with that tray!"

"Ah!" muttered Sowers a minute later as Bellafield crossed the terrace with the silver service in his own hands. "A rich young American gentleman, and a rich young tip. 'E wouldn't be out there carrying that tray if the curate had turned up late."

III

MR. MILLARD MOSELEY, JR., of the International Copper Products Company, had gone to his room to dress for dinner. He was tall and young, as you have heard, with hair which was inclined to be wavy and a tan which was the perfect flower of six months' travel among the foreign sales agencies of the International—a company which had been founded by Mr. Moseley, Sr., and which had prospered like the bay tree mentioned by the prophet of old

At times Mr. Moseley, Jr., had that serious expression which is apt to mark the acolyte who is being initiated into the mysteries of big business, but there were other times when he found it hard to keep his eyes from dancing and his laughter from waking the young. Upon reaching his room at Benham Towers that afternoon, for instance, he made his way to the window by the undignified method of dancing over the old oak floor, meanwhile snapping his fingers like castanets and humming pianissimo, One Look From Her Eyes and I Heard the Cuckoo Singing—a measure cast in waltz time, as of course you have perceived.

"Some castle!" he told himself, looking at the Tudor arches over door and window. And swinging the casement open, he looked out on the balcony which ran beneath the windows, and added: "It wouldn't be hard to walk out here in the dark, Mill; you must watch your step."

The window, he saw, was surrounded by ivy. And through this verdant frame he looked over the narrow balcony to the terrace below it, and to the sunken garden below that and to the rolling lawn, and the river and hills beyond.

"A quiet old place," he thought. "Clocks and timetables don't belong here. It's like that fairy story where nobody moved for over a hundred years. The Sleeping Beauty," he told himself. But didn't a Prince come and wake the Beauty with a kiss?

A rap on his door interrupted these pleasant thoughts; and in answer to his call, Bellafield entered and carefully closed the door behind him.

"I expected that you wouldn't be dressing yet," said the butler in his best voice. "So I thought I'd drop in

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The Marquis and the Curate Made a More Cautious Advance Until They Reached the Open Door of Mrs. Brierly's Room

THE MAN WHO BEAT LUPO

By James Warner Bellah

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

AT THE Salle d'Armes du Chanticler in Paris, Old Nourric keeps a rusted Italian foil in a corner of his workshop—the workshop where he makes miniature gold *épées* for stick pins, automatic fishing reels, and clocks in the image of everything from a four-foot Gothic cathedral in *marqueterie* to the boss of a brequet propeller, with the blades truncated and the boltheads silver-dipped.

Sooner or later, in a discussion of weapons, out comes the old Italian foil from under a stack of new *fleuret* blades and old bent guards. Its own guard is powdered with rust and sports a bent flange around its top to catch the opponent's button, like certain seventeenth-century Italian rapiers—a flange that has passed out under latter-day sporting beliefs. Its grip and pommel are solid, and the blade, hopelessly loose, can be tightened only by pounding it down against the pommel top.

Old Nourric will take it lightly in three fingers and shadow-parry absently for a second.

"Lupo," he will say, "parried like that—*la vitesse d'un moteur électrique*."

"You met Lupo?"

"At Monaco," he nods. "It is now many years." He smiles reminiscently, but if you don't, he goes on and tells you the details—how Lupo wore black satin knee breeches; how under his—Nourric's—masterly attack, Lupo, in a riposte, lunged so furiously that he split his breeches.

One must now, perforce, smile in deprecation.

Nourric shrugs and dismisses all such foilsmen as mere Lupos, and in a rush of further gesticulation, he calmly splits Lupo's second pair of breeches while he fights the whole bout in detail for you.

At the end young men ask, "And you won?"

"I? Won? But of course!" And Nourric, slightly offended, stumps back into his workshop while his *prévôts* go on with the lessons. Some few minutes later, however, he will come out and, under some pretext, interrupt the questioner's work and take up his place opposite. Thereafter that man will nurse a very sore wrist and arm and wonder how a man of Nourric's age and trembling hands could have disarmed him twice running and picked such fine openings in a very scientific and creditable defense.

"I? Won? But of course!"

A strange breed, *maîtres d'escrime*.

Joaquin Sandoval, in Havana, has an old rusted foil hung above the shelf that holds the trophies for the coming year's matches. He has a glass case, also, at the end of the room, that holds eighteen old foils, *épées* and sabers, for he is a bit of a romanticist, is Sandoval, and never uses a weapon again after it has crossed and defeated steel worthy of his. But the foil over the trophy shelf hangs alone and is never touched. It is the veritable hearthside—the lares and penates of Sandoval's existence. You sense this as you glance at the trophies and hesitate to question.

"It is quaint—old-fashioned?"

"*Si, señor*. It is with that that I met Lupo years ago."

"Lupo? Indeed?"

"*Si, señor*—in Seville—when I was a young man."

I Believe Truly That Their Souls Melted and Ran Together in a Perfect Union

"A great man, Lupo."

Sandoval shrugs. "Perhaps. But then, who is not great when he is young?" He spreads his slender hands.

"True—it must have been a wonderful bout."

"It was; there was Lupo, there was I. Lupo was an Italian. But I—I am Spanish. I am born in Aragon. I am not Cuban. The people know this"—Sandoval's eyes film with reminiscence—"and they cheer for Sandoval. For Lupo they do not cheer. We engage—*caramba!*—on a simple beat direct I have touched—I have bent my foil. I hold it up to show the people. They cheer. Maria, but they cheer! We engage. Lupo strikes my guard and bends his own blade. He holds it up, but the people turn away; they hiss. They know he have not touched me, Sandoval. And so it goes. Is it a miracle I have won? No, *amigo mio*, it is not. We are all great when we are young. And now if you please? On guard, señor."

In older *salles d'armes*, the world over, you will see Lupo's picture, yellowed with time and quaint with the photographic conceits of his period. His mustaches curl viciously and his slim waist is banded with an eight-inch girdle of leather. His trousers, tight from the thighs to the muscled knees, bell slightly at the bottoms. His wrists are bound in leather cuffs, but his sinewy arms and shoulders are quite indifferently bared. He always fought saber in a sleeveless jersey and he never wore gloves or an elbow guard.

So the tradition rests, were it not for two elderly gentlemen with thin waists and pale-blue eyes, who meet ever and anon in front of the Café Victor Emmanuel III to sip a vermuth, with their ancient brown coats wrapped closely against the chill that creeps into old blood when the Riviera sun sinks for a moment into a cloud bosom and the bite of the mistral sweeps down from the snow-capped mountains. They are rare old gentlemen, these two. Perhaps that is why they meet so frequently and enjoy each other's company in reminiscence of a day that is lost to them. Their hair is perfectly white, but their backs are as straight as their waists are slim, and their eyes have not clouded with the weight of years that rests upon their old shoulders. It is a pleasure, in this day of slack stomachs and round shoulders, to see them.

One is John Haydn Rollish, an American, whose name means nothing any more, for he has not been in New York for almost half a century and will never go again. The other is Admiral Brent, R.N., retired these many years, whose name as a sailor never did mean very much and whose rank is really R.N.V.R due to a desk job during the war, even though his cards and the brass plate above his mail box state it, on the privilege of ten years' line service, as a young man, as R.N.

"Silly old fool, Duquesne," said Admiral Brent, "told me how he beat Lupo today." He rubbed his right arm reminiscently. "Took twenty minutes to tell me. Got stiff and cold, waiting for him to finish. Don't see how the old duffer does it, I'm sure. About my age and I'm only good for an hour at the best, while he must fence at least four or five hours a day."

John Rollish nodded. "All of that." And sipped his drink. "I didn't know you were going today. I'd have come along with you for a bout."

"I was rotten—supremely. And I got all stiffened, listening to the silly fool talk. If he disarmed Lupo once, he disarmed him twenty times. Finally I gathered that Lupo was hissed off the mat. H'm—never met an old fencing master yet who didn't beat Lupo."

"And I," said Rollish, "never met one who really did. Lupo was never defeated in a final prize bout. And as far as I know, he was never defeated at all except once—the last time he fought."

"Who was he? I've seen his pictures. What was his record?"

Rollish looked at the palm of his hand. "You were probably at sea. Lupo was the greatest swordsman the world has ever known."

"You saw him?"

"I," said Rollish, "was his best friend."

In the days when men smoked cigars and gentlemen drank brandy instead of whisky, and evening clothes could not be purchased ready-made, there was a stone house in the Via della Bella Donna, with a courtyard garden and a fountain crowned with a nymph and a faun that were so close to Donatello's manner that they were believed to be

his work. The house is still there, but it is a questionable antique shop now, in perfect repair, whereas, in the time we speak of, it was a palace of sorts, in most dilapidated disrepair. It had rats in its cellars, the size of poodles. It was cold and bleak and drafty, and water dripped shamelessly into its tarnished salons when the spring rains drenched its rotten roof. A misguided slattern of doubtful mentality was its only servant. Every morning she washed its doorstep flagging with warmish soapy water that steamed in the cool air and left gray streaks on the stones until the rains came or the next morning's scrubbing. Every noon she galumphed about an ancient oaken table and served questionable stews without meat, thin soups and a very cheap wine, sparingly poured, to an old bewrinkled lady in threadbare satin and a young man of eighteen. The young man was Pietro Luigi Enrico Giacomo della Torre da Salvaggio, the very last of the line of counts of the Tower of the Savage, that had come over the mountains with Barbarossa; and the lady was his mother, the Contessa Elena.

"I had a dream," said the contessa one noon, "that your father came to me, bearing a card with the number 36." Pietro looked up hurriedly from his lentil soup. "While you were at Paganini's fencing I slept. And in my dream your father said, 'Sell the Oreggio vase for gold, take the money to the lottery and buy the ticket numbered 36 and you will win enough to care for all your wants.'"

"But, mother, we sold the Botticelli for a dream—and lost."

"True, son; but it was a test for us. There is truth in dreams if you but seek it. You must go now and do as I bid you—at once—this afternoon."

"Mother," said Pietro, "do not command me to do this, for we shall lose. As God is my witness, we shall lose once again, and the vase and a few trinkets are all we have left."

The old lady coughed violently, and as her son rose to pat her upon the back she jerked away from him and, still gasping, with the tears running from her eyes, she faltered: "It is difficult in one's old age to be thought a vain fool by one's son. Go, I tell you! Would you fly in the face of your father? The vase is ready and wrapped. I prepared it this morning. Sell it and buy the ticket. Go!"

Pietro, with the Oreggio vase hugged under his arm, entered the shop of the dealer. A few days a few weeks and it would be necessary for him to bring it anyway, so why not now? He set it upon the counter top.

"It is here," he said. "You will not bargain, but you will give me the price agreed upon—at once—or I shall take it elsewhere." The money in his pocket, he went out and passed along the street toward Paganini's *scuola*. He had to pass the corner where one bought into the lottery, but there was no hesitation in his mind. When he left home he had known he would not buy the ticket.

A week later, Piani, the cobbler, won two hundred thousand lire, and his ticket number was 36.

Pietro drew on his fencing shoes, laced them and went out to the strip where he spent hours each day with Paganini. The great cold room was empty of students Pietro flexed his foil blade and bent his knees to warm the muscles.

"Look, *maestro*," he said, "you have paid me many compliments. You have said I am quicker at times with my blade than you can parry it; you have said my wrist is of steel and my brain swift. You have fenced with me for sheer joy long after the hours my money paid for. Why?"

Paganini shrugged. "The signor is young and I am old. Perhaps it is that I look forward to seeing him a great swordsman—to see myself go on in him, long after my arm has stiffened and my brain has curled up lazily like a cat in a sunny corner."

"Am I a great swordsman?"

"Who," said Paganini, "ever is? Some are better than others, some bolder, some luckier. With time and maturity ——"

"Come—at my age—have you seen a better?"

"I have not."

"Very well, enter me today for the Prize of France."

"But, signor, it is for masters—that prize—not for gentlemen. It is for money. You cannot enter."

Pietro smiled. "It is for money that I wish to fence."

"But that is impossible! It is unheard of! You could never retrace such a step."

"Why," asked Pietro, "should I care to? There are other prizes for more money. There is the Grand Prize in the spring, and the International Prize. There are prizes in England and Spain and throughout all France and Italy. We shall travel from one *torneo* to another; sabers, foils, *épées*—it makes no difference. We shall win them."

"But the signor is not a master, nor even a provost"

"Come," said Pietro seriously, "I shall make you a bargain. Rent this place to Roco. Take me from today as your provost. Follow me from bout to bout, train me between, and I will pay you a third of all the money I win."

"But a Da Salvaggio cannot do this'"

"*Che*," Pietro laughed, "*per dinci!* It is not I. It is—we shall take a name and no one will find out." He flicked up his left hand, doubling the little finger upon the ring on which a wolf loped across an intaglio field through the plumes of a great casque that crested it. "It is Lupo who fences for gold. On guard, *maestro!*"

That evening Pietro ran breathlessly into his mother's chamber. "We have won! Won! Two hundred thousand lire in the lottery!" And he spread before her eyes a new dress of brocaded silk which he had purchased with money received for the vase. They wept in each other's arms.

"Ah, it is good. God has heard me in my old age"

"Yes, yes, the worry is over. We shall have a new servant tomorrow and now I can travel a bit, as I've wanted to. I shall go in a week or two on a short trip."

Hyacinthe Nourric stood upon the mat, easily confident in the power that was his. This Italian would have short shrift at his hands. He smiled. Men like Truphême and Silva and Edouard Sauvan were very well in their way but he was Nourric, was he not? The youngest, strongest fencer Old Boron had ever developed. Old Boron's first *prévôt*, he was. He tightened the waistband of his black satin knee breeches and flexed his blade. The finals for the Prize of France. Lupo stepped around the corner of the judges' dais and rubbed his shoe tips in resin. He smiled faintly as a hush fell upon the spectators. Paganini, from the judges' group, leaned forward, elbow on knee and fist lightly clenched. He beckoned to Lupo and spoke softly in Italian:

"You will fence, you understand? You will forget us here. No reversed points and cuts *in prime*. Let him do the fancy work and touch him when he does. He is strong and wily, but he likes applause. Go!"

The blades crossed and felt nimbly for pressure. They ground upon and filed each other lightly. They melted into running light. They played sharp, metallic tattoos. They disengaged, leaped and riposted, quivered like sprayed quicksilver, struck sharply until the guards rang like nickel bells, and came apart once

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"The Blades Whirled Into Arcs of Light and the Tick of Parries Ran Into a Continual Metallic Crackle"

THE WORLD DOES MOVE

By Booth Tarkington

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD VINCENT CULTER

XXVI

THAT was what most upset my neighbor, Judge Olds. He has always been what is called a prominent and public-spirited citizen; he was a captain in the war with Spain, and by virtue of his ancestry belongs to several patriotic societies. He is a church member, though not an inveterate attendant at services; moreover he has never been thought narrow or bigoted in any of his views—at least not until recently, his daughter being the first to bring such a charge against him.

It was just after she brought it that I happened to drop in on him, in his library, and his face was still pink.

"I've been going to the same barber shop for fourteen years," he said harshly, as I sat down. "I went to it for the last time today. I took off my coat and necktie the way I always do, and then I noticed there were three women sitting there in the waiting chairs and looking at me as if I'd committed a crime. Mad at me for taking off my coat and collar in a place where they had no right to be themselves! I thought probably they were there to solicit for a charity or something; but just then old George called 'Next!' And my soul, if one of those women didn't get right up and march to the chair and sit down in it!

"That wasn't the worst of it. The person that had just got out of the chair was wearing boots and breeches, but it wasn't a man. It was a girl—one that had been a nice-looking girl, too, until she sat down in that chair and had three feet of beautiful thick brown hair cut off. She was my own daughter, Julie, nineteen years old. I didn't say a word to her—not then; I just looked at her. Then I told old George I guessed his shop was getting to be too coeducational for me and I put on my things and went out. I'll never set foot in the place again!"

"Where will you get your hair cut, judge?"

"I guess we'd better learn to cut our own hair, we men," he said bitterly. "There really isn't any place left nowadays where we can go to get by ourselves. Coming home from Washington the other day, I was in the Pullman smoker—what they call the club car—and I'll eat my shirt if four women didn't come in there and light cigarettes and sit down to play bridge! Never turned a hair—didn't have any hair long enough to turn, for that matter. They won't let us keep a club car, or any kind of club, to ourselves nowadays; they got to have anyway half of it.

"I said when we let 'em into the polling booth they'd never be contented with that, and I was right. Remember all the fuss they made about their right to vote? Well, they've proved they didn't care about that at all, because more than half the very women that made the fuss don't bother to vote, now they know they can. They just wanted to show us we couldn't have anything on earth to ourselves. They haven't left us one single refuge.

"It used to be a man could at least go hang around a livery stable when he felt lonesome for his kind; but now there aren't any more livery stables. He can't go to a saloon; there aren't any more saloons. Once he could go sit in a hotel lobby, because that was a he place; nowadays hotel lobbies are full of women sitting there all day. When I studied law there weren't three women in all the offices downtown; now you can't find an office without a bob-haired stenographer in it, and there are dozens of women got their own offices—every kind of offices.

"That's another thing I've been having it out with Julie about. She's not only cut off her hair; she wants to go into business as soon as she finds out what kind she'd enjoy most. She's like the rest—the one thing that gives her the horrors is the idea of staying home.

"If My Father Had Lived to See a Granddaughter of His Not Wearing All She Wasn't Wearing, and With Young Men Present, I Think He'd Have Gone Right Down There to Her and First Prayed for Her and Then Drowned Her!"

"What's become of the old home life in this country anyhow? Everybody seems to have to be going somewhere every minute. There's the car in the garage; it'll take us anywhere—let's go! 'Let's go' is the unceasing national cry. I understand there's a great deal of what they've now invented a horrible new word for—'necking'—while they're on the road between parties and movies and end-of-the-night breakfasts. But it's always, 'Let's go—let's go anywhere except home!'"

He paused for a moment, while his bushy gray eyebrows were contorted in a frown of distressed perplexity; then he looked at me almost with pathos, and speaking slowly, asked a question evidently sincere: "Does it ever seem to you, nowadays, that maybe we're all—all of us, young people and old people both—that maybe we're all crazy?"

"No, I hadn't thought of it that way. Why?"

"Well, for one thing, a while ago I was remembering back to when I was a young fellow about Julie's age, or a little older perhaps, and what I'd have thought then if somebody'd told me I was some day going to have a daughter like her. We used to talk about the eternal feminine, you remember. Think of that and then think of walking into a barber shop—a barber shop!—and seeing a creature sitting in the chair with its legs crossed—legs in boots and breeches—getting its hair cut, reading the paper and smoking a cigarette in a holder six inches long! Then think of this creature getting up and sticking its hand in its breeches pocket and handing out a fifteen-cent tip and saying, 'Don't let all this money make you snooty, George!' Then think of recognizing the creature as your daughter! Think of seeing your own eternal feminine swaggering around a barber shop, smoking, getting its hair cut and wearing breeches!"

"But they've been wearing that kind of riding clothes ever since ——"

"Ever since McKinley, or about then—yes; but not just casually anywhere. At first they'd change back to skirts as soon as they came in from riding; then, at a resort hotel maybe, they'd lounge around and have tea before they changed; but now it's all off -like their hair. They wear breeches into your own barber shop and drive you out of it!

"Breeches! Why, the other afternoon one of Julie's young men had been riding with her and she came home laughing her head off over how funny he looked because, she said, his brother had taken his riding breeches and he'd had to borrow Shorty's. Shorty isn't a boy; Shorty's a girl; she lives next door to the young man that borrowed her breeches. And when I told Julie it was horrible to me that she could laugh over such a performance, she said I was crazy, and it seemed to me that either I was or she was.

"It seems more so to me today, when she's deliberately destroyed what was the prettiest thing she had. She says she feels better without her hair, and that she looks better too. You could see she was earnest about that; she honestly and serenely thinks that amputation a great success. Of course that's because it's the fashion—anything that makes them look more in the fashion makes them prettier, they think. If it were the fashion now to wear a big hump on their backs they'd all think a humpless girl lacked beauty."

I agreed with him there. "Yes, we saw that in our own boyhood. We can easily remember when a woman without a bustle seemed to be of a meager and unnatural appearance."

"Yes, but a woman's hair is a natural ornament. Julie was a lovely girl this morning, and this evening she looks like a debilitated kind of scrawny boy. Either somebody's crazy or the devil's got into what we used to think of as our best people—especially into our best young people. It strikes me as an important question, because a good deal of what happens at the top is likely to filter all the way down through the whole body of society. But just now it often looks to me as though what used to happen at the bottom of society, when we were young, had filtered up, so to speak, till at last it's contaminated the top. Every ideal we had when we were young—every one of our old rules of conduct, of good manners, of womanhood, of modesty and of morals—is shattered. You can't find the remnants of any of 'em among these young people of today—not a remnant!"

"All because Julie had her hair cut?" I asked.

At that he looked at me fiercely. "My goodness!" he said. "Do you mean to say you find any excuse for the way they're behaving?"

XXVII

THE judge did most of the arguing, so to call it; he leaned forward and spoke with emphasis and severity: "Look here, you surely aren't going to sit there and tell me this younger generation today is anything like what

our generation was in its twenties, or the generation of our fathers and mothers when they were that age. You know better than that, don't you?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"When we were the younger generation," he said, "most of us went to church with our fathers and mothers pretty regularly. What proportion of these young people do you suppose do that now?"

"I don't know. I don't know the proportion of the fathers and mothers that go to church nowadays, judge. The young people can't go to church with their parents if the parents don't go, can they?"

"That doesn't bear on the point I'm making," he said. "What I say is that in our day we maintained a conformance with the behavior of the older generation. I admit that youth always is and must be a little wilder and more indiscreet than middle age. I don't deny that when we were young men we were too lively sometimes—when we were out of sight of the girls we knew. Of course a good many of us did things we shouldn't have done. But when we were young, no matter how lively we were sometimes, we didn't just tear loose and raise Cain all over the place, girls and boys together, drinking poisonous illegal liquor, gambling, dancing entwined, to sensual and savage music, reading disgusting books, going to outrageous shows, chattering indiscriminately about unmentionable things, and in our conduct as well as our talk, really scoffing at the ideals of our parents. Our generation didn't do any of those things."

"Whereas a great many of the generation now middle-aged do all those things, don't they, judge?"

"They do indeed," he said, and his frowning brow grew darker. "It's dumfounding and disheartening to see how many have broken away from the ideals of our youth."

"Then these present young people of whom you complain are really doing what you've just said we ourselves did. They're maintaining a conformance with the behavior of the older generation. In that, then, they're doing not only what we did but what all younger generations do. This present one shocks us with its reflection of our own conduct, though, as you say, the reflection is livelier and more indiscreet than the original. If we are to place the blame, it must be upon the originals, mustn't it?"

"I don't care where you place the blame," he returned irascibly, and with some inconsistency, I thought. "It's the spirit of the age, and that spirit is either a crazy one or a bad one. There's never been such gross materialism let loose on earth! Who cares about anything but money and pleasure? What proportion of our people ever talk about anything except dollars and pleasure? Everything's been speeded up and has to go on being speeded up. Making money has to be speeded up; having fun has to be speeded up; life has to be speeded up to keep pace with the automobile and all it brought with it. A bricklayer, or even a college professor can have luxuries now that a multimillionaire of the nineteenth century couldn't have, and can move faster.

"People lived at seven miles an hour thirty years ago; now they live at forty and seventy. No wonder their music has to be fast and noisy! All you've got to do to understand this age is to listen to a jazz band doing what they call pepping it up. Only people made of metal could stand it, and human beings actually are more metallic than they used to be; they're harder and brassier; but they still have nervous systems—that's why you hear of so many more nervous breakdowns than you used to. Even ordinary talk has been speeded up; nobody listens unless you talk fast and yell; and I suggest you might notice some of the language our most prosperous classes are pleased not only to use nowadays but to listen to from the stage and to read in books. You haven't anything to say for this age's attitude toward what we used to speak of as refinement of speech, have you? I suppose you know that's what the bulk of the younger generation seems to hate most, of all the old things they've cast aside, don't you?"

"It seems so sometimes—yes. They got to distrusting refinement, I believe, because it appeared to them a way of covering up facts."

He took me up quickly: "What facts did our former refinement of speech cover up?"

"None, of course; but the young revolutionists didn't realize that it's a question of manner not of matter. Refinement of speech avoids—though not at the cost of necessary accuracy—details that may have any physical effect, except laughter or tears, upon a reasonably sensitive listener. Refinement may find it useful to mention a garbage barrel, but will not detail its contents except of necessity. The contents are sufficiently sketched in the imagination of the listener by the mention of the barrel; to detail them would perhaps sicken him a little. But the young generation and the new age, overturning the old in everything, clamored that the contents must be brought into the open and spoken of frankly. This is partly because it was the habit of many of the older generation once to shirk some uncomfortable subjects almost entirely. The young people and some of their elderly leaders confused this shirking with refinement; they also confused refinement with hypocrisy."

"No matter how it happened, you can't deny that their speech is coarser, can you?"

"No; and that's a loss; yet along with this loss there is a gain—the attack on refinement was an attack on the inoffensive bystander, the wrong party; but in the general mêlée the shirked subjects did get pulled out to where they can't very well go on being shirked."

"Yes! 'Pulled out into the open,' Julie calls it," he said indignantly. "They could always be spoken of with decent reserve and caution; but this pulling them out into the open means pulling them into the foreground where they don't belong."

"But that always happens at first to subjects that have been kept in the dark."

"I don't care," he said. "It isn't wholesome. You don't argue that this present craze for sex stories and sex shows and sex discussion—yes, and sex jokes—you don't argue that it's wholesome, do you?"

"No, not while it's a craze or fashion. When the new age has got accustomed to what it still rather defiantly feels is its new privilege of open discussion, the subject will probably subside to its proper proportions."

"It's not possible to make that subject a wholesome one for general discussion," he said. "That's what shocks and depresses me about this new age—its unwholesomeness. You can't go out on the street without seeing it."

"No?" I said. "It seems to me that I can."

"You can't!" he returned sharply. "If you pass a movie theater you'll see the titles on the billboards in front, won't you? Among others, you'll see Red-Hot Stockings, Harem Love, Passions of the Night, Oriental Lulu, Fires of Innocence ——"

"Don't go on, judge; the list is long; but I understand that most of the titles of that kind are misleading and the films themselves have passed the censors."

"Nevertheless, you'd hardly say that its being profitable to use such titles as a lure is a token of wholesomeness, would you? You said you could go out on the street without seeing any signs that there's unwholesomeness in the new age. Well, I'll ask you to take note not only of the clothes but of the complexions of the women on any of the crowded blocks downtown. What about it? Suppose you'd seen as many painted faces twenty years ago, what would you have thought?"

"I suppose I'd have been startled."

"Startled?" he cried. "You'd have thought it was Babylon! What would you have thought, a few years ago, if you'd seen a woman in a street car or a restaurant take out a little box with a mirror in it and powder her nose when she knew a lot of men were looking at her? You'd have thought she was either pretty unpleasantly common or pretty ludicrously vulgar, and she would have been. And if in addition to powdering her nose she went on to smear red on her lips or her cheeks, you'd have thought she was bad, and again she would have been. But nowadays it's so much the fashion that half the older women and a lot more than half the younger ones are at it. They smear themselves with cosmetics and they do it right in your face! You can't tell which of 'em are good and which bad, because, according to the old standards, some look worse than others but they pretty nearly all look bad. They seem to want to look that way!

"Julie got me to go with her to a movie the other night, and during the intermission she got out her vanity case and

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"The Person That Had Just Got Out of the Chair Was Wearing Boots and Breeches, But it Wasn't a Man. It Was a Girl"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

In the United States and Possessions, Five Cents the Copy; $2.00 the Year—52 issues. Remittances by Postal Money Order, Express Money Order or Check.

In Canada and Newfoundland (including Labrador) Ten Cents the Copy, $3.00 the Year—52 issues—Canadian or U. S. Funds.

In Continental Europe and the British Isles, $4.50 the Year—52 issues.

In Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Isle of Pines, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador and Uruguay $10.00 the Year—52 issues.

In all other Foreign Countries, $15.00 the Year—52 issues.

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 7, 1928

Farm Tariffs

SIGNS are multiplying to indicate that farmers the country over, South as well as North, and West as well as East, are giving consideration to higher tariff duties as possible factors in farm relief. Undoubtedly the next Administration, if Republican, will face the undertaking of enacting new tariff legislation carrying higher rates on agricultural products. Recently the subject was considered by a group of farm leaders delegated by organizations representing a million farmers. Resolutions are beginning to appear from one coöperative association after another. We take it that so long as we are living politically under a high-tariff régime, higher duties will be granted upon proper presentation of facts.

Higher duties on imports will be urged on the basis of equalization of production costs for the same article at home and abroad, in accordance with the theory of protection of the existing tariff. But it is also clear that protection will be requested against substitutes. We raise no jute, but protection against jute will be requested in order to increase the home market for low-grade cotton. We raise no coconuts, but protection will be sought by dairymen and other fat producers, applied even to coconut oil and copra from the Philippines. We raise no bananas, but tariff protection will be sought because it is felt that the importation of nearly sixty million bunches per annum limits the domestic market for apples and other indigenous fruits to some extent. We raise no tung nuts, but protection will be sought in aid of domestic linseed, and presumably also for the benefit of varnish substitutes manufactured from cotton. Over the whole range of commodities will be sought indirect protection against substitutes as well as direct protection in accordance with custom.

The theory of the protective tariff implies the granting of the home market to domestic producers. The farmers in the East, North and West have quite uncomplainingly supported tariff legislation for manufactures, and a trend in the same direction is visible in farm opinion in the South. The proponents of the vetoed McNary-Haugen bill disclaimed any intention to oppose the present tariff protection for manufactures. The supporters of the export-debenture plan rest their case upon affirmation of high-tariff protection. It would seem that a protectionist régime will find itself neither in the mood nor in position to discountenance a properly presented high-tariff appeal by farmers.

Untaxing Production

THE new budget of Great Britain, recently laid before Parliament by Chancellor Churchill, represents a deliberate attempt to free producers from taxation. The economic difficulties of Great Britain rest essentially on depression in agriculture, coal mining, textiles and the heavy industries—namely, iron and steel. Costs of production have been relatively high, volume of exports unsatisfactory and returns meager. Postwar taxes have been exceeded only by war taxes.

In the proposed new budget, taxes have been greatly lowered on farm land, factories, railways, mines, canals, harbors and docks. Reduction of taxes on railways is supposed to be passed back in lowered freight rates on coal, ore and agricultural products. Income taxes remain quite as before. Naturally differences of opinion as to details and applications find expression in the press. But workers, managements and investors seem to regard the innovation as necessary and in the right direction. Production must be cheapened to be expanded, and lower taxes are one means to that end.

But of course the revenue thus sacrificed must be elsewhere secured. This is to be done largely by increase in the tax on gasoline, aided by extensive refunding operations involving delay in redemption of the public debt. Gasoline is expensive now in Great Britain, despite the recent reduction in price; in comparison with the price here, it is very expensive. Americans tolerate the gasoline tax in the interest of road improvements. Britishers must pay it to repair the injuries of war.

The Purpose of Education

EARLY in May the United States Bureau of Education announced that the number of students in colleges and universities in this country had at last reached the approximate figure of 1,000,000. This is 50,000 more than in all the rest of the world put together. What benefit do these young men and women expect to obtain from their college courses, and what benefits, in turn, do they expect to confer upon society? How does such an education affect them, and what are its main features? These are questions of tremendous import, and are receiving the insistent discussion which they so well deserve. One hopeful sign is the gradual shifting, in the ultimate aim expressed, from leadership to usefulness.

In an article in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST a few months ago by Christian Gauss, Dean of the College, Princeton University, entitled The Comedy of Leadership, it was stated that the colleges are suffering from an overemphasis upon the idea of leadership, "and that a man of twenty-two who goes back to his community with an exaggerated confidence in his ability as a leader will be of very little use to himself and of none to the community. . . . He may become a leader only if he forgets all about leadership and tries merely to make of himself a good chemist [or whatever his occupation]. . . . We have put the cart before the horse."

At the opening of college last fall, President Hopkins of Dartmouth said that he had come to doubt much of what has been said, "including much which I have said myself," in regard to its being the function of higher education to train for leadership.

"I ask permission to revise this statement to say that its first function is to educate men for usefulness." Thus begins the necessary process of deflation. Leadership is too vague a term to serve as the major aim of higher education. As one educator points out, when the President of the United States is ill he calls a physician, and the physician is temporarily his leader and he is a follower. When your automobile refuses to run and is being repaired by a mechanic, he is temporarily the leader.

One of the largest corporations in the country employs many thousands of college men and has a special department for this purpose. The official in charge recently stated to a group of educators that he had noticed a less exaggerated demand in the past few years upon society on the part of the recent college graduate. Applicants are more inclined to ask whether the work is interesting and if it will continue so, and are less interested in the pay.

The motives which animate young people are made up of many strands, acquisitive, creative and idealistic, such as the desire to be of service. Motives do not change rapidly; college graduates, like other young men and women, are not made out of altruistic cloth entirely. But emphasis upon the usefulness idea in their education is not only sane, it fits in with the fact that higher education is touching the lives of a million youths at any given moment.

Jobs Half Done

IT IS a trait of human nature to take for granted those objects which surround us, especially if they have been familiar for a long period. A small child does not realize how much a parent does for him; it is all accepted as a matter of course. Men and women show the same attitude toward the trees whose existence in villages, towns and not a few cities makes those places livable. Anyone can name offhand several familiar places, large and small, which would be stark and ugly without the softening and beautifying effect of long rows of shade trees. Without them the gridiron street pattern becomes formidable, naked and depressing. We do not expect the amelioration of trees in the central business districts of the great metropolitan cities, but once these busy marts are left behind, man unconsciously yearns for trees as an essential part of the worthwhileness of life.

The growth of population as expressed in new subdivisions and the enlargement of streets and highways are resulting in widespread destruction of shade trees. There may be objection to the use of the word "widespread" in this connection, because the total number of trees removed must be an exceedingly minute fraction of the entire forest cover of the country. But the existence of great forest reserves in Arkansas or Oregon does not compensate for the trees removed from city streets or in widening arterial highways. Great forest and recreational reserves in the Western States are essential for future use; the East's teeming millions have rights and needs which require satisfaction now.

The opinion is commonly held that Washington, the nation's capital, ranks high in beauty. A large portion of that beauty lies in its many trees, several hundred thousand of them, some of which are found even in the business sections. But while Washington has grown very rapidly in the past few years, there has been no proportionate increase in the number of trees. Indeed, large numbers have been cut, in widening streets to accommodate the increasing traffic, and their places taken by slender twigs, which, in the untoward surroundings of cement and asphalt, will not provide shade of any account for a number of years.

There are many practical difficulties connected with maintaining large numbers of trees in a growing city. Ample funds to care for them are not easy to procure. Pests may come and undo the best-planned work. Beautiful though the mature trees may be, discovery is sometimes made that the wrong varieties were planted originally. Storms and accidents also take their toll.

With all such allowances, much of the destruction of trees in or near thickly populated areas is inexcusable and due to lack of thought. Traffic congestion develops, so a highway is slashed through. But no one thinks through. The steam shovel is effective enough; the human mind is not. There are cities which seem to lack any adequate coördination of street improvement, park and tree provision, zoning and planning. We seem able to make only one motion at a time.

Perhaps ultimately trees must surrender entirely in the central city areas. The victory seems at present to lie with asphalt and carbon monoxide. Yet surely new residential subdivisions can take more advantage than at present of topography, natural cover and native trees. Surely the few remaining tracts of land with trees and wild growth close to the great cities should be preserved. In any case, what is the purpose of widening streets and highways and extending our cities if they are ceasing to be pleasant and livable places?

THE THIRD HOUSE

By T. H. Caraway
United States Senator From Arkansas

NEVER in the history of the United States has there been in Washington so large an army of lobbyists as crowds the capital today. Never has there been a group so generously supported with the money and the confidence of the American people. And never, in proportion to its size, has there been a lobby so ineffectual, so stripped of influence, so utterly unnecessary to its gullible and open-pursed clientele.

The lobbyists of modern Washington make up in numbers what they lack in power. Conservative estimates place their collective strength during a session of Congress at two thousand or more. Under the cryptic heading "associations," they and the organizations they represent fill no less than five columns of the Washington telephone book. With a few exceptions they might be included under the next listing in the book—which is "astrologers." The majority of representatives of both groups are equally effective, equally close to the ears of senators and representatives.

Years ago the people of the United States paid untold sums of money to the snake doctors who blandly promised to cure all their physical ills. Those days have passed—medical knowledge and governmental regulations are driving the medicine shows from the roads. Today, however, the people are being victimized by another sort of quack—the so-called lobbyist. He—and sometimes she—is the snake doctor of modern politics. He—and sometimes she—is the great modern exponent of the late P. T. Barnum. He—and sometimes she—lives and lives well by cashing in on the assumption that the public still likes to be fooled.

Personally, I do not agree with the Barnum point of view. I believe that when the public realizes that it is being fooled by either political grafters or pseudo lobbyists pretending to be able to sway legislation, it will eliminate both. To that end I have offered in Congress a bill which aims, among other things, to expose such frauds. If enacted into law, it will require every person who seeks to influence legislation to register his name and his employer's name, his salary and his expense fund, and to describe how he dispenses the money thus collected. The bill, as this is written, has passed the Senate. When finally approved, it should do much to reduce the membership of the now overcrowded and top-heavy Third House of Congress. It should save the public a million dollars or more annually by bringing the lobbyist into the open.

I do not say that all lobbyists are without conscience or influence. There are in Washington a few who earn the large fees they command. There are a few who work openly, effectively and legitimately, to forward the measures in which the organizations that write their salary checks are interested. Organized business, organized labor, organized agriculture, and the like, may be said to have a legitimate right to be represented at the capital by counsel or by legislative agents when measures that affect their interests are pending. Neither my criticism nor my anti-lobby bill is directed at such groups as, for example, the National Association of Manufacturers, the United States Chamber of Commerce, the National Lumber Manufacturers Association, the American Federation of Labor, the American Farm Bureau Federation, the National Grange, the American Association of Railway Executives, the American Mining Congress, the National Coal Association and others of similar nature.

Sometimes, I feel, their representatives perform a real public service by presenting the business or other organization's side of the case. However members of Congress may differ with such advocates when they sponsor or oppose a bill, or bob up at some senatorial investigation, we can hardly question their right to be heard as spokesmen for the farmer, the workman, the banker, the investor or the business man. We may or we may not approve of all the methods they employ, but we cannot deny them the privilege of appearing on the firing line in any legitimate battle directly affecting their employers' affairs.

Often we find well-groomed, intelligent and apparently highly paid representatives of such organizations calling upon senators and representatives or appearing with elaborate statements before various standing or special committees of the Senate and the House. Often they visit the reception room adjoining the Senate Chamber to send in their cards to one or more members, asking a few minutes of their time. Sometimes these requests are granted, but

(Continued on Page 45)

SPOILING THE PICTURE

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Man Who Took His Deaf Aunt to One of These Modern Shows. "He Said 'Get the * * ! ! * ! ! Out of Here, You * * ! ! * * ! ! ! !' Now Will You Stop Asking Me to Repeat Things, Auntie?"

An Entomological Romance

ABASHFUL young potato bug
Once loved a sweet tomato bug,
But timidly
His feelings he
Concealed beneath his wing.
And though his ardor amorous
For utterance was clamorous,
His tongue was tied.
Though much he sighed
He never said a thing.

Surveying her tomato plant
Each day from his potato plant,
He watched her walk
Along the stalk,
As up and down she strolled
In search of leafage edible.
Her beauty seemed incredible!
Her matchless face
And supple grace
Could leave no beetle cold!

Yet, strong though his desire was,
Hot though his cardiac fire was,
He uttered not
A word of what
Within his bosom churned.
From him she never heard of love.
No single little word of love
He ever breathed,
Howe'er he seethed,
Boiled, fricasseed and burned.

So he on his potato plant
And she on her tomato plant
Went through the days
Their separate ways
Nor ever even met.
Until at last another bug,
Less timid than his brother bug,
Came, saw, pursued,
Accosted, wooed
And snared her in his net.

Alas, poor shy potato bug!
He lost his sweet tomato bug!
For want of pluck
To try his luck
Another called her bride!

Bootlegger—"Gee, It Makes Me Feel Sad! Them Guys Was All Good Customers!"

CHARLES, I WON'T ARGUE WITH YOU NOW, BUT—
HENRY, DID ANYONE EVER TELL YOU THAT BRIDGE IS A GAME OF OBSERVATION?
JEFFERSON, AS A BRIDGE PLAYER YOU'D MAKE A FINE POLE-VAULTER!
REALLY, TOM! YOU HAVE THE
IS THERE ANY PARTICULAR REASON WHY YOU DIDN'T RETURN MY LEAD, JOHN?
WELL, PERCY, IF YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT A DISCARD OF A SEVEN MEANS!

"A Good Time Was Had by All"

Where Some Motorists Ought to Be

So when the farmer viciously
Sprayed all his vines flagitiously
With insect bane,
He ate a grain.
Verdict: Insecticide.

L'ENVOI

Oh, amorous potato bugs
Who seek to win tomato bugs,
Don't ever wait!
But ere too late
Your passion deep avow!
Wed! Raise a wife and family!
Don't pine and perish clammily
Of futile grief!
A poisoned leaf
Will get you anyhow!
—Baron Ireland.

Daguerreotypes

REALLY and truly, dear grandmamma, tell us,
Did you take comfort in dresses like those?
Grandfather, too, says that he was quite jealous
Of rivaling beaus.

When to your eyebrow he wrote that nice sonnet,
Did you ascribe all the glory to that,

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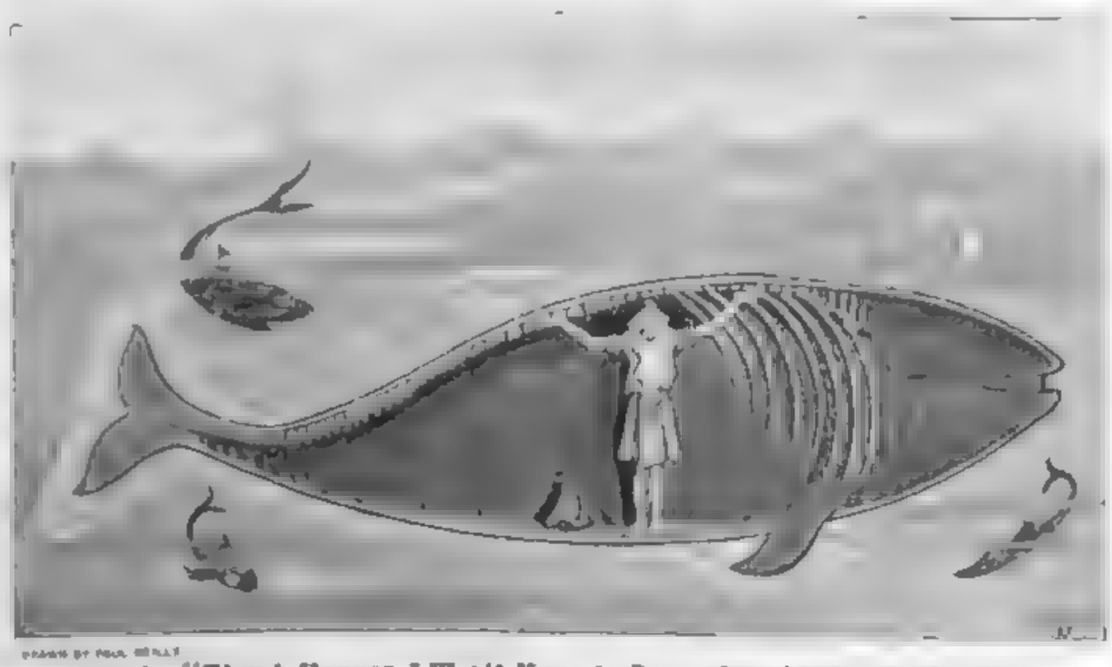

Jonah—"Thank Heaven I Won't Have to Depend on Modernist Methods to Get Me Out o' Here"

Always the nation's favorite beans— Now more popular than ever!

Remember this when you read advertisements about beans . . .

There is only one make of beans so popular that they can truly be called the overwhelming favorites from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the frozen north to the Gulf of Mexico. Those beans are Campbell's!

And now, Campbell's Beans are developed to even finer perfection—winning a greater enthusiasm than ever before—increasing their lead every day. Slow-cooked to a golden brown. Whole, yet deliciously tender. Flavored with Campbell's famous tomato sauce. No wonder Campbell's Beans out-sell all others!

Serve hot

Serve cold

Campbell's

PORK AND BEANS

WITH TOMATO SAUCE

CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY

Slow-cooked Golden Brown

THE SANDALWOOD FAN

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Not the Same?" She Echoed, With a Surprise That Sparkled With Anger

VIII

"WHY did you switch off that light?" demanded Dick furiously of the maid Kennedy, who was just recovering herself from the impact of his headlong charge through the darkness.

"But I didn't, sir," she said with an appearance of shocked surprise. "The lights went out of themselves."

"Too conveniently. Where are you going?"

The last was addressed to Suydam, who was leaving the room.

"I'm going to call the police."

"You wait right here."

"Phillipse," said the Patchogue lawyer crisply, "you forget yourself. I don't appreciate your tone, and I wish you wouldn't resume it. I suggested to you downstairs that you conduct this inquiry in a sensible and intelligent way, and with due attention to legal requirements. Perhaps you are content with the results you have attained, but I certainly am not, and I propose to put the matter in the hands of the proper authorities. The police will be here at once."

He compressed his lips and strode from the room, passing the man Tap-tap Tony and Lowell Zittel, who had come up the stairs and who were now standing in the short hall behind the maid Kennedy.

Tap-tap Tony swung himself into the room, the crutch that supplied the place of his missing leg reproducing the measured knocking that had been the prelude to the roar of the pistol. His long pale face was composed, grave without poignant concern. He went to his knee beside Scissors; he lifted his light blue eyes to Dick.

"He's got it, sir," he said in a light and quiet voice.

"What are you doing here?"

"Pardon me, sir? The gentleman admitted me." He pointed to Zittel.

"Why did you let him in?"

"I didn't know you'd issued an order against it, Phillipse," said Zittel with a touch of independence. "The man said he had some business with you that wouldn't wait, and I conducted him up here."

"I came up to tell you this man wished to see you, Mr. Phillipse," said the maid Kennedy. "He was at the door the moment you left the living room, and I hurried up to tell you."

"What business have you with me?" snapped Dick.

"The lady misunderstood me, sir. I may have said something to the effect that I wished to see you, but that was only because this man had gone into the house to see you. My business was really with him."

"And has it been transacted?"

"Pardon me, sir?"

"This man was in deadly fear of you."

Tap-tap Tony heaved a light sigh and looked down at his late associate. His heavy brown eyebrows worked up and down.

"You wait here for the police."

"Yes, sir." The man's accents were mild, almost lisping; Dick felt that he was being mocked and had spoken with purposeful roughness, trying to spur him into temper. He knew that the man was not the timid and inoffensive cripple he would appear; those big and muscular hands had done heavier work, and perhaps more sinister, than soliciting alms. He had the word of the detective who had gone with him into the Chinese restaurant that this self-abasing fellow was a captain among his own in the underworld.

Florence was growing hysterical, asking to be taken away. Doctor Wessel seated her in a chair with her back to the room; Nell knelt beside her and spoke to her soothingly, patting her hands.

Dick liked the looks of the country police chief who came upstairs with Suydam; in conversation later, he learned that Chief Marvin was a retired sergeant of New York police. Dick suspected something of the sort when the chief, on first entry, seized upon Tap-tap Tony with a look of recognition.

"Hello, what are you doing here?"

"I have been asked to wait, sir. Mr. Phillipse will tell you that I had nothing to do with the job."

"Mr. Phillipse can't say any such thing," cut in Dick. "I'll say only that he was not in the room when the shot was fired. He was on the stairs."

"Did you see him?"

"I couldn't see him. He was around the turn. I'm sure, though, that the shot wasn't fired from that direction."

"Oh, but it was," said Doctor Wessel decidedly. "I saw the flash there. And I heard the pistol fall on the stairs and roll."

"Positively not," said Suydam. "I noticed particularly where the flash came from, and it was between Doctor Wessel and the man who was shot. The pistol was thrown out the window. I'll swear to that."

"To what?" exclaimed Wessel, bristling.

"Where's the pistol now?" asked the chief.

"Out the window," said Suydam satisfiedly.

"Did you notice who fired the shot?"

"The lady is blind," said Dick, seeing that the question had been asked of Nell.

"I am sure of the point from which it was fired," said Nell with quiet conviction. "When the pistol was fired, it was right there." She pointed.

"But that's where I was standing," protested Suydam.

"Oh, impossible," said Nell troubledly. "I'm sure, though, that I couldn't be mistaken."

"What did you notice, madam?" the chief asked.

"I can't tell you anything about it," said Florence, trembling. "I was standing at the window, and the shot was fired behind me. I can't explain, but that's where it came from."

The chief leaned out the window into the darkness, peered about, and bent over the sheer house wall.

"Impossible," said Dick. "There isn't a house or tree within a hundred feet. And it's twenty feet and more to the ground."

"Facts first, and then the explanations, Mr. Phillipse," said the chief curtly. "Maybe you can all agree as to where the man was standing."

"Behind that chair. And he was looking toward the hall."

"There you have it," said Wessel. "And he was shot from the front, where he was looking. I told you that."

"Were you looking at him?"

"Not just then. I was watching the hall because somebody was coming up the stairs—this one-legged man."

"You seem to be pretty well agreed," grumbled the chief angrily. "The best thing for me to do is to take every one of you over to the house and hold you. You ask me to believe that this man was killed in this bright room, with seven people grouped around him, and nobody seen it, and nobody can give a shadow of a reason why it was done?"

"Speaking for most of us, chief," said Dick, "we weren't alert to what went on in the room just at that moment, because our attention had been called very strongly to the stairs."

"Ah, the stall. Now we're getting somewhere. Who stalled? Who was it that got you all to look away while the trick was turned?"

Dick pointed silently to the man on the floor.

(Continued on Page 26)

Libby's 100 Foods

Among them, tempting MEATS

... ready to serve

An inviting assortment—Lunch Tongue, Veal Loaf, Corned Sausage. Our booklet "Meat Prepared Ways for Every Meal" is full of interesting meat ideas. Write for it. It's free. Mail to Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago, Canadian Kitchens, Chatham, Ont., Canada

To be certain of fine flavor in each of these foods . . . ask your grocer for Libby's

Canned Meats

Corned Beef
Corned Beef Hash
Roast Beef
Veal Loaf
Vienna Sausage
Beef Steak & Onions
Ragout (beef stew)
Meat-wich Spread
Lunch Tongue
Deviled Ham
Potted Ham
Potted Meat
Boneless Chicken
Chicken à la King
Sliced Dried Beef
Chili Con Carne
Mexican Tamales
Mince Meat
Bouillon Cubes
Beef Extract
Chop Suey

Pickles and Condiments

Pickles—
Sweet
Sour
Dill
Sweet Mixed
Sweet Mustard
Sliced Sweet Dill
Home Made Style
Sweet Cauliflower
Olives—
Queen
Stuffed
Ripe
Olive Oil
Catsup
Chili Sauce
Mustard
Chow Chow
Sweet Onions
Sweet Relish
Salmon
Red Alaska Salmon

Fruits and Vegetables

Sliced Pineapple
Crushed Pineapple
Peaches, Pears
Apricots
Cherries, Royal Anne
Cherries, Maraschino
Fruits for Salad
Plums, Apples
Apple Butter
Berries
Jelies, Jams,
Prunes
Asparagus
Spinach
Pork & Beans
Sweet Potatoes
Sauer Kraut
Sauer Kraut Juice
Tomatoes
Milk
Evaporated Milk
Condensed Milk

(Partial List)

LIBBY McNEILL & LIBBY ~ CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 24)

"And as for the reason why he was shot, it was because he was in the act of explaining how Garry Duane was killed in this room last May."

"Now, that doesn't follow, please," put in Suydam, shaking his head. "It is true that he was in the act of making an explanation, genuine or invented, under the impulse of a reward of a thousand dollars offered for his story by Mr. Phillipse. Mr. Phillipse has held to the notion that Duane was murdered, and has probably expressed himself to that effect a number of times; this man came in tonight with a story to fit that idea—and I don't think it fitted it very well, either—and Mr. Phillipse promptly offered him, over my protest, an enormous reward. It's elementary that bought evidence is under grave suspicion."

"Perhaps you can give a motive."

"I can offer a more plausible one. This man admitted that he was here on the night of May twenty-first as a thief, as one of a gang; and he complained he had not had his fair share of the loot. He offered to fasten a charge of murder on someone—and the intimation was that the murderer was not among those present—if Mr. Phillipse would pay him substantially. Now, we have the fact that a great sum of money disappeared from this house that very night. This man, I am convinced, had accomplices with him that night who got away with the cash, and he conjured up this charge of murder—carefully naming no perpetrator, note—so that he might hold it as a threat over his accomplices' heads and compel them to disgorge. Properly handled, there might have been extracted from him the true story of the housebreaking and robbery."

"Very well," said Dick. "And who of us silenced him?"

"That I don't know. I merely insist that the true motive for this murder be not confused. It makes an enormous difference. If we are to find in this horrible happening a proof that Duane was murdered, we must find the person who did this thing among those who had, or could have, guilty knowledge of the murder of Duane. But there may be someone among us who can establish a perfect alibi as far as the death of Duane is concerned, but who came into possession of his money on that very night or since, and who is therefore vitally interested in blocking or confusing any inquiry into the disappearance of the money. This man could have shed some light upon the loss of that money, and no good purpose was served by offering him a thousand dollars to go up another alley."

"What does that mean?" cried Dick, starting forward.

"Mr. Phillipse," said the lawyer, white and set, "please control your temper. It seems very short. I've made no charge against you."

"None that I heard," said Marvin, looking at Dick reprovingly. "However, this is all talk. We have first to find that pistol, and I shall search you all, and the room. Anybody that objects will be put under arrest at once. If the pistol isn't found, I'll hold you all until the district attorney gets here. I know he'll hold you, too, so when we go downstairs you better call up your lawyers and arrange bail, unless you want to stay in the coop until Tuesday morning."

"Me, too, sir?" asked Tap-tap Tony. "I can explain fully, sir. I drove this man down here because he was a friend of mine, or rather an acquaintance, and I noticed that he acted queer, like as though he might be hopped. Waiting outside, it occurred to me, in the course of thinking, that the people here might be unaware of his condition and he might do something I'd regret."

"Such as spilling the truth about some job of yours," nodded the chief. "And that brought you in on the fly. I know your history backwards, and you can't rub anything on me. I'd suspect you if you were only within rifle shot."

"But, my dear sir," protested Wessel in his turn, "I have fifty insane patients waiting. Surely you don't need me."

"More than the whole fifty others do, doctor," said Tap-tap Tony with a pleasantness that was not reciprocated in the glance Marvin gave him.

When they were again in the living room, awaiting the arrival of a law officer of the county, Nell asked for the fan. Dick handed her the box; her fingers flitted over its surface like pink moths; she opened it and took the fan out. He saw puzzlement in her mobile face. She spread the fan; her fingers glided over it questingly.

"But, Dick," she said, suppressing her tone with effort, "this is not the fan that Garry bought. Oh, dear, no!"

"Not the fan?" he repeated. "Are you sure?"

"Absolutely, Dick. This is very different in every way. For one thing alone, the other fan was lacquered. And it was quite wonderfully made, while this is as poor and ordinary as a cigar box."

"It was sandalwood, and lacquered?"

"Yes, that was an odd thing about it."

"So that is why the Chinaman Huey Gow refused to show any interest in it. He wanted the true sandalwood fan. What in the world could he have wanted it for? Particularly after he had had it and sold it, knowing what it was. You are quite sure, Nell, are you? But I don't doubt it now."

"And that is why that cunning lawyer gave it to you. He had read your letter and had your secret, and he gave you the false fan so as to gain your confidence. He went there to draw information from you. I don't doubt he sent that unfortunate man here today to make a further show of helping you."

"With a design on the money," nodded Dick grimly. "His attitude puzzled me from the first, Nell. He has a villainous reputation, is credited with being an utter rogue and trickster. Unless, Nell, he himself was misled by Scissors."

"We shan't get the true fan from Scissors now," she said glumly. "Dick, this Little Amby is a lawyer, and he can't be a mere criminal."

"I'll go and see him. If it weren't for his black reputation, I could use him; I'm not satisfied with Suydam. He was exceedingly annoying this evening, and I have a mind to cut away from him."

"I wouldn't, Dick. He's maddeningly slow and careful and old-fashioned, but Garry trusted him. This Little Amby won't dare to try overreaching you. Nobody is clever enough to succeed at that."

She said this with a naïveté that made him smile.

"Yes, he's a lawyer, and he has an enormous practice that he couldn't hold if he robbed his own clients. I'll be on my guard."

"Flo," called Nell, "here's an extraordinary thing. This fan that Dick has isn't the same one at all that Garry bought."

Florence was at the farther end of the room, serving the long-delayed coffee that the maid Kennedy had just wheeled in. She bounced up and came over.

"Not the same?" she echoed, with a surprise that sparkled with anger. Her reprehending glance was directed at Dick.

The representative of the district attorney proved, on his arrival, to be of less drastic methods than Marvin had promised. It was evident that he gave weight to the legally irrelevant facts that the dead man was a worthless character and that his putative slayers were reputable citizens. It is certain that he had seen such a juxtaposition before, and likely that, in his private mind, he diagnosed the case as one of blackmail and was unwilling to see great guilt in

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"But That Can't Mean Anything, Dick," She Interrupted. "That Verse is as Old as the Hills"

HOW MANUFACTURING SKILL IS BRINGING DOWN COSTS

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The systematic application of machinery and improved methods to the production of coal has brought from 30% to 50% reduction in underground costs. Thus, manufacturing skill in this field is overcoming increased labor costs.

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A Nation-wide service now provides safe and scientific lubrication to prevent 80% of all repair bills—"eaten" bearings and grinding gears.

NO matter where you go today; whether you tour New England or California; official Alemite-ing Service is waiting to protect you from the dangers of improper lubrication, cheap "greases" and inefficient methods.

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To Alemite your car means to have it thoroughly lubricated with genuine Alemite Lubricants. This lubricant is a pure, solidified oil that will stand up under 3,000 pounds pressure. (Average grease breaks down under 200 pounds pressure.) It resists heat up to 200°. And will lubricate bearings properly at 30° below zero.

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100% Alemite-ing consists of the following service:

1. Genuine Alemite Chassis Lubricant is forced into the heart of every chassis bearing on your car. This service eliminates burnt-out bearings and rattles that come from worn, corroded bearings.

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Just try this service once. You will note an immediate difference in the way your car runs. And most important of all, you will eliminate the biggest cost of all in operating your car. 80% of all repair bills are due to faulty lubrication.

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Recorded Alemite Service provides you with a lifelong history of your car's lubrication and a recognized certificate that substantially increases the *resale value* of your car.

Get details wherever you see this sign.

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the resolution with which someone had cut the blackmailer's knot. He knew Suydam, and took the promises of all who had been in the study to appear before him on demand.

Imbued with a distrust that was not less pressing for his inability to justify it logically, Dick regretted Nell's public announcement. He saw to it that all notebooks, loose papers and odds and ends that had been Garry Duane's were collected in the safe, and he changed the combination of it privately, notifying only Nell.

IX

DICK found the engine of his car dead when he tried to start it early on the following Tuesday morning. Having to return to the city at once, he left the car in the Duanes' garage to await a repair man, threw his collapsible English bag of yellow pigskin into a cab, and went to the Long Island Railroad station at Blue Point. He sat in the smoking car, shook out his morning paper, and lit a cigar.

A paunchy man of about Dick's age, smartly dressed and substantial looking, was sitting across the aisle. He looked at Dick several times, and at last got up and leaned over him.

"Aren't you Dick Phillipse?" he asked, with an engaging flash of even white teeth.

"That's my name," said Dick. "But you have the advantage of me."

"Didn't you go to Columbia University in—let me say it!—in 1903-4-5—along in there?"

"That's right."

"And you played on the baseball team. That was the team that Eddie Collins played short on. Yes, and I remember you playing football too. I remember you well. Lowenthal is my name. I was in the School of Mines in Columbia in those days, but I certainly liked to get out there with the gang on South Field and root my head off for you fellows."

"Sit down," invited Dick. "Very glad to see you again, Lowenthal. What are you doing with yourself?"

"Oh, my trade stuck to me, and I've spent my life in exile—South America, China—say, there's a Columbia boy of our time who made good—young Wellington—Wellington Something-or-other. Was minister from China afterward."

"Wasn't he later? I was in the college, but I knew men in the School of Mines. There was Walter Wheeler, a big, strapping Californian and a mighty good sort. And there was Pete Burgholzer ——"

"He took up medicine. When I heard of him last he was a doctor in Roosevelt Hospital. Married a charming girl. Well, Phillipse, I sure do love to meet one of the old crowd. I see you're informing yourself on politics. What do you think of this man Cox? They'll win with him—pivotal state, you know. They can't lose New York, and with that for an ace in the hole ——"

Lowenthal was a man who was interested in almost everything and his remarks had an entertaining twist. The hour and a half passed quickly. "Going downtown?" asked Lowenthal when they were in the Pennsylvania Station. "Let me blow you to a cab and keep you out of the Subway this hot morning. I'm going to Bleecker Street, and you might as well keep going the rest of the way." They followed a red-cap to a cab and were soon bouncing southward. Lowenthal got out at Bleecker Street, insisted on paying Dick's way to Beekman Street, and reached back for a hearty handshake. "Good luck, Dick, old son!" he cried breezily. "Look me up, will you?"

When Dick got to his office in Beekman Street, he alighted, seized the bag that was remaining of the two that had been deposited beside the driver, and was carrying it off when he was impelled to look at it more closely. It was a bag of English pigskin, but it wasn't his.

"I can't help that, friend," said the driver, shrugging. "The other man must have taken yours."

Dick couldn't find Lowenthal in the telephone book to inform him of his slight and amusing mistake. Going uptown that night, he stopped at the hotel that the alleged mining engineer had given as his abode, with a wholesouled invitation to call, but found nobody of the name in the register. It was clear that he had been tricked; upon him, a native New Yorker, had been worked the old familiar switch that tradition reserved for the *rusticus in urbe*. In the bag he found four bulky telephone books that hadn't even the virtue of being up to date, and nothing else.

His loss wasn't serious; a hundred dollars would make it good, excluding the silver fan case. He would have been altogether appalled if he had lost the fan before Nell's discovery. He believed that his bag had been stolen because it contained the fan, and there was a humorous aspect to that. He did not doubt that his car had been tampered with to compel him to take the train so that he might fall into the thievish hands of the supposed mining engineer; the men who had plotted to filch the bag were well acquainted with his past history, but were evidently unaware that the fan they sought was a worthless substitute.

The episode had its darker meaning. It was clear that there were dangerous men who knew of the unexplained disappearance of the Duane money, and who had at least an inkling of the method by which it was to be discovered and repossessed. Their next move might lack humor and involve tragedy; faces rose in Dick's memory warningly—the face of Tap-tap Tony, the blubbery saffron countenance of Huey Gow, the Chinese gambler of Doyers Street, the triangular visage of the formidable little shyster of Center Street whose legal chicane was a bulwark of the underworld.

The cards indicated, however, the necessity of resorting to the little advocate; he stood squarely on the trail that ran back to Garry Duane's sandalwood fan. Dick called Little Amby's office on Wednesday noon, and secured an appointment for two o'clock that day.

He walked up to Center Street after lunch and saw the huge black-and-gold sign of the famous criminal lawyer on the cornice of a dingy little brick house between a metal-working establishment and Sylvester—Silver—O'Reilly's notorious saloon. The saloon was still there, barred and quelled and almost dead, its once flaming life reduced to a furtive and sheltered flicker that was being anxiously cherished against the good day coming when the prohibition that nobody liked—nobody Silver O'Reilly knew—would have blown the jack that had got it in and would be given the rush. On the other side of Center Street lowered the Tombs, whence came the custom of the little brick house; the blue of a keeper's uniform showed through the bars of the massive gate to the city prison.

Neighboring the Tombs on the north, and pseudo-Egyptian in architecture, were the great Criminal Courts. There popped into Dick's head a phrase that he had read in a newspaper—a phrase penned by a judge of the Appellate Division who could be flowery and yet obdurate in confirming the disbarment of another criminal lawyer—"The lawyer's office is the porch of the temple of Justice, but this man made it a den of thieves."

Lolling on the steps of the little brick house—yellow-shod feet crossed, big hand on massive hip, the other hand shoving a gay straw hat forward so that it might scratch the top of a bullet head, the elbow belonging to the scratching hand braced against the doorframe—was a big-framed man who had got fleshy without a struggle. At first sight, this fellow, with his crushed nose and horribly swollen ears, was repellent, but his leering face was full of animal good humor.

"Hello, bug," grunted this man, surveying Dick from under the brim of the straw hat. Dick moved to pass him without answer; the man put out a long and beefy arm. "See me, don't you? Give them a rub."

"Are you in charge here?" asked Dick curtly.

"Now, as to that," said the man, pushing himself away from the doorframe, "it depends on the opposition. But I was until just now. Well, what can we do you for? How about fixing you up with a little law this afternoon—and if so, why? Slip all your worries right in there, bug." He tapped his ear.

"I have an appointment with Mr. Hinkle."

"Oh-h, he got an appointment. Right up the winding stair and buzz Cohen. Tell him Tug Gaffney sent you—that's me."

"Mr. Cohen, you say?"

"No, no. Don't spoil him. Cohen—'Hey, Cohen!' Like that. Try it on Grand Street, bug, and stand back out of the traffic."

The man had bellowed the not uncommon name up the stairs. Dick went up. He emerged into a large and dirty and disordered room about whose walls were sitting people of both sexes, varying in size and expression, but alike in being smartly dressed, perfumed and jeweled. At a battered desk sat a dumpy and yellow-faced man who was the Cohen that was not to be spoiled by being accosted politely—Little Amby's managing clerk.

He was exchanging monosyllables for the lengthy arguments of clerks who were showing him legal papers. He took Dick's card, glanced at it and at Dick, pushed a button, and resumed his study of one of the papers. A buzzer sounded; he pulled a telephone to him, put the receiver against his ear and held it there with the pressure of a shoulder, cupped a hand over the mouthpiece and whispered into it; his eyes were still on the papers. He was smoking a black cigar and chewing steadily at the same time.

"Go ahead," he said, pointing.

The cheap theatricality, expressing itself in bizarre effects and contrasts, that Dick had come to associate with the master of this den, was again evident in his private room. An indecent indifference to what was mean and ugly showed outside this doorway; within it was luxury without taste. The furniture was massive mahogany, ribbed and edged with polished brass. On the floor of bright wood was a magnificent Oriental rug in blue and gold. There were portraits of stout and great men, framed in red velvet and gold; the solid gold watch chains of the great men were depicted with flattering care. There was a fine bronze of Mercury, god of pilferers, on a bookcase, behind it was a tinted photograph of a prize fighter, across the corner of which was scrawled To My Pal, Little Amby.

"Hello, Phillipse," called Little Amby cordially, from behind his big flat-topped brass and mahogany desk. "Sit down. Well, what luck?"

"In what way?" asked Dick.

"In finding the fan."

"You seem to keep informed, Mr. Hinkle."

"I try to," said Little Amby comfortably.

"Perhaps you would not mind telling me how you know I am looking for the fan, since you yourself—it seems to me that everything in connection with this matter gets immediate publicity."

Little Amby regarded him attentively. "The fan I gave you was not the right one."

"Very true. And how did you learn that?"

"This is interesting," said Little Amby, frowning. "Do you mean to say you haven't looked for that fan elsewhere?"

"Certainly not. I came here today to tell you about the mistake, and to ask your help in recovering the real sandalwood fan—your suggestion, at any rate. You surprise me."

"Suppose you tell me your story, and then I'll give you a side light on it. To be candid with you, we're both surprised."

Dick told him of the happenings at Blue Point on the preceding Saturday. "I'd have told you at once," he concluded, "when I had your office on the wire, but I decided to wait until I could see you."

"To give me the *soir dire*, eh? That's a Latin expression, Phillipse, meaning to accuse a man to his face and see how he likes it. So Scissors was shot dead. Where do you suppose that came from?"

"We haven't the least inkling."

"I'm sure you understand that I intended no deceit. My position in the matter needs no apology; I found a client of mine in possession of stolen goods, and, though I saw that he had a fair hearing in court, I compelled him to restore his loot to the rightful owner. I tried to."

"I thank you for that."

Little Amby scratched a match on the metal Buddha that was holding down his loose papers; he lit a Turkish cigarette and pulled the smoke into his shallow lungs.

"Phillipse, I wonder if you appreciate what you're up against."

"I'm getting some unwelcome attention."

"If I were you I'd have my life insured, and then I'd go ahead with a free mind. I'd pay the premiums, too, until I had that money behind the walls of a bank—if that time ever came."

"What do you advise?"

"I don't wish to press my services, particularly in a matter that is not a purely legal problem. Yours is a business affair—one of negotiation. Well, like every other lawyer who makes a decent living at the game, I have four fingers in business all the time. Go ahead and play a lone hand if you wish, but, frankly, I don't think you can win, and there's enough money in this to make everybody happy."

"I've heard that you get two thousand dollars a day for your time in court, Mr. Hinkle," said Dick doubtfully. "I don't know how you'd assess the worth of your services in a matter like mine, but in any event, I don't see how I can bind the estate to pay anything substantial."

"Nor anything at all until they get the money. We don't need to go into that now. If I have had a measure of success in the law business, Phillipse, it is because I have conducted my practice rigidly on principle. One of my principles is not to talk price until the money is in sight, and another is not to turn down a good case merely because the client can't put up a retainer. And more than half of my business is done without drawing a summons and complaint—just getting people together like friends and composing their differences."

"I've heard you're not one of these lawyers who stir up litigation," said Dick. He had not heard so, but it was a nice thing to say.

"Indeed, no. There's no money in litigation, Phillipse. Settle out of court; once you've told your story in court, it's shot. You can't sell it, then, even to a newspaper. For example, you must have read about that Tipley case where they kissed and made up last week. Do you know what I got Nan Tipley for those letters? I'd hate to tell you, but it was so good that a Russian duke fell madly in love with her, and her first husband came on from California to sell her a divorce. There's a good old legal maxim you can tie

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1928 REO FLYING CLOUDS

THE APPALACHIAN TRAIL

By Walter Prichard Eaton

Looking South From the Top of Pinnacle Mountain Toward the Blue Ridge Mountains in North Carolina

TWO thousand miles is a long walk. For that matter, 245 miles is a long walk. It may surprise you to know that a good many people walk every summer now 245 miles over a continuous foot trail on the spine of the Green Mountains in Vermont. It may surprise you still more to know that the Vermont Long Trail is part of a proposed foot trail to extend up the entire Appalachian range from Northern Georgia to Mount Katahdin in the wilderness of Maine. I'm not sure it won't surprise you to hear that anybody walks at all in this motorized age. But they do—thousands of them. And thousands more would walk if foot trails were available near their homes.

Of course it is no pleasure to walk on a highway any more. The pleasure of walking—or let us call it hiking comes from getting away from cities, away from highways, away from your six-day-a-week job in office or factory or schoolroom, out into the wild places, the woods, the mountains. Nearly all the hikers today are city people. They hike to get health and refreshment and change. They are young and old, male and female.

The Appalachian Mountain Club, with headquarters in Boston and chapters in Connecticut and New York, has many thousands of members, fully half of them women, and maintains several hundred miles of trails in the White Mountains. The Green Mountain Club has 1500 members in Vermont, Massachusetts and New York, and maintains the 245-mile Long Trail from the Massachusetts line north almost to Canada. There are a score of hiking clubs in New York City. Everywhere there are hundreds and hundreds of Boy and Girl Scouts who get out when they can into the woods to camp and hike. And there are thousands of people not attached to any organization who yearly renew their spirits by a vacation tramp in the open.

From Georgia to Maine

It was for all such people as these that Benton Mackaye, son of Steele Mackaye, the American dramatist of a generation ago, a brother of Percy Mackaye, had a dream. He dreamed of a foot trail, to be called the Appalachian Trail, which should extend unbroken from Georgia to Maine over the very highest points and through the wildest forests and ravines of our great Eastern mountain system. It sounded foolish to most people. It still sounds foolish to a good many.

But the joke is on them, for it is coming true. And not only is it coming true but in its wake is following what, of course, Mackaye hoped would follow—an awakening of the people to the great beauties and advantages of our Appalachian wilderness and a growing desire to save it, to preserve it for public recreation forever.

Already what is perhaps the finest, as it is certainly the highest section of the Appalachian chain, the Great Smoky Mountains between Tennessee and North Carolina, is opened in many places to hikers, and at least one camp has been established 7000 feet above the sea—the highest spot but one east of Colorado. The highest is Mount Mitchell in North Carolina.

Hitting the High Spots

One result of getting hikers into this incomparably rich and beautiful Great Smoky country has been a growing demand to make it a national park. Tennessee and North Carolina have each voted $2,000,000 to begin the purchase of what will ultimately be, it is hoped, a national park of nearly 1,000,000 acres—the largest by far in the East. It will open on the west into the Tennessee Valley, and on the east it will connect with North Carolina resorts like Asheville. It will be no farther from New York than Chicago is, and only half that distance from Washington. These 6000 and even 7000 foot mountains, with their wonderful forests and wild flowers and laurel and rhododendron, opened from end to end to hikers by the trail, and equipped with camps and shelters, will afford a vacation refuge quite different from Yellowstone or Glacier, and far quicker and cheaper to reach from our Eastern cities.

Coming up through Virginia and along the ridges above the Shenandoah Valley to Harper's Ferry, the trail, when built, will open up another beautiful and little known region, easy to reach from Washington and Richmond. Work is being done here by the Appalachian Trail Club of Washington. Crossing the beautiful state of Pennsylvania—and the mountains of Pennsylvania are too little known to most Americans—the trail will ultimately reach the Palisades Interstate Park. It will cross Pennsylvania on the outer rim of the Blue Ridge, getting over the Susquehanna at Harrisburg and leaving the state at the Delaware Water Gap.

The Blue Mountain Club, with headquarters at Lafayette College, is working on this section of the trail, which, when completed, will be within easy striking distance of New York and Philadelphia—our first and third cities. Through the Interstate Park the trail is already constructed, with dozens of branch trails and camping sites and shelters, and it is used each year by many thousands of New Yorkers of all ages and races, who can thus quickly escape from town into the woods and hills.

Crossing the Hudson at Bear Mountain, the trail will head into Connecticut, go north near the Housatonic River, and cross Massachusetts on the ridges of the Berkshires. It is already being marked out in Connecticut by enthusiastic volunteers. In Massachusetts parts are already built over Mount Everett in the southwest corner of the state, and Greylock, the highest mountain in Massachusetts, in the northwest corner. From Greylock it runs direct to the Vermont state line and joins the Long Trail, already built, with shelter huts every few miles, all the way to Canada.

The Sky-Line Route

But the main Appalachian Trail will cut east from the Green Mountains to Hanover, New Hampshire. Starting at Hanover, New Hampshire, you can hike today on foot trails built by Dartmouth students and the Appalachian Club right over the whole bare, subarctic, thrilling granite spine of the White Mountains—including Washington—and on into Maine as far as the Rangeley Lakes. Two or three years more will probably see the trail carried to its terminal on the brink of the superb precipices of Mount Katahdin.

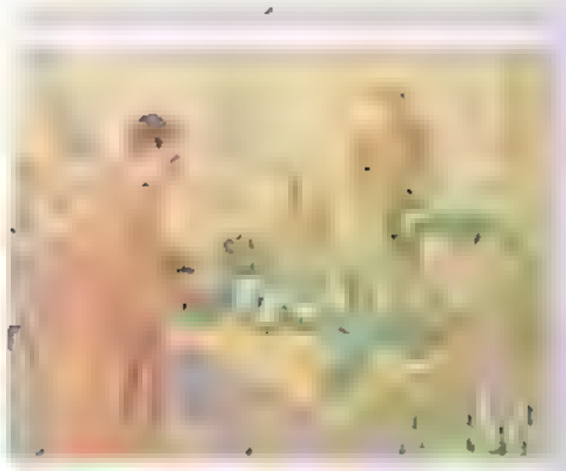
When the whole trail is completed it will not only link together by a wilderness path the entire Appalachian chain but it will pass fairly close to every large city in the East, and those portions which prove most popular may very well in time be set aside as permanent reservations through the press of public demand.

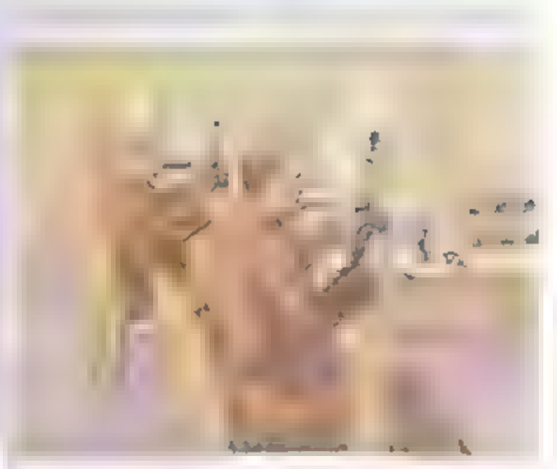
Work or Fun?

The trail, of course, is never meant to be a board walk. It is strenuous and rough where it exists, and always will be. Intentionally, it climbs all the highest mountains and goes through the deepest forests. Its object is not to reproduce city conditions, but their exact opposite; to preserve the primitive wildness and beauty of Nature and afford an opportunity of escape from modern urbanity. One does not set out over the Green Mountain Trail or the trail over the Presidentials in the White Mountains without a compass and matches and an ax. But nobody has to hike over more of the trail than he wishes. He can set out for a day or a week, according to his capacity to carry a pack or his liking for sleeping in the open. Many a time on the Long Trail in Vermont and in the White Mountains I have met young men with packs weighing fifty pounds or even more, intent on making fifteen miles a day, and covering 150 to 200 miles before they came down to the valleys again. That comes perilously near being work! But they loved it. A year ago, on the wild, steep, thirty-mile section of the Appalachian Trail from Gorham, New Hampshire, to Mount Speck in Maine, I met two women, one of them more than fifty, each with a blanket roll and provisions for three days, making this thirty miles by three stages. They were schoolteachers. Somebody tried to frighten them by talking about the bears, but it didn't work. It would have worked with their mothers, no doubt, but this was 1927.

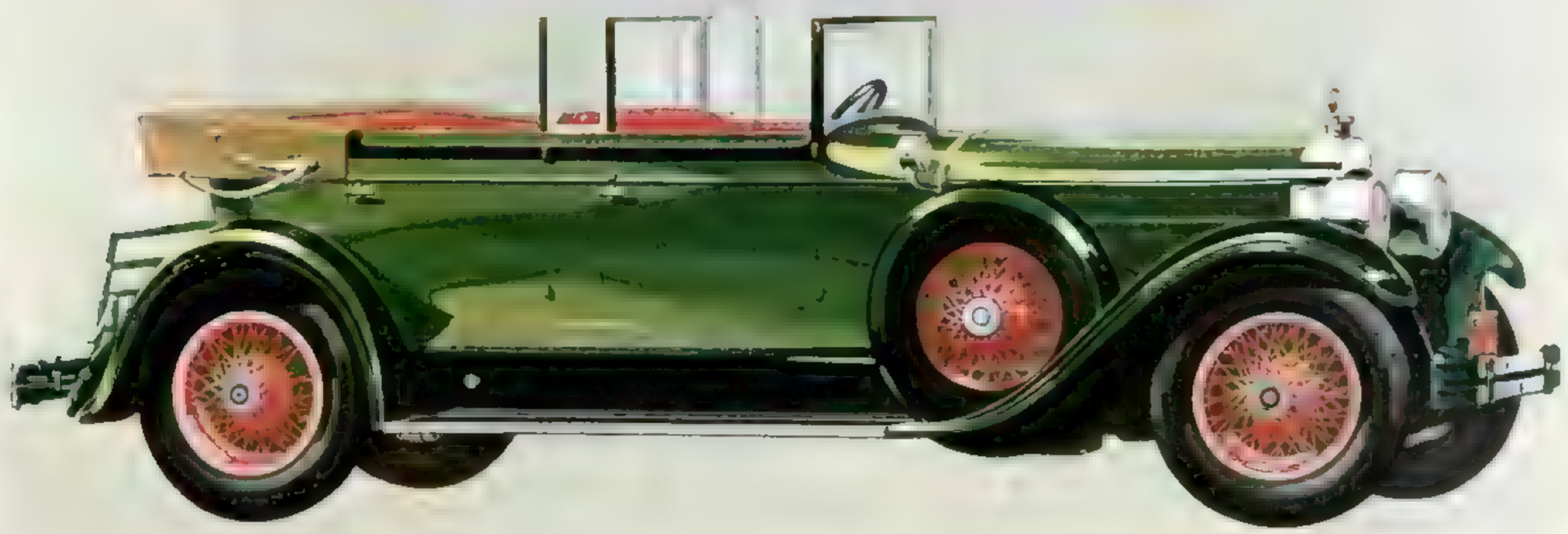
The most amusing hiker I ever encountered, however, was on Mount Katahdin in Maine. There were about thirty of us—in four or five parties, with many women—camped under the great precipice. We had all, of course, hiked in the eight miles from the end of the so-called road. We were busy about supper, when there puffed up the trail a very short, very stout woman, bearing on her back an enormous pack and on her feet those unmistakable Swiss hobnailed shoes. She looked sixty, and later confessed in her German-English that she was. Somebody had told her that Katahdin offered the hardest climb in the Eastern United States, so she had come from New York to do it. This particular climb is up the great chimney—some 1200 feet of dangerous rock work, in places almost sheer precipice. She engaged a guide the next morning, who had no rope but about twenty-five feet of

(Continued on Page 114)





The Emperor of the French was noted for his rigid standards in the inspection of his crack regiments



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PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

AMERICANS IN ROME

By MAUDE PARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY
HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

The Contrast Enchanted Alfredo. It Was Maria Who Missed the Ancient Shabby Beauty With Which She Had Lived So Long

NOT long ago two women wearing the unmistakable shower-proof tweeds and serviceable low-heeled boots of the conscientious English tourist were walking down the Via Condotti, which is the Rue de la Paix of Rome.

One of them looked up from a show window filled with coral jewelry and polished tortoise shell, to observe a slender dark-haired woman smartly dressed in black, who was getting out of a motor car. As she turned to give some instructions in Italian to the chauffeur, they saw that her face had a creamy pallor and her lips were tinted a startling cerise. Her eyes were dark and large. She moved toward the door of a milliner's shop.

"Now, there," one of the Britishers exclaimed triumphantly, "is what I call a typical Roman!"

The woman in black glanced toward the speaker with an involuntary smile, then looked away.

"You don't suppose she understands English, do you?" said the traveler after she had disappeared.

"Probably not," her companion comforted her.

That afternoon the visitors went to tea at their embassy. They had scarcely spoken to their hostess when they saw, across the drawing-room, the same woman they had encountered earlier in the day. They asked her identity and were told that she was the Countess di——, whose husband was the descendant of a distinguished Roman family.

"Extraordinary, how one can sense that sort of thing," one of them said.

But a moment later her complacency was shattered. Feeling a little self-conscious about the incident of the morning, she asked, "Does she, by any chance, understand English?"

"Understand English? My dear, she's pure American!"

Their chagrin was all the deeper because, as they explained, the countess was the only person they had seen during their stay in the Eternal City who fitted perfectly into their preconceived ideas of the Italian type. They were told that this might be due to the fact that they had spent most of their time going to churches and picture galleries and had not properly viewed society.

Following this suggestion, they bought tickets for a charity ball to be held that week. They were assured that the entire *beau monde* would be there, and that, if they went, someone would point out to them the representatives of the oldest families.

The young man to whom this task was assigned showed great sympathy with their mistake.

"Countess di —— is representative," he declared. "She looks and moves and talks exactly like an Italian. Lots of the Americans who have married over here do, you know. They're awfully adaptable—the women, I mean. In other countries where I've been *en poste* I've known any number of them who had married Europeans. But I must say the influence Rome has over them is the greatest of all."

He got up just then to speak to a strikingly handsome woman who was on her way to the ballroom.

"She's beautiful, isn't she?" he said when he rejoined them. "She's half American, though she's never been in the States. Nevertheless, I think one feels that she is different from the Italian women."

"But I thought you said the Americans became completely Italian?"

"Oh, I didn't mean to say that! I meant that on the surface they changed tremendously. Girls who have been awfully independent—regular tomboys, some of them—come over here and after a while acquire a certain dignity and poise, which I consider the most attractive things about Latin women. But always underneath the surface one suspects there is a strong undercurrent which remains untouched. It causes some strange results sometimes. . . . I say, what's going on over there?"

His attention had been attracted to the balcony which divided the outer room in which they were sitting from the ballroom. They saw an excited group gathering around two men who stood on the top step of the short flight of stairs which led up to this landing.

"I'll go and find out and report later," he said.

It was some time before he returned. The Englishwomen watched the crowd increase and noticed, by contrast with the distant dance music, a curious stillness among the onlookers who, like themselves, did not want to leave their seats, but who were acutely curious.

Within an incredibly short time the group on the balcony melted away. By the time the orchestra stopped its fox trot and people began drifting out of the ballroom no one would have known that anything unusual had occurred.

At last the diplomat came back.

"There's going to be a duel!" He lowered his voice. "One of the men insulted the other. I don't know which one began it, but the other slapped him in the face with his glove. Everyone I asked told me a different story, but by the time I got there they had both acquired seconds who were arranging the time, the place and the weapons."

When they asked him who the men were, they were disappointed to learn that, although they were both titled Europeans, neither of them was Italian.

"This will turn into a lovely feud," he said. "Already everyone's beginning to take sides."

"But why? What difference will it make if they're both foreigners?"

"Oh, it's not them—it's their wives. They're both very conspicuous figures here. One of them is a frightfully rich Englishwoman, and the other, who is a great beauty, is American. How the fur will fly!"

His prophecy was accurate. The duel itself was destined never to be fought, because an Italian jury of honor disqualified one of the men, but the battle was waged at every dinner table all winter.

"Which side are you on?" was the question with which all conversation started. "Are you for Princess —— or for Countess ——?"

The respective merits of the belligerent husbands were scarcely considered. The social world was canvassed by the allies of the two women, and in order to gain recruits they would list the illustrious names already enrolled on their banners.

"The Duchess of —— has declared herself. She went to see the countess the next morning."

"Yes, but Lady —— is on the princess' side."

And so it went, for the important thing was to know which wife had the most powerful supporters. There was a renewed interest in going out to dinners or teas, because no one was certain just which of the opposing factions would be invited. It was impossible to give a successful party without having one of them, and there was always the hope that some enterprising hostess might be daring enough to ask them both together.

As this feud developed, the young Englishman's belief in the adaptability of American women was justified. Of all the excited partisans on both sides, none were more agitated and none more skillful than our transplanted countrywomen. The intrigues and alliances which flourished in Italy during the Middle Ages are not dissimilar to the drawing-room *vendetta* which makes contemporary society in Rome so piquant and so dangerous for the unwary. Anglo-Saxons would like to dismiss this form of entertainment as characteristically Latin, but certain members of the American colony are well to the front in developing all of its possibilities.

Someone who is no longer a member of this small fashionable group, but who knows it well, declares that its motto is "Idle hands and active tongues." He says that when he first arrived in the Italian capital, some time ago, he presented letters of introduction to several people in this set. They were cordial and hospitable, for he was that invaluable thing to hostesses—an attractive extra man. He attempted to keep his relationships on a fairly impersonal level, because he intended to do some serious work and he realized that this would prove impossible if he gave himself up to the routine of his new acquaintances.

An Italian Prince Charming

"BUT it's dangerous to be even an innocent bystander in that set," he concluded. "You may duck your head to avoid the conversational vitriol thrown at your dinner partner, but while you're stooping over you'll probably get a knife thrust under the table. I've never seen such people! They all know one another intimately; the women kiss one another on both cheeks whenever they meet; everybody calls everybody else by their first name, or a nickname—and yet ——

"Well, they're too much for me! I've happened to live in Europe as well as in two or three different cities in America. But never, before I came to Rome, have I heard a woman, at her own dinner table, deliberately insult her guests. Never have I heard women who called themselves ladies openly accuse their opponents at bridge of cheating. But to my mind the worst part of it all is that after these things happen they all go on seeing one another in exactly the same way as before!

"Can you imagine a man going back to a house the day after his hostess had accused him, before a tableful of people, of defrauding her in the investment of her money? Well, it was after that—after I saw X turn up, smiling as usual, at Y's the afternoon after she had made the scene about his dishonesty—that I decided to get out. I was not sure I could escape with either my reputation or my peace of mind intact, but life like that is too insincere for my simple tastes. But why are they so poisonous?" he asked. "What happens to Americans who live in Rome? What makes them that way?"

The individuals to whom he referred and who are conspicuous in our colony, although fortunately representing only a small minority of it, would have difficulty in answering his questions themselves. Or at least they would have difficulty in answering them briefly. Each separate case would furnish material for a long novel. But, although all the stories would differ greatly in detail, the main theme of each would concern the tremendous effect which the oldest civilization in Europe exerts upon the youngest peoples of the Western World.

To form a composite picture one can take the story of Mary Johnstone. She went to Italy with her family when she was nineteen. The year before, she had made her debut in the middle-sized American city where her father had labored to accumulate his fortune. The Johnstones' social position at home was not as secure as their wealth, and although Mary was pretty and had attended a fashionable boarding school in New York, she was not popular with the group whose money had been acquired two generations before. The all-inclusive phrase "inferiority complex" had not been invented at that time, but it describes the feeling which the Johnstones had about the social world. They were consequently all the more delighted when their letters of introduction in Rome yielded several invitations.

"They were incredibly naïve," said one of the old residents who remembered vividly the night the Prince della —— had been presented to Mary. "If they had asked any of us, we could have told them that he'd been looking for an heiress for years. Of course it was a good title, but he himself was no one to marry a young girl who didn't know any more about the world than a baby."

To the girl herself, the Italian prince whose manners were so charming seemed at first only a part of the picturesque and thrilling background. They dined in a palace centuries old. Behind every two or three chairs stood a footman in powdered wig and knee breeches. Seen through the magic glasses of youth and inexperience, all the women were fascinating and all the men courtly and distinguished.

When the Prince della —— called one day on her father and asked formally for her hand in marriage, it still seemed unreal.

"It all depends upon what my little girl wants to do," Mr. Johnstone told him.

He repeated this to his wife and daughter. All three of them were tremendously flattered by the proposal. And each one reflected secretly on the bombshell which such a marriage would prove in their native city.

"Of course he's a great deal older than you are," Mary's father said.

"I don't think that matters," her mother put in quickly—"not if she cares for him, I mean."

At first, the girl did not know whether she cared for him or not. She admired him, she said, and she thought he was very interesting. He was an ideal suitor—the Prince Charming of adolescent dreams. His compliments and his devotion warmed her heart. He did not try to hurry her decision, but when her father received a cable calling them back to the United States, she capitulated. She had grown dependent upon Alfredo's admiration. The thought of going home to an atmosphere of indifference was unendurable.

The engagement was announced the day they sailed. The prince accompanied them across the Atlantic and they were married within a few weeks. When Mary returned to Rome she was not only an authentic princess but an Italian citizen. At first, this meant nothing to her. They were given an apartment on the second floor in the palace where Alfredo's parents lived. His father and mother occupied the first, or grand floor. As the eldest son, he had the next best rooms. His younger brothers, who were then unmarried, lived above him. The entire family met every night in the big dining room downstairs, unless they were going out.

Mary's first task was to learn Italian. Her husband and his mother spoke English, but her father-in-law did not. She found herself bewildered by the rapid conversations in which everyone took part except herself. At times she had the miserable suspicion that they were talking about her. They had Italianized her name to Maria, but when she heard it mentioned, Alfredo always told her afterward it was a cousin of theirs also named Maria of whom they had been talking.

When the Glamour Wears Thin

THE first open breach occurred when Mary announced, some six months after her marriage, that she needed a lot of new clothes. She asked which were the best shops.

This simple question aroused a storm of protest.

"But you have all your trousseau!" her mother-in-law exclaimed. "Some of your gowns you have not worn more than once! It is absurd that you should need new clothes!"

Her husband was equally firm.

Finally she was driven to saying: "Well, since it's my own money, Alfredo, I shall do what I please."

Then it was that she discovered that it was not her own money. To be sure, it had come from her father, but the marriage settlement, according to custom, had been made on her husband. She learned that every item of expense for her living and Alfredo's was kept by his mother. The extra eggs she ordered for her breakfast, the cream she felt she must have for her coffee, the laundering of her lingerie, were all carefully noted in the household account book. If she invited guests to dinner, even though they sat at the family table, their proportion of the cost of the meal was put down. At the end of the month Alfredo paid the total amount.

This did not seem unreasonable to Mary, but when her husband told her that she must curb her personal extravagances she was indignant. He explained that among old and aristocratic peoples economy was a virtue. He pointed out the vulgarity of ostentation and its indication of the parvenu. This was effective propaganda, for Mary was still sensitive about the newness of her family's money and she wanted, more than anything in the world, to acquire the poise and *savoir-faire* of Alfredo's friends.

When her first child was born, two years after their marriage, Mrs. Johnstone appeared on the scene. She found that her daughter had changed so much that she was almost unrecognizable. She and the old duchess, Mary's mother-in-law, almost came to blows in their arguments about Mary's *accouchement*. The thing that hurt Mrs. Johnstone most, however, was that Mary sided with the duchess.

"After all, mother, this is Italy, not America," she said, in answer to a plea that she be attended by a modern trained nurse instead of the midwife upon whom the duchess insisted.

The relations between mother and daughter became more and more strained. After the birth of the baby, which, to Alfredo's frank disappointment, was a girl, Mrs. Johnstone left. She was not even present at the christening, for the child was named for her Italian grandmother.

It was not until six years later, after the arrival of Mary's third child, which, fortunately, was a son, that there was a reconciliation. By this time the initial glamour of life in Rome had worn thin. The Italian princess was tired of being an Italian and tired of being a princess. As she had grown older and had begun to form her own judgments, instead of accepting Alfredo's ready-made dicta, she realized that there was no possible outlet for her energy. She saw that from her father and from generations of vigorous pioneer ancestors she had inherited a desire for active life. The routine of teas, dinners, balls, and, above all, the constant surveillance and criticism of her mother-in-law, combined to produce in her a feeling of futility. She was constantly irritated by her lack of money. The children were spoiled by their grandparents. When she insisted that they should not eat sweets or stay up after their bedtime, Alfredo would laugh at her.

"After all, my mother has raised five children. Her opinion must be better than yours, my dear."

In Her Mother-in-Law's Footsteps

DURING Mrs. Johnstone's second visit, Mary entered into a conspiracy with her. It was the first important act of deceitfulness she had planned. She had to have some money of her own, she said, and she did not want Alfredo to know about it. This would have been simple enough in the United States, but in Italy, at that time, a wife's bank account belonged automatically to her husband. Therefore they decided that it was necessary to find a discreet ally. Mary's mother went to the elderly American to whom they had brought letters on their first trip and asked him to accept an appreciable sum as trustee for her daughter.

Reluctantly he agreed. "I don't like doing it. Della —— is a powerful man. I shouldn't like to have him as an enemy."

To Mrs. Johnstone this seemed absurd, but Mary assured her it was not. "You can't imagine how clever he is. He seems to know things by intuition."

"I believe you're afraid of him."

"Well, perhaps I am. He's terribly subtle. I'm no match for him."

"He doesn't—— Mary, he doesn't give you any cause for unhappiness, does he?"

"N-no. There's nothing I can put into words, at any rate. I know now that he's never been the least in love with me—that he wouldn't have dreamed of marrying me if it hadn't been for father's money. But he says that I wouldn't have married him if he hadn't been a prince. I guess that's true. He's always been in love with a distant cousin of his—everyone knows it. She married a man who had quite a lot of money, but he doesn't seem to care. Alfredo sees her every day."

"Why, I think that's perfectly dreadful! You're going to come right home with me on the next boat!"

"Oh, no, I'm not," said Mary. "For when I've talked of doing that, Alfredo pointed out very politely that I could go, of course—with his permission—but that my children would have to stay here."

When Mrs. Johnstone finally realized that this was an unalterable fact, she was desolated.

"But I can't leave you here! It's simply horrible!"

"Oh, no, it isn't. It sounds worse than it is. Don't worry about me—there's lots of it I like. And as for the rest—well, I shall get used to it eventually."

She got used to it so thoroughly that by the time her eldest daughter was grown no outsider would have suspected that she had ever held any point of view not purely Italian. She had lived a greater number of years in Rome than she had lived in the United States, and her early environment seemed to have left no traces. When she spoke English, it was with a foreign intonation and construction of sentences. She was as much at ease in Italian or French.

Her father-in-law and mother-in-law had died, and Alfredo had become head of the household. They moved down onto the grand floor and she kept minute accounts of the expenditures of Alfredo's brother and sister-in-law who

(Continued on Page 86)

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.

This is how they lined up for anti-typhoid inoculation in the training camps during the World War. With 12,000,000 doses of preventive vaccine, army doctors saved the lives of thousands of American boys.

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In the Spanish-American War of 1898, typhoid fever caused more deaths than bullets.

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RIGHT OF WAY

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

"What Am I Offered," He Said, "for This Desirable Property, Consisting of One Acre of Land, With House and Outbuildings in Good Repair, Fine Shade and Fruit Trees?"

ABEL HARNEY had lost his case in court that morning, and his attempt to ease the sting of defeat by drink had, I could see, served only to make him a little uglier than was his habit. The blacksmith had not quite finished shoeing his horse, and as he waited, grumbling, he stood close behind Jim Parlin's black mare, next in line for the smith's attention. She was short of temper herself, and there was spite in the lash of her tail that cut Harney across the cheek. He whirled about and kicked her savagely in the belly.

Jim Parlin cried out sharply "Here! Look out what you're doing, Harney!"

Harney swung his boot again. He had a name, in our end of the county, as a wicked fighter, and I was frightened for Jim Parlin when he sprang forward, cuffing Harney back from the mare with a quick swing of his open hand. Parlin was a neighbor of ours, and I liked him, besides, on his own account—a lean, cheerful young man who had built up his milk business by a dogged industry which, in those days, we respected above cleverness. He did not look to be a match for Harney, thick-set and short of neck. Perhaps the justice of his quarrel armed him, perhaps Harney was too surprised by the boldness of his attack to do his best. At any rate, it was Parlin's fight all the way, from that first open-handed blow on Harney's cheek to the final clean, smacking crash of fist on jaw that sent him staggering backward to splash into the cooling tub beside the forge. He got up painfully, the fight gone out of him, one hand cradling the jaw. Jim Parlin's anger seemed to leave him as suddenly as it had wakened.

"Sorry you fell in the tub, Harney. I didn't go to ——"

Harney cursed him, mumbling between loosened teeth and bleeding lips.

"Be sorrier before you're done with it," he said. "Got the best of me this time, hitting me when I wasn't watching, but it takes a better man than you to lick me."

Parlin, I thought, agreed with this. He tried, at least, to heal the quarrel while the blacksmith finished with Harney's horse; but Harney sullenly rebuffed him, nursing his jaw and glowering, his deep-set eyes uglier than usual and, it seemed to me, pleased about something. Parlin touched his arm as he led out his horse, grinned pacifically. Harney shook him off.

"All right, do your laughing while you got the chance," he snarled. "Laugh out the wrong side of your mouth before I'm done with you."

Parlin and the rest of the men in the shop took the threat lightly enough. When Harney was out of earshot there was a chorus of chuckling approval; Parlin's back was slapped. I should have liked to join in all this. I took to myself a certain pride of neighborhood in Parlin's achievement. I liked him, too, and I was heartily glad that somebody had given Harney the proper drubbing he'd been needing. But my grandfather's presence held me silent, as he was, and as was old Charlie Wayne, the drunken wreck of a lawyer who sat on the nail keg beside the door, his puffy hands folded across the bulge of his rusty black vest, his white-stubbled chin sunken in its folds of jowl that almost concealed the absence of necktie and collar.

As always, I was just a little afraid of old Charlie, forlorn and ridiculous though he was in the sorry wreckage of his brilliancy and power. Drink had done for him long ago. My earliest recollection of him differed little from what I saw as I eyed him now; and yet somehow I should have known that he was no ordinary tippling tramp, even if I had never heard the trite, drab story of his downfall. His hair was prematurely snow-white. It grew vigorously low on his straight forehead and, by contrast, heightened the color of his face. He had blue eyes, extraordinarily clear, and the line of his mouth always made me think of the picture of Daniel Webster in the school history—perhaps because I had been given to understand that the great Daniel had also looked willingly on the redness of the wine.

Long before my day Charlie had been disbarred. The county jail had sheltered him through a good many winters. He drifted casually about the hills in the summers, living on the charity of people who had not forgotten his greatness, cadging cleverly for drinks at the expense of younger lawyers, part of the stage setting on court days, when his forecasts as to the issue of any trial were in much demand among the loungers in the hotel bar.

It would have been hard to find two men in all our hills who had less in common than Charlie Wayne and my grandfather; and yet, as I listened to the guffawing group about young Jim Parlin I was aware of a baffling similarity between Andrew McNaughten, lean and straight and grimly sober, and the sodden ruin of a man who sunned himself on the nail keg in the smithy door.

I thought that Parlin did not wholly relish his popularity of the moment. He looked uneasy, a little ashamed, perhaps, of having lost his temper, edging out of the crowd as soon as his mare was shod, and nodding to my grandfather, as he passed, with a deprecatory grin.

Old Charlie Wayne stopped him in the doorway and said something that I did not catch, except for the name of Ridley. Parlin, manifestly eager to be gone, seemed to pay small attention. He shook his head, as a man might tolerantly reject a boy's suggestion, and led the mare out to the low-slung milk wagon in the yard before the shop. I saw Charlie Wayne's eye shift to meet my grandfather's, and, glancing up, was puzzled by the gravity of Andrew McNaughten's face.

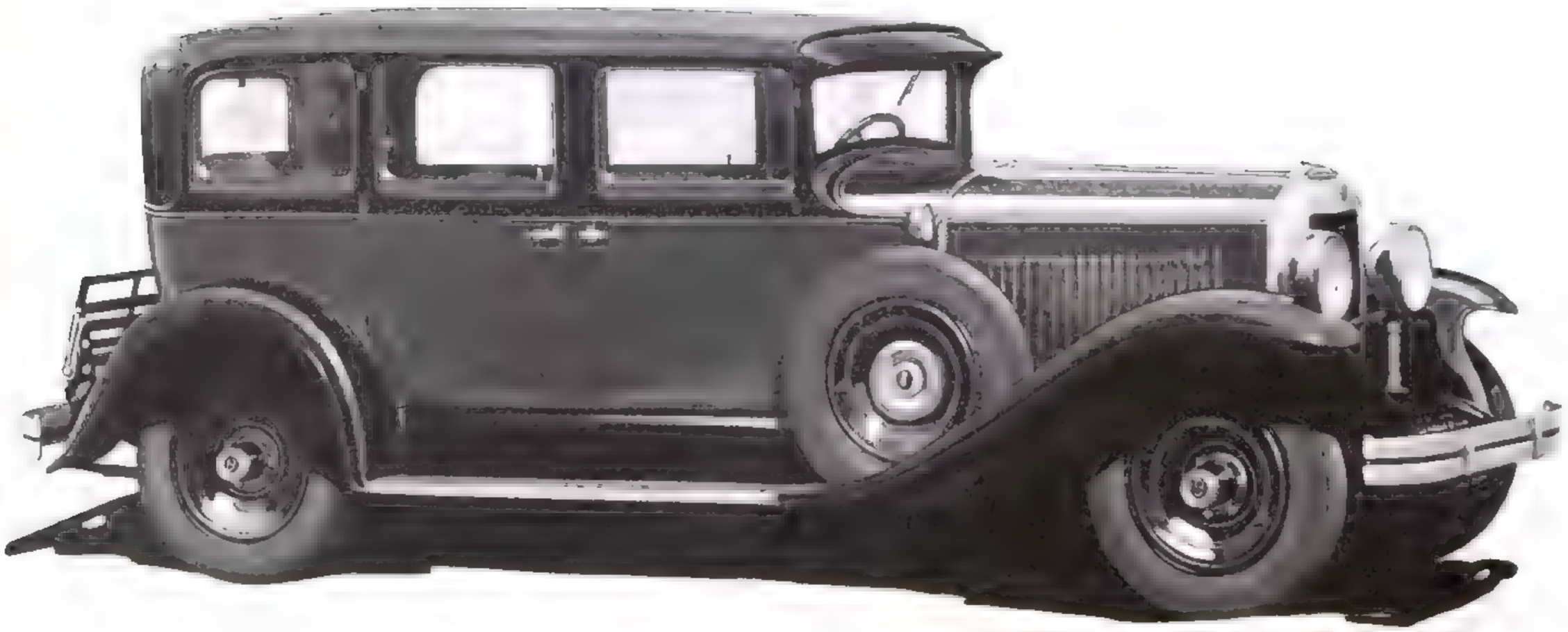
He stood by the wall while the smith attended to our work, withdrawn, as was his habit, from the idle talk that went on among the idlers, his presence, I thought, exerting some constraint upon their speech and choice of topic. As we led out our team at last, he stopped before Charlie Wayne.

"Would it protect young Parlin if he bought Tom Ridley's farm?"

Wayne's blue eye had a quality of bland impudence.

"McNaughten," he said, "there are enough upright attorneys, surely, in Canastego, sober, God-fearing men, to

(Continued on Page 38)



Substantial Progress

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THE gratifying manner in which the public and the trade have registered their approval of the passenger cars we returned to the industry to build, indicates the substantial progress this company is making. Total sales in three months of this year were greater than for the entire year of 1927.

Joseph B. Graham
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Five chassis—sixes and eights—prices ranging from $860 to $2485. Car illustrated is Model 629, five-passenger Sedan, with four speeds forward (standard shift), $1985. All prices f. o. b. Detroit.

GRAHAM-PAIGE

(Continued from Page 36)

answer your questions without obliging you to turn for counsel to a notorious vagabond, forbidden to practice at the bar. And more than that, my advice can't be sold. I may, if I please, express an opinion, but I may not charge a fee for it; and free advice, according to the proverb, is worth just what it costs."

"Nevertheless," said my grandfather, "I ask you for it."

I thought his word pleased Wayne. The face seemed to clear and strengthen; a kind of dignity came into it.

"There is a compliment implied for which I thank you. It is enough for young Parlin to buy that land."

My grandfather seemed to find the answer adequate. He let the matter rest, his glance traveling to Wayne's shoes, cracked and broken, his naked feet showing through them, the loosened sole of one bound in place with binder twine.

"You've had enough drink for today," he said. "But come with Luke and me and change those shoes for better ones."

Wayne rose at once.

"I will not dig," he said, "and to beg I am not ashamed. More—if young Parlin listens to you, shoes are a shrewd bargain on his part, McNaughten, for which he should assuredly repay you."

He rode with us to the store, where he had a stout pair of heavy shoes at my grandfather's expense. The old ones he would have carried off with him, but grandfather interfered, bidding the shopkeeper throw them in his stove.

"You'll do better," he told Wayne, "if you have no chance to trade new shoes for drink."

Wayne sighed. "You reason soundly, Andrew, according to your lights; and yet no poet, either, has thought to ask what shoemakers buy one-half so precious as the stuff they sell." He drew the back of his hand across his mouth. My grandfather shook his head.

"Wayne," he said, his voice suddenly warm, "drive home with Luke and me. There is light work at the farm that you could do, and good food and a clean bed, as long as you will fight this curse of yours. Your father's son ——"

"You mean kindly, Andrew, and I thank you, but my father's son is better informed than you are as to his infirmity." Wayne wagged his head. "But if young Parlin will listen to you, urge him to be quick." He chuckled. "I shall be thirsty again before tonight, and Abel Harney would fill me with good apple whisky in return for a hint of what you and I know. An upright lawyer does not serve both sides, but I am neither upright nor, to be accurate, a lawyer. Tell young Parlin to be reasonably swift about it."

He moved away from us, carrying himself with an air that triumphed over his rags and wretchedness. I saw him cross the street toward the swing doors of the Ulster House and the premonition came to me that when I saw him next he would be barefoot.

My grandfather was more than usually silent as we drove along the road that slanted up the hillside towering above the glen, so steeply that the timber grew in straggling patches between vertical outcrops of gray rock, and the railroad that drew its straight scar along the hill's face seemed to pass, in places, directly above our heads. It was like a wall, this hill, built to cut off our long, narrow glen from the broader valley on the eastward side. As the crow flies, Canastego, huddled at the hill's foot in our glen, was no more than five miles from Milton, the larger village that lay just beyond the hill, but by road the only way between them led along our turnpike for nine miles to Morris Corners and thence, along the old post road, almost as many back to Milton. Even from our own land on the summit, where we could look down into Milton, it was a wicked scramble over the rocks to descend afoot to where Abel Harney's red-painted farm buildings clustered about the tall column of his silo.

People in the other valley came over into our glen but rarely. Court days brought them, and the Fourth, but for the most part they did their trading with the stores in Milton, shipped their produce over the Binchester and Pittland railroad and were as remote from us and from our life as if they had dwelt in another state.

Abel Harney sold his milk in Milton and Morris Corners and did well with it—a first-rate farmer for all his personal shortcomings. He had been among the first to substitute the breed of Holstein cattle for the run-down strains common in our hills, to build a silo and to cool his milk properly. By virtue of all this, he had built up almost a monopoly of the trade in Milton and was slowly overcoming competition in the Corners. People disliked him; dogs had a way of moving off, tail down, at his approach; and even his own horses were uneasy in his presence. But he prospered steadily, as much of a figure in the eastern valley as my grandfather was held to be on our side of the ridge.

We overtook his buckboard at the red gate of old Enoch Ridley's weedy pasture, and it seemed to me that he was displeased when my grandfather stopped our team. Old Ridley stood beside the gate, which he had swung open, and I remember feeling a vague compassion beneath my dislike of him; a man older than my grandfather, his body bent and racked by work and rheumatism, his face twisted to sullen meanness.

"Mind you keep the gates shut," he told Harney. "Pasture my cow in this lot."

Harney nodded and drove on into the field. A pair of ruts scarred the turf, the shale showing through them, and the buckboard swayed and jolted as it clacked up the slant to the crest that shut it off from our view. Ridley closed the gate and fastened it with a loop of wire before he shambled toward us.

"Enoch," said my grandfather abruptly, "I may have a buyer for your land if you are still minded to sell it."

Greed came into the old man's face, and a sly cunning, and, more than either, hope. Again, disliking him, I was aware of an unwilling pity. The hill farm was all he owned. Buyers were few and far between for even the rich flatlands in the glen, and I could guess how eagerly old Ridley thought of taking a price in money for his place and living out his remaining years like the other superannuated farmers who had sold out and moved to the village.

"I'd sell, Andrew, if I got my figure, same's I told you."

He named his price, and I could see his knotted fingers tremble as he drew them through his shaggy white beard. It seemed a bargain, but I remember wondering how young Jim Parlin could raise it. He was running his dairy on rented land and, although he owned his cattle and gear, he was still in debt, and to borrow money, even with good security to pledge, was a sore business in those days and in our hills. My grandfather pulled out his wallet and opened the clumsy stylographic pen he always carried. He wrote deliberately on a page of his memorandum book Reading, above his elbow, I saw that he was drawing a bill of sale.

"I will buy it at that figure, Enoch," he said. "Here is fifty dollars to bind the bargain; the rest will be paid when

(Continued on Page 40)

It Was Parlin's Fight All the Way, to the Final Smacking Crash of Fist on Jaw That Sent Him Staggering Backward to Splash Into the Cooling Tub Beside the Forge

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the deed is drawn—provided, of course, that the title is unclouded."

Ridley's twisted fingers combed through his beard and he laughed, a high, quavering old-man's giggle.

"Won't be any trouble about that, Andrew—the title's good. Heired the place from my father and he heired from his before him. Get the deed drawed up tomorrow if that suits you. Can't do it too quick to suit me."

My grandfather hesitated. "Where was Abel Harney going when he drove up yonder across your pasture?" he inquired. Ridley wagged his head.

"Just back home," he said. "Leave him cross the place when he has to get to Canastego—don't hurt my pasture and it saves him driving eight-ten miles around by way of the Corners."

"You let him." My grandfather considered. "Do you mean that you have given him a right of way—or sold him one? That would not suit me, Enoch, to have Harney free to cross my land at pleasure."

Ridley waved his hand. "Free to close up the gates any time it suits you," he said. "Only left Harney go across as a favor, between neighbors, and on condition that he kept the gates shut. Know yourself that don't give a man the right of way."

"We will make a note of this and you'd best sign it," said my grandfather. "Harney may try to claim a passageway."

He wrote again, and after Ridley had signed and I had witnessed, paid over the earnest money. Ridley almost snatched at the bills. We drove off, and when I looked back, a hundred yards on, the old fellow had not moved; he was still standing by his gate, looking down at what he held. Again, reluctantly, I was sorry for him.

I did not need to ask my grandfather his reasons for the transaction; it was clear enough that he had bought the land to close Abel Harney's short cut into Canastego, and I guessed, of course, that he had foreseen some move on Harney's part to do harm to young Jim Parlin by means of that approach.

If he chose, it would be easy for him to spoil Parlin's trade there. He could afford to sell his milk at half price, to give it away, even, until Parlin went bankrupt; the profits on his sales in Milton and Morris Corners would carry whatever losses this might cost him. But if the short-cut over Ridley's hill-top pasture lot was shut against him, so that he could reach Canastego with his wagon only over the long road through the Corners, Parlin was safe enough.

It was well on toward sundown, but instead of turning in at our own lane between the tall white pines, we kept on to Parlin's rented farm. He and his wife were milking when we found them, and it sticks in my mind that neither of them stopped work to greet us. A fat, solemn little girl played gravely with some mewing black-and-yellow kittens, and Parlin, his cheek pressed against the white flank of the cow, grinned at me and shot a jet of milk neatly into the open mouth of the dignified old tabby that manifestly had learned to expect the trick. I saw his face go blank when my grandfather bluntly offered to sell him the Ridley place on his own terms of payment—saw it quicken to the wistfulness that only a landowner understands, but there was no pause in the steady, thrumming rhythm of the milk pails.

This, too, I could understand. Other tasks may wait on a man's choice or need, on a farm, but night and morning, year in and out, milking is done with the precise punctuality of a sacred rite. I was only twelve or so, but I had seen a man go out to his cow shed from the bedside of a dying child. No word that Jim Parlin could have heard would have meant as much to him, just then, as this proposal of my grandfather's, but his hands never paused in their work.

"Of course I want it," he said. "It's—it's kind of hard to believe you mean it. I don't see why ——"

"You'll make a good neighbor," said my grandfather, "and that is reason enough, Parlin. Meet me at Henry Garrett's office at three tomorrow and we will sign the deeds. You can have the place in fair condition by the time your lease here runs out."

"I don't just know how to thank you," said Parlin. "It kind of takes my breath. Been wishing I could manage to buy out Ridley, but I never thought ——"

"You needn't thank me," said my grandfather soberly. "I shall lose nothing and gain a good neighbor in place of a bad one. But if you see a chance of doing a good turn for Charles Wayne, you might do it. This is his idea, and you may find it better, even, than you think."

I was not surprised that he said nothing about Abel Harney. It was never his way to speak ill of any man without strong reason, and Jim Parlin needed no persuasion to accept this chance. We drove back to our own farm in our customary silence, but there was a shadowy smile in my grandfather's white beard and I knew that he was grimly pleased with his day's work.

He was still pleased, next afternoon, when he came down with Parlin from the lawyer's office, where they had completed the transaction with Enoch Ridley. Parlin was lamely trying to put his thanks into words, but his wife, who said nothing whatever, accomplished it, I thought, much more effectively in the look of her plain, wholesome face. My grandfather had shaken hands with them and lifted his foot to the hub of our democrat wagon when Charlie Wayne crossed the street toward us from the Ulster House. He carried himself with the careful dignity of drink, not in the least embarrassed by the nakedness of his feet. Unabashed, he inclined his head to my grandfather and, with a slight abatement of his cordiality, to Parlin and his wife.

"The matter of which we spoke is already in hand, I infer," he said.

Not even the disappearance of the shoes sufficed to lower my grandfather's contentment. He had small tolerance for drunkenness, but, for once, he was almost merry in its presence.

"It is beyond that, Wayne," he said. "Parlin has just taken title to the Ridley farm." He paused. "I have told him that it was at your suggestion that I ——"

Wayne dismissed the words with a gracious wave of his red puffy hand.

"Nothing," he said. "A matter of no consequence whatever." But his face clouded. "I have to congratulate you on dispatch. It was in my mind to go out this afternoon to see what Abel Harney might stand ready to provide in exchange for a warning." He ran his tongue across his lips. "Apple whisky, suitably aged in wood, is no mean substitute for bottled rye. But you have moved too swiftly for me, and"—he glanced down at his shameless feet—"and it would have been, no doubt, a weary journey."

Jim Parlin touched his sleeve. "Look here, Mr. Wayne, you come on over to the store with me and let me fix you up a pair of shoes. Guess I owe you that much."

Wayne bowed blandly. "I am estopped by distressing circumstances no longer within my control from accepting payment for legal services," he said, "but if you make the tender merely as an expression of esteem, I know of nothing to forbid my grateful acceptance."

My grandfather shook his head as they moved away together toward the store.

"Wayne will be barefoot and in drink," he said, "by sundown."

I was of the same opinion, but altered it, a little later, when we were overtaken by Parlin's backboard, and Wayne, his newly shod feet dangling, waved solemnly to us from the rear of the rig. My grandfather was pleased. He clung stubbornly to the notion that the work and diet and weariness of farm life could medicine most of the diseases of the towns, and he told me that if Wayne could be induced to stay with Parlin, there might still be a chance for him. He was in good spirits all that evening, and when Jim Parlin drove his milk cart to our gate at noon next day, my grandfather's first word was to inquire about Wayne. Parlin's eye widened.

"I don't know where he is," he said. "I gave him a lift as far as Ridley's place. He got down there. I've got something else to think about. Abel Harney's wagon was delivering milk in Canastego this morning, Mr. McNaughten—selling it for three cents under my price. I've lost eight customers so far. If that goes on, I'll never manage to pay for the place. I'll be sold up for what I owe on my tools and cows. Harney ——"

My grandfather shook his head. "It will not go on," he said. "To deliver milk in Canastego, Harney must drive his wagon across your land. He can't do it if he has to go around through Morris Corners. You have only to bar your gates against him. It was to be sure that you could do just this that I advised you to buy Ridley's place. There is no other way across the ridge."

Parlin brightened. "You're sure that I can do it? Ridley's always let people take the short cut through that pasture. Harney'll claim a public right of way."

"It will go no further than a claim, then," said my grandfather. "Whoever crossed that pasture, did so by Ridley's consent, closing his gates and so confessing that there was no public right of passage. The land is yours now and it is for you to say who crosses it."

Parlin was still in doubt, and my grandfather offered to go with him and have the matter out with Harney, once for all. We three rode down in Parlin's milk cart, crossing the hill pasture to the far side of the hill over the rude wheel tracks in the weedy turf. We came upon Abel Harney at the farther gate. He and two of his hired men were putting in a culvert in the ditch beside the highway, and he showed his teeth in his mean grin as we came up.

"Started to laugh out the wrong side of your mouth, have you, Parlin? Might's well get used to it. Time I'm done with you ——"

"Harney," said my grandfather, "you are wasting labor here. There is no right of way through Parlin's land, and this culvert of yours will lead to nowhere when he has fenced off the gate."

Harney stared. It was plain to me that he still thought the land was Ridley's. I could almost see his mind at work behind his narrowed, ugly eyes. He laughed harshly.

"Mean you've put Parlin up to buying the place from Ridley, McNaughten? Think that'll stop me from driving through? There's been a public right of way through here for years and everybody knows it. If you try to fence it off, I'll tear it down."

"And you'll rebuild the fence, in that case, at your own cost," said my grandfather. "It will save you time and money to find out the law beforehand, Harney."

Harney laughed again. "All right, I'll find it out right now."

He lifted his voice in a shout for Charlie Wayne, and I saw the disbarred lawyer's silver head rise up from the elder bushes beside the road. He came deliberately toward us. I saw that he still wore the new brogans Parlin had bought for him, and guessed, from the roll in his gait, that Abel Harney's apple whisky had flowed freely.

"Hey, Wayne," Harney called to him, "tell McNaughten whether I've a right of way across Ridley's pasture. He claims I haven't."

"He's quite right," said Wayne. "You cross the land only by virtue of permission from Enoch Ridley. But you have this, and till Ridley sees fit to withdraw it ——"

"But Parlin's bought the place," said Harney sharply. "Mean to say he can fence off the road and keep me out, when I been driving through there all these years?"

"He can," said Wayne judicially. "And it seems probable that he will."

"Then what's the good of this notion of yours that I been filling you up with apple for?" Harney's voice rose angrily. "How can I sell milk in Canastego if I got to haul it clear around through Morris Corners?"

Wayne regarded him with reproachful composure.

"It was clearly understood between us that the stimulant to which you allude was offered me in no sense as payment for advice. My suggestion that you might profitably compete with Parlin for the Canastego trade in milk was no more than friendly counsel, freely given." He nodded cheerfully. "In the same spirit, I now inform you that if Parlin owns the Ridley land he can bar your entry and use force to prevent your trespassing." He moistened his lips. "If, in return, you are moved to further liberality in the matter of your excellent apple whisky ——"

"You keep off my place or I'll set the dog to you!" Harney snarled. "You knew Parlin owned the place before you ever came near me with that notion!"

"I did, in fact," said Wayne. "The information, however, was my own to give or withhold as I saw fit. And it is a sound rule, Harney, with information or with whisky, not to empty the jug at one sitting."

Harney lifted his arm as if to strike, but the old vagabond's serenity of countenance seemed to restrain him. It made me think, absurdly, of Henry of Navarre at Ivry: "His glance was stern and high." Deliberately and with dignity, he moved away, bowing to my grandfather and Parlin. We saw him plod along the rutted dust toward the little weather-beaten cottage where the Widow Maynard lived with her bees and cats. Here, without looking back, he turned aside.

I remember that I thought it strange that Abel Harney, for all his raging temper, should accept the sodden reprobate's opinion as if it had been the decision of a court. It did not occur to him, apparently, to question his defeat. He snarlingly bade his hands give over working on the culvert and followed them off toward his farmstead without a word for Parlin or my grandfather.

Parlin's spirits lifted easily. He was in high feather as he set about wiring the gate shut.

"I'll put a padlock on it," he said. "Anybody that wants to get through'll have to come and ask me first."

My grandfather paid small attention. His eyes were turned toward the widow's cottage, and I knew, from the look of them, that he was troubled in his thought.

"I want to see Wayne, Parlin," he said. "Wait for me here."

I went with him. We found Wayne sitting on a bench among the beehives. He was shelling Lima beans into a granite saucepan, and he greeted us with grave benevolence.

"I earn my dinner, you observe," he said, waving a fat green pod. "A dinner of herbs and honey in the honeycomb, McNaughten."

My grandfather frowned. It displeased him, always, to hear Scripture quoted lightly.

"Wayne," he said, "what did you mean when you told Harney that you did not hold with telling all you knew? What lies behind all this?"

Wayne surveyed him blandly. "I am, at the moment, shod and housed and about to be fed, McNaughten. Thanks to Abel Harney, it will be some little time before the pang of thirst becomes intolerable. It is a sound rule, as I told Harney, to leave a little in the jug."

My grandfather did not love to fence with words. His face hardened, and his voice.

"I have small taste for riddles, Wayne. But you are fed and housed, just now, in charity—the charity of a poor old woman, sore put to it to find food for herself and too soft-hearted to close her doors against you. You would better come with Luke and me."

Wayne shook his head. "I am obliged to you, McNaughten, but your own word is your answer—charity." He said it as if the taste lay bitter on his lips. "I have not come to that, Andrew."

"You take nothing else from the Widow Maynard," said my grandfather. "It

(Continued on Page 113)

High-Compression Motors demand this new *super Heat-Resisting* OIL

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Our Weekly Chat

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Suggestions and opinions from thousands of readers of this column have been responsible for some of the finest pictures Universal has made. They proved popular because they were a direct answer to Public Opinion. How about you? Haven't you some ideas on the subject—don't you know of some story, old or new, that would make a good picture? If so, write to me and let me discuss them with you.

—C. L.

* * *

Now is the beginning of the new motion-picture year—the time when theatres make their bookings for Fall and Winter. It is your time, therefore, to tell the manager of your favorite theatre what pictures you'd like him to get—the great productions you have been reading about—not a few of them suggested by readers of this column.

FOR EXAMPLE

"Show Boat" —an elaborate picturization of Edna Ferber's great novel. A Harry Pollard Production.

Norman Kerry

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"The Last Warning,"* a thrilling mystery play from Charles Wadsworth Camp's book "The House of Fear," starring LAURA LA PLANTE. Directed by Paul Leni.

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Arthur Lake

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More later. Follow this column. We have many interesting surprises in store. And write to me.

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"Fellows can't bluff through business much any more. Not like they used to. I've seen big, tall men with a great powerful voice just go bluffing through all their lives on noise and size. People are too smart today. You got to have the goods in these times. Take in college, I'll bet a lot of fellows bluffed their way right on through four years to a diploma that they couldn't even translate the Latin on it and had never cracked a book to get it. Didn't they?"

I admitted lots did.

"The real trouble is when they get out into the business world they try to get by with the same thing. The art and science of bluffing, still so popular in many business circles and prevalent in all our educational institutions, is getting down to the point where it don't pay—any more. We're supposed to be a nation of bluffers, and sometimes I wonder if the other countries that give us the international reputation of throwing the 'Great American Bluff!' aren't right. Why, a whole lot of young fellows think that the two magnificent qualifications for life success are bluff and pull. And when the show-down comes they find themselves out, lookin' dumb and blushin' sitting behind a bob-tailed flush."

Ringing Out the Victory

"When I was a small boy on the farm, we had a pacer that couldn't trot a mile in five minutes, but he threw his feet way out in front of him and pulled them up high, which made him look as though he could beat a clipper wind. Everyone used to turn out after a snowstorm with a horse and sleigh in those days and have a brush with anybody they felt they could safely lick. Our pacing horse's motion was mostly *up and down*, which didn't get him anywhere over the ground in the forward direction, but sure did ring the sleigh bells. My brother and I got wise to the moral effects of this, and we loaded him down with lots of bells so that when he came stepping down the street with his nice high open action and bells ringing fit to raise the dead, people just made way—that's all. We had 'em all bluffed; we looked so good and made so much racket nobody'd race with us at all. We were kings of the road for several snowfalls. We thought it would last forever, until one day one kid who didn't have sense enough to see and hear how fast we *looked*, took us on and licked the tar out of us. An' that with a horse slower'n cold honey in winter too. After that it was all over. Everybody took us on and beat us. We took back place, where we belonged. But it taught me one thing: You can bluff just so long, then someone finds it out and if you haven't got the real honest-to-goodness guts and goods to back it up you're all through. That slow old pacing horse taught me my lesson. I never tried to 'get by' on bluff after that. Some day someone's bound to come along who just don't believe in bells."

"But in business, Uncle John?" I asked.

"Yes, in business too. Lots of fellows talk or bluff themselves into a big job. Today every single man in a concern must pay at least 6 per cent to his concern on the yearly investment of his salary and a profit over and above that so he's more than paying his way. Any concern, company or corporation is entitled to a 10 per cent return on every employe, don't forget that. Well, a chap gets a big job through bluff, pleasing personality, popularity, pull, good talker, call it what you will, and he may keep it a while but in the end he's got to have the *real* goods to hold that job down. What's more if he can't *earn* his salary, first thing you know he's out in the cold. A man may bluff his way up to a good, fine job, but after he's in it he's got to show some real stuff besides. It may take one year, two years, five, maybe ten, and it'll seem to a lot of people in the same office or organization that he's getting away with it, but eventually the show-down is bound to come.

"Exact science has come into business nowadays. When I started, if we came within 2 per cent it was 'near enough.' Today business is starting to calculate the answers of its problems out to 3 and 4 decimal places. The executives know better than ever before where they're at, what each little item is, and have less mercy for overhead. Every man, boy and girl has got to pay. A fellow in a responsible position can't say 'I guess' any more. He's got to *know*."

"But, Uncle John," interposed I, "how's a fellow going to get those *goods*, if he isn't born with 'em or doesn't inherit them or ?"

"Born with nothin'," sniffed my commercial Nestor. "He *earns* 'em by hard work—pure mental labor. It means working full tilt around the office or plant all day long, keeping eyes and ears open. 'Keen observation,' some call it. I always like to think of it as soaking the stuff in. One young fellow or girl maintains a better *power of absorption* than another. They learn quicker and get a fine grasp of the business just from what goes on around them. Their minds are open and receptive just like good blotting paper. They *soak* it in. Others do the same things in the same way and go around with blinders on."

Business Home Work

"Now the other place to get the goods, besides at the office, is away from it. Fellow's got to more or less eat, sleep and live his business if he wants to get on in it. You can't leave the office at night and forget it all—close up your mind every night like pulling down the roll-top desk. Got to study and read about it nights just like in school or college. I used to give myself business home work just like they used to give us down at the old red schoolhouse at the crossroad this side the bridge. I read all the business papers I could get and trade publications, hooked 'em out the boss' scrap basket after he'd gone. By studying his business, like-that, just like a college course and keeping up on it, I read myself into about twenty years of valuable experience while I was still a young man. My business was my lesson and I learned it. That's the way you gotta get the goods. Natural gifts an' that, is all bunk. You gotta hone it up. And you never can tell when the exam is going to be. A fellow's got to be always ready. When it comes you'll have to have the goods and there'll be no bluffin' through. Anybody can get the goods, but the price of 'em, just like the price of everything that's worth having, is hard work. What's more, he's got to master, cram and digest hard rows of facts. Really and truly the young man of today has got to dig right in and substitute 'brains for bluff!' if the stock of his company is going to mean more on the market than most old-time college diplomas do.

(Continued on Page 118)

•the battle of the shelves

Row upon row they rise above the counters, gaily caparisoned, soldierly and trim. . . . There, files of dainty gloves are on parade; here, there are ranks of condiments and spices. In this place stands a squad of tennis racquets; in that, a corps of cambrics spread their tents. Cameras keep watch from round, unwinking eyes. . . . Beans in battalions, cartons in companies. . . . Books, bread, and beverages, flashlights and fountain pens. . . . All seasoned troops, these regiments of commerce — for whom there is no quarter, nor retreat.

Here, in the front-line trenches of advertising, they face their last, conclusive test. To these strategic positions they have been maneuvered by the skill and enterprise of astute sales managers. The interest of the retailer has been engaged. The first skirmishes have been successful. But the battle of the shelves is just beginning. There still remains the principal objective — the consciousness of the consumer.

To the experienced advertiser it is apparent that this stronghold will not fall at the first attack. Carefully, systematically, the way must be prepared by the informative and stimulative power of advertising. Ignorance must yield to interest; indifference to demand. And in the end his products will go forward, unimpeded, not as intruders, but as valued friends.

The efficacy of these tactics has been tested and retested under fire. Production, distribution, wholesale and retail outlets—these have their places in the larger plan. But the key position will always lie with consumers. It is necessary to win their attention, their confidence, their friendship. And in going direct to the consumer with advertising, the manufacturer moves irresistibly toward the goal of wider markets, the prize of public credence and good-will.

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS

PHILADELPHIA NEW YORK

BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

NATIONAL MAZDA LAMPS . . .

SWIFT and safe she flies to her goal through the night—guided by the powerful beams of National MAZDA lamps. Through night's far-flung darkness, criss-crossed by pencils of light. Millions of rays of light from millions of MAZDA lamps. MAZDA lamps on speeding trains, automobiles and great ships. The countless bright eyes of MAZDA lamps glowing from the city's myriad windows, and from lonely farm houses. . . . All are MAZDA lamps—the kind you have always known and relied on.

THEIR blue convenience carton identifies National MAZDA Auto Lamps as the sturdy little brothers of the larger National MAZDA lamps which light your home. The MAZDA mark assures you that these lamps have every improvement ever made in auto lamps. For the important electric lamp developments originated in the world-wide research of General Electric Company. MAZDA is the distinguishing mark of this research service.

NATIONAL LAMP WORKS *of General Electric Co.*
Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio

. . . A PRODUCT OF GENERAL ELECTRIC

THE THIRD HOUSE

(Continued from Page 21)

I doubt that the ensuing conversation has any great effect in changing votes. The majority of senators and representatives, I am convinced, are influenced more by the evidence presented at committee hearings or by their constituents' reactions to pending measures than by the personal arguments of the best and most affluent of legislative agents. In fairness to these representatives of big business at Washington it should be said that much of their time is spent in tracing the course of legislation, in sending copies of bills and reports back home, in keeping their employers informed on the progress of bills in which they are interested. They function effectively as the eyes and the ears of the organizations which pay them. As the tongues, they are less successful.

Representatives of various political, religious and prohibition organizations may also be included among those who give their employers some return for the money invested in their upkeep, and who operate more or less openly and frankly. Unfortunately, however, sometimes such organizations are used as cloaks by men and women seeking an easy living at the expense of those who entertain political, religious or other prejudices.

Organizations of this type are probably entitled to such representatives as they maintain at Washington. It is not my intention at this time either to defend or to condemn them. But there are other types to which I and all members of Congress object, and which we would gladly see legislated out of existence. Roughly, they may be classified as: (1) Those who pretend to represent important organizations, but actually speak for groups of persons they have persuaded to contribute to some obscure and ridiculous cause, and who pocket the contributions in the guise of salary or expenses; (2) lame ducks who have lost their seats in Congress and who assume to be able to guide, as private citizens, legislation which they could not influence even as members; and (3) quiet-spoken, well-heeled lurkers in the background who seek by doubtful methods to shape legislation to unworthy ends.

Our Mutual Friend

The first group is large and blatant; the second is smaller, but rapidly increasing; the third obscure and rare. All are futile, all wasteful. They cost the people deceived by their claims of power more money in fees, in salaries and in "expenses" than does Congress itself. The great majority of them create nothing but antagonism on the part of senators and representatives toward the measures with which they are associated. With the exception of the lame ducks, few of them know personally any of the members of Congress whose opinions they pretend to influence. By the members they are regarded largely as nuisances and as instigators of those yet sillier annoyances—the traditional social lobby, the amateur lobby and the lobbying-letter campaign.

There is, however, still another type of pseudo lobbyist—one who lives entirely and shamelessly by fraud. He may be identified by his constant presence in the corridors of the Capitol and by his alert, questing eye. His method is that of the confidence man.

Learning that some constituent is waiting for a senator or representative, the lobbyist approaches and promises a special introduction.

"Oh, yes," he confides, "Senator Blank! A close friend of mine. I'll present you."

Sometimes the method works and a small fee or other graft is enacted. Sometimes it fails.

Once when Joe Cannon was at the height of his career, a lobbyist of this type approached him from behind with a timid and gullible constituent, whom we will call Mr. Smith. Cannon knew neither of the men. The lobbyist nevertheless tapped him familiarly on the shoulder.

"Uncle Joe," he said, as the astute old man turned and glared, "let me introduce my good friend, Mr. Smith."

Cannon stared at both men, then grasped the constituent warmly by the arm. "I am already well acquainted with Mr. Smith," he rasped at the lobbyist, as he led his constituent away. "But who in —— are you?"

Considered collectively, the Washington representatives of fictitious or useless organizations constitute, in my opinion, the greatest menace of all the lobby evil. That is because they are so numerous, because they are fundamentally dishonest, because they fleece so many persons by a widespread system of shameless misrepresentation. They are without power to influence legislation, although they pretend to wield it. They are obtaining money under false pretenses. They are living by ill-got means as much as if they put their hands in their victims' pockets.

PHOTO BY HARRIS & EWING

Senator T. H. Caraway

Their method of operating is to establish an organization devoted to some obscure, worthless, yet impressive-sounding purpose, and to persuade thousands of persons to contribute to it in the conviction that they are helping a worthy cause. Occasionally they report on the progress of bills affecting that purpose. Often their reports are inaccurate, often mendacious. There are in this classification fake associations apparently devoted to scientific, religious, agricultural, prohibition and other purposes of which no one has ever heard elsewhere and concerning which there is no legislation or hope of legislation. Perhaps 99 per cent of all the contributions made to a large number of such organizations are pocketed by their Washington representatives.

Many of the lobbyists know nothing concerning the causes they pretend to aid or of the congressmen they pretend to influence. Some know a very little, yet assume to be omniscient.

I have observed one organization that made an unfavorable report on a project in my state. Its representatives were called before a committee considering the project and there it was disclosed that not one of them had ever seen the exact area under consideration, although they were flooding the country with condemnatory literature. Yet those officers received high salaries, apparently simply for futile attempts to exert pressure on legislation of which they knew little or nothing.

It is not only the theorists and fanatics who subscribe to lobbyists' upkeep. Experienced business men are often similarly victimized. Many such executives are amazingly gullible. They will hire a self-announced lobbyist and let him live off them for years. All he need do is to remain in Washington, write a few lying letters back home, and his salary and "expenses" are cheerfully supplied. How he spends the money I do not know. Yet he receives it. I know of one man who persuaded a business group to intrust him with sixty thousand dollars to influence legislation in which it was interested. He said he spent fifty-eight thousand dollars. Where or how, he never explained. There should be legislation to expose that type of grafter. During the present year I received a letter from a New York exchange, evidently in response to some lobbyist's activity, protesting against a bill and asking the Senate to vote against it. The date of the letter showed that the bill had been passed three days before the protest was written. Yet the organization had been stirred up to spend money and file objections at a time when action was useless. Apparently some lobbyist had overslept, but had attempted to stir things up and collect anyway.

The Overflowing Mail Box

I strongly suspect that many lobbyists for legitimate as well as for illegitimate organizations would be deeply disappointed if certain legislation they advocate session after session were adopted. As long as such useless legislation—and the Senate and House calendars are crowded with it—is not enacted into law these lobbyists can retain their jobs. I wonder sometimes whether some of them only go so far—and no further—in lobbying for a bill that they may continue indefinitely to draw fat salaries and large expense allowances, and, in a number of instances, maintain luxurious hotel or office building suites. To be deprived suddenly of a rich sinecure would, of course, be a grave shock to such adept students of public credulity.

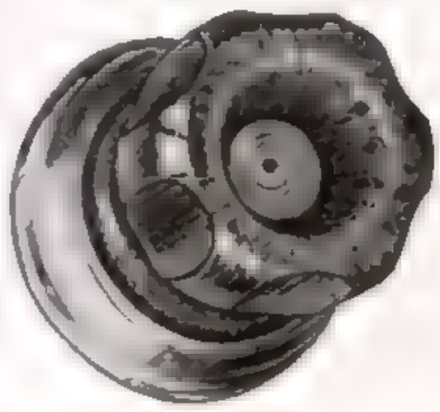
The Washington representative of a real or fake association is, as I have said, largely responsible for the annoying and useless system of deluging members of Congress with lobbying letters. His method is to wire his employer, or the members of the organization which supports him, that a certain measure should be either passed or defeated, and to add the line, "Write to your congressman." A potent line—one that can crowd to overflowing the mail bags rushed into Washington from all over the country; a line that costs the Government many dollars in franked replies from congressional offices to letters that descend on them like swarms of locusts. Sometimes, I suspect, when a corporation receives such advice, it passes it on to thousands of stockholders and employes, or even supplies those loyal supporters with a copy of the letter to be written.

Sometimes the home office of an uplift or other movement sends speakers around the country to address various clubs and to urge the hearers to write. I have traced one such speaker over his entire lecture itinerary in my own state simply by observing the postmarks on the lobbying letters which poured in from successive towns along the route.

Often I wonder what a new member of the Senate or the House may think when the first few deluges of such letters descend. In the midst of a heavy mail he will one day find an interesting missive. It will obviously have been written by a hand more accustomed to a pickax than to a fountain pen. Free and easy will run the spelling of name and address, both generously punctuated with thumbprints.

THE ORIGINAL

The NEW *Wireless*
Electric Cigar and Cigarette Lighter



By
STEWART-WARNER

Good-by balky reel and trailing wires! Just press the Pass-a-Lite and its heat element glows. Then pick it off the dash and Pass-a-Lite around like a match! No wires, no reel.

Easily installed. Tiny hole in dash does it. Smart, dependable and guaranteed by the world-famed name of Stewart-Warner.

Get yours today. Complete

$2.50

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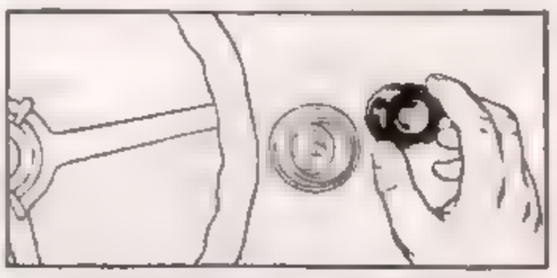
CHICAGO, U. S. A.



The Pass-a-Lite lifts out of nickeled socket mounted on dash.

COUPON

If your dealer cannot supply you with a Pass-a-Lite, write his name and address, and yours, in the margin, and mail this coupon with your money order or check for $2.50, for your gift-packaged Pass-a-Lite. Specify car make.

"A request for a janitor's job in one of the departments," the member will guess, as he slits the missive open. Then he will learn his mistake. The writer of that epistle, he will decide after glancing through the first few paragraphs, could be secretary, not janitor, of any department in the Government. He is discussing an obscure phase of a pending tax bill, and despite his unconventional chirography and his difficulties with the proper sequence of *i* and *e*, he discusses it with a profundity of knowledge and an intimacy of detail that many a legislator might envy. "Another garret genius," the reader will reflect, as he compares the crude writing with the smooth, polished, sophisticated thinking it expresses.

Then the new member will pick up a second envelope. It may be a beautiful thing to see. It will be addressed in a flowing feminine hand and with gorgeous purple ink. From the envelope there may be wafted a wave of exotic fragrance. Like the envelope and the writing, it will be bold, daring, compelling.

"Tut-tut," the legislator may murmur, as he opens this note. Again, however, he will be astonished. The scented lady, it will appear, is also qualified to discuss economics with men like Adam Smith or David Ricardo or Professor Ripley. She too will be writing about that passage in the bill. She too apparently knows more about it, about the wealth of nations, about the law of diminishing returns and such graduate themes, than do many college instructors. The new member will lay the letter down with a sigh. By this time a certain suspicion will have forced its way into his mind. But he will try again.

The Urge to Write

The third missive may be from a business man. The envelope will bear his name and his product, and on the letterhead will be printed even a cable address. A neatly typed note it will be, with the writer's and his stenographer's initials tucked in one corner. Yet a familiar opening phrase will strike the reader's eye. He will look at the last sentence. The letter will have the same powerful climax he has read twice before.

Then finally the senator or representative will understand, and he will know that in his mail every day for a week or more to come will be that letter. It will arrive in different envelopes, it will be penned in different handwritings, it will bear different signatures, but word for word, phrase for phrase, from the first paragraph to the last, it will be the same. He will know that hundreds of instruments throughout the country are clicking telegrams along the same line, shorter, but no less ably expressed, which will soon flood the office as follow-ups. And all those letters and telegrams will have to be answered and the answers signed. That is the general rule.

What has happened, of course, is that a Washington lobbyist has directed headquarters to see that letters were sent to Congress; either he or a bright young lawyer in the home office has written a specimen note, and a large force of clerks has mimeographed and mailed it to thousands of men and women stockholders, employes and friends. And at the bottom of each missive has been the instruction: "Write to your congressman."

Naturally, they have written almost every man, woman and child who received a copy of the letter. And since it is easier to follow the original than to compose letters themselves on a subject concerning which they have only secondhand information, many of them have simply sent reproductions of the lobbyist's efforts. Sometimes, I am informed, such persons are definitely asked to copy. I am constantly surprised that citizens will follow instructions of this sort. Yet thousands do, apparently dropping all other business to give some senator or representative a little inside information or instruction based only on the doubtful evidence of a paid lobbyist's letter. There are phrase makers who love to identify that sort of thing as Invisible Government. There is nothing invisible about it, as anyone who has seen the bulk of this mail flooding the House and the Senate Post Offices daily can testify. And there is no government about it either, for recognizing the effort for what it is, legislators have learned to ignore that type of lobbying propaganda, except to acknowledge receipt and to make unpleasant remarks about it on the floor.

Often I wonder who is really expected to be fooled by all this expertly prepared propaganda that pours from countless homes and telegraph offices into the offices of a few hundred senators and congressmen every day. Certainly not the legislators. They have denounced and sneered at and grown indignant over it often enough to show how it stands in their regard. And of course not the originator of the form letter himself. Anyone clever enough to work out the arguments he presents must have sensed his ultimate object's attitude. And not—to any extent worthy of the effort—the average citizen who so docilely pens the note the lobbyist or other propagandist has asked him to. Often he has demonstrated this by responding to the replies of Congress members with a letter of his own asserting that he didn't know what he was writing about anyhow, and complied with the request only because he was told it was the thing to do. But the game continues, and probably will continue, so long as lobbyists and paid secretaries of loud or obscure movements are permitted to mulct the public by their pretensions to inside knowledge or influence. I am convinced that when the pseudo-lobbyist is legislated out of Washington, letter campaigns of this character will decrease 75 per cent or more.

Antilobby legislation has been aimed, in my own and other bills, against the lame-duck senator or representative who cashes in on the fact that he was formerly a member of Congress, as well as against the organizers of fake associations. During the present session Representative Howard, of Nebraska, offered a measure providing prison sentences for all lame ducks convicted of lobbying in or about the Capitol. Because of the huge salaries some of these men are said to be drawing, he believes mere fines of a few thousand dollars would have little effect in limiting their activities. My own measure is less drastic. By compelling lobbyists to register, to tell who pays them and how much, I believe both their activities and their comparative futility in producing anything but talk could be exposed and their activities thus automatically curtailed.

Crutches for Lame Ducks

The lame-duck lobbyist has taken advantage of his former office and plied his trade for years. One of his great stocks in trade is his right, as a former member, to go on the floor of the Senate. As he wanders there, talking to various real members, his employers can sit proudly in the galleries and boast to one another, "Well, there's Bill down on the floor, working for us. Isn't it great that he has the privilege?"

Bill, of course, knows what is in his bosses' minds and loses few opportunities to emphasize the value of his former membership. For his activities he may collect from twenty thousand dollars to a hundred thousand dollars a year, which, even at lowest estimates, is a lot more than he received as just a sitting senator or representative. Obviously he isn't worth it. If he had been able to swing votes or push bills through Congress when he was a sitting member, his constituency probably wouldn't have given his seat to another man. But having been let out as a senator or representative, we see him coming back and receiving a large salary simply for promising to do things which frequently he has already demonstrated are beyond his power.

Nothing is more illustrative of the credulity of the American people, and particularly of big business, than this willingness to believe that former senators or representatives can influence greatly the course of legislation. If they could, they would still be in Congress. Few if any of those who now swell the ranks of Washington's army of lobbyists retired from the House or the Senate voluntarily. The great majority of them were supplanted by other men who the electors thought were more capable of obtaining such legislation as they desired. Business and other organizations are thus simply hiring at enormous salaries many former employes who the voters thought couldn't earn their seventy-five hundred or ten thousand dollars a year. Their knowledge of legislative procedure may be of some value, but that is a knowledge easily acquired by any trained intelligent person.

Like the lobbyist who functions as Washington representative of a business or other organization, the lame-duck lobbyist is often responsible for that sister of the letter campaign—the visiting delegation. At the suggestion of either of these two, the Capitol is frequently thronged during the session with large groups of business men and others who come all the way to Washington to urge before some Senate or House committee certain legislation which they have been convinced can be enacted after their appearance at the Capitol. Sometimes they come with brass bands, sometimes more sedately, but almost invariably they are accompanied by hired press agents and are welcomed by hired lobbyists.

Building Expense Accounts

Either in the Senate Chamber or at hearings they may be treated frequently to the spectacle of a lame-duck lobbyist circulating among members. Later they may be introduced to him.

"Don't worry, boys," he will assure them. "We'll soon have the bill on the calendar and we'll see that it's passed."

After this, the delegation can return to its home town and tell how easily Congress is controlled. If the measure passes, the lobbyist takes the credit. If it fails, he need only say, "Wait until next session. Our particular bill was just caught in a legislative jam this time—national convention coming, you know," and all is well. At the next session the same process will be repeated—and so will the salary checks.

I do not include all legislative agents or all former members now acting as legislative agents in descriptions such as the above. As I have said, some are efficient, some actually helpful in clarifying involved situations before congressional committees. But I do say that the majority of so-called lobbyists are no more effective than those I have just discussed.

The so-called social lobby represents, in my opinion, nothing but wasted money. It exists, of course, though not to the extent that the romantic-minded would like to believe. Occasionally behind apparently innocent dinners and luncheons, behind the opening of bottles and of cigar boxes in elaborate hotel suites, or even in private homes, there may be motives which would hardly bear the scrutiny of an alert investigating committee. There may be whispered promises, there may be talk of market tips and of marvelous bargains in real estate or other property for the member who votes wisely, but I doubt greatly that they have any real effect.

Money spent by hopeful employers of lobbyists on such form of entertainment is, in my opinion, thrown away so far as Senate or House votes are influenced. The wives, the daughters and sons, the secretaries and friends of senators and representatives, have doubtless been approached in similarly crude and senseless ways. I believe, however, that the real effect of this kind of lobbying has been not to make votes for certain bills, but to make fat expense accounts for certain lobbyists. The days of Pendleton's Gambling House and ten-thousand-dollar wine cellar; of Sam Ward's "loans" to legislators; of the Credit Mobilier gifts of stock; of bribery and blackmail and promises of social recognition—are long past. The need for methods then employed no longer exists.

Largely, I think, the value of such methods disappeared when the system of open committee hearings was inaugurated in Congress years ago. By encouraging persons interested in pending legislation to present their views or the facts at their command to the groups of senators or representatives who have bills under consideration, the system assures immediate and effective access to the legislators' ears and minds. With this door wide open to both proponents and opponents of bills, what reason can exist for the employment of costly lobbyists?

Honest Opinions are Helpful

It is my hope that the people will realize how they are being duped by such political snake doctors as I have described. It is my hope that they will understand how ready senators and representatives are to hear the point of view of any man or woman or organization with a real interest in measures under consideration. Constituents will find that nothing is more welcome to a member of Congress than an expression of opinion or a statement of fact from those who know what they are discussing or who write or speak with sincere and informed interests in view. But when letters descend in sheaves, with the mark of the propagandist upon them; when obviously hired and frequently mendacious special pleaders try clumsily to exert unwelcome pressure—then the legislation thus advocated or opposed cannot fail to be regarded with a cold, a suspicious, and sometimes a prejudiced eye.

Congress is organized today to make the lobbyist an unnecessary factor in legislation. It is organized to be immediately responsive to the demands of the people themselves. The organization that wants a hearing before a Senate or House committee on pending legislation can obtain the privilege through the efforts of its regularly accredited representatives as readily as through the work of any lobbyist. When the hearing is arranged, however, and when proponents or opponents of a bill under consideration appear before the committee, there are a number of points that it would be well for them to bear in mind. These points I am listing, not out of a desire to give unasked suggestions, but rather in the hope that they may help both the committee and the speakers before it in a proper consideration of the measure. They are:

1. Don't bring long manuscripts to a hearing and expect to read them. Better still, don't bring any manuscripts at all.

2. Don't create the impression that you are bringing pressure to bear. The assertion that you speak for 3,010,001½ voters never clarifies your arguments.

3. Don't adopt a hostile attitude toward questions. They show that committee members are really interested in what you have to say. Answer all questions freely, and if not prepared to reply in detail, say so frankly.

4. Don't tell only half the truth. Nowhere does perfect candor earn greater dividends than at congressional hearings. Members are trying to get all the facts. They are not like jurymen, who must guess at the truth from such evidence as is permitted to be presented.

5. Don't try to be an orator. Too many Congress members have the same failing themselves to admire it in witnesses. Facts are emphasized by simple statements, not by violent efforts to lunge at the passions of a committee.

6. Don't hire representatives of obscure and worthless associations to speak for you. It simply serves notice that you are peddling platitudes.

And finally, don't, either before or after a hearing, hire a lobbyist. You are wasting your money, you are lending yourself to fraud, you are, nine times out of ten, hurting the measure or the cause which has enlisted your support.

Motoring

has nothing to compare with

18 to 1

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Rubber Flow

Principle

A TOTALLY new conception of easy riding will be created by the coming of these profound new discoveries—18 to 1 and Rubber Flow. ¶ Instead of being a mere evolution or improvement, Rubber Flow is an entirely new principle, which has nothing in common with the known principles of rough friction and hydraulics; while the 18 to 1 ratio displaces the previous best of 2½ to 1. ¶ A fortune in money and time has been spent in their slow, careful perfection. But not a penny nor a moment overspent, in view of the unprecedented smooth travel and car protection which 18 to 1 and Rubber Flow will bring to millions of motorists for years to come. ¶ The name behind this advance will satisfy you that something has happened.

NEXT WEEK motor car manufacturers, dealers, owners and buyers will be told the details of this

new
Miracle in Motoring

2500 NEW Texaco Stations and Dealers

The Texas Company announces complete distribution for the Pacific Coast States. 2500 *new* Texaco Stations and Dealers—from Canada to Mexico—from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific—now sell the *new* and *better* Texaco Gasoline and clean, clear Texaco Golden Motor Oil.

This has been accomplished through the consolidation of the California Petroleum Corporation with The Texas Company.

Today motorists of every state, from coast to coast, can find, under

THE NEW AND BETTER TEXACO GASOLINE~~

~~ on the Pacific Coast

one familiar trademark—the Texaco Red Star with the Green T—the same uniform products and uniform service.

At home or "abroad"—in Maine or California, in Washington or southern Florida—everywhere they may enjoy the superior performance so characteristic of Texaco. The familiar sign of the Texaco Red Star with the Green T is on every highway.

THE TEXAS COMPANY, TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

TEXACO GOLDEN MOTOR OIL

This great new shaving cream saves your skin—

Read how you can now control hydrolysis —the skin enemy that caused shaving to leave your face dry . . . hot . . . smarting.

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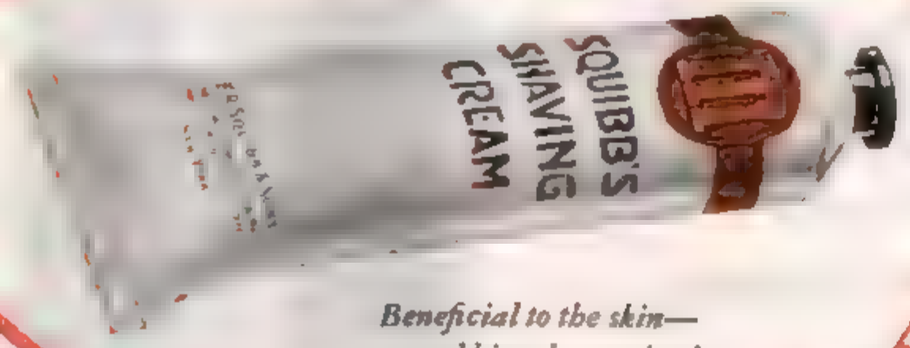

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no rubbing is required

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PIE FOR THE CHAMP

(Continued from Page 9)

from here. Thus time is plentiful, so put your head back on the pillow and let me do the worrying for both of us."

There was something about the way she said this which brought the tears to my own eyes, and though the doctor had left instructions for me not to talk, I could not resist asking Elsie to share my life.

"For at last I have found out," I said, "who my friends are and who they are not, and I will never make another mistake like that I made in the case of Miss Letoile."

For a minute Elsie looked at me without saying anything. Then she answered, "No, Roscoe, I can never marry you. It is impossible."

In spite of my weakness, I snapped up in bed with the remark: "So that is the kind of a girl you are! If I had asked you when I was packing them in with my unique nonfaking pie-eating act you would have said yes. But now my stomach has gone back on me, I don't click any more."

I had become excited and was rapping my knuckles against the wall, when in a sharp voice Elsie interrupted:

"Roscoe, close that pie trap and pretend for a minute you have lost your voice. While you were lying here a telegram came for you. I took the liberty of opening it. The dispatch was sent by a legal firm who announced that after destroying all previous last wills and testaments, your Uncle Bemus had died without leaving his property to anyone, and that as his sole relative, you were inheriting something better than three hundred thousand. With all my faults, Roscoe, I am no gold digger—anyhow, not among friends. Now that you are yourself again, we are going to shake hands and say good-by for keeps."

We shook hands all right, but I never let her carry out the second part of her program. I hung on till she said the word that did me more good than a tonic.

After the honeymoon, we picked out Madison, Wisconsin, as a nice town to live in; and having bought a home on the shores of Lake Mendota, settled down to enjoy life far from the footlights' glamour.

There were no clouds on our horizon. Often I used to think over my short but honorable stage career as undisputed champion pie eater of the world and feel glad I had always kept faith with my public and actually eaten the pies when it would have been simple enough, with a trick table, to fake the whole business. And though I appreciated the fact I was enjoying a fortune gained by my late Uncle Bemus, I never regretted what I had said to my Uncle Bemus at our last meeting, when he had falsely accused me of winning my last fair championship by the use of a rubber pocket.

Little by little, I regained health, strength and appetite and began to enjoy life once more. Next to an architect's studio in the old First National building, I rented an office and put on the door Private. Here I went every morning to read the Chicago papers. Afternoons I spent at the golf club, where I gained the esteem of all by never under any circumstances pretending to do anything which I could not do. In the evenings, when Elsie and I were not bridging with the neighbors, she would entertain me with various tricks and sleights learned in the profesaion. Thus the time passed like a dream.

We had enjoyed about two years of this existence, and it was a summer morning, with the little birds singing on our raspberry bushes and all Nature a-smile, when I came downstairs to find Elsie looking severely at the afternoon paper of the day before.

"What is the matter, Elsie?" I inquired, after a minute had passed without her speaking.

"Roscoe, in my small way I am trying to develop the qualities of Lulu the Magnetic Girl Mind Reader and Crystal Gazer. I have just finished your interview in which you told the reporter everything except your grandmother's middle name, and I would like to be able to peer into the future and see just how far this stuff will spread before it stops."

"I don't know what you mean," I replied. "The reporter was doing a series of biographies of prominent residents of the city and asked the favor of an interview, and I gave him an interview."

"I'll say you did, Roscoe. And you might just as well have inserted your card in the Billboard and added: 'Regards to old friends. Stella Letoile, if you want a piece of my three hundred thousand, come and get it.'"

I must have turned a little pale, because the next instant Elsie had turned on me like a tiger: "Oh, you did write her letters, did you? That's just what I might have suspected."

In a few short but unpleasant minutes the truth came out in the matter of my three communications to Miss Letoile on yellow, pink and purple paper respectively.

At first I was afraid Elsie would shriek or faint or do something similar; but after a brief reflection, she said in a calm voice: "There are three classes of people, Roscoe—those who learn with their heads, those who learn with their backs, and the male sex in general, who never seem to learn at all. A long time ago your friend Letoile decided that what she wanted out of life was signed love letters. And if in yours you mentioned your Uncle Bemus' money, you can bet that they were added to her permanent collection. . . . Well, it won't be long now."

Three numbers later in my favorite theatrical journal I was depressed to see the following item:

> Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Sommers, well known in vaudeville under the team name of Roscoe & Elsie, have retired from the profession. Mr. Sommers inherited from a relative a fortune estimated at two million dollars and with his wife is taking things easy at their palatial estate at Madison, Wisconsin.

Naturally, I did not mention this little paragraph to Elsie, and I hoped that Miss Letoile, wherever she was, would not hear about it either.

Four days had passed without a sign and I was beginning to hope everything would arrange itself, when a heavy knock rattled my office doors. Before I could altogether leave my chair, the door had swung in and Stella Letoile had hurled herself into my arms.

I stood there feebly clinching and stalling and trying to break away while she clung to my coat lapels sobbing convulsively.

"Roscoe—Roscoe—to see you once more! It is too much for my poor heart." And loosening her hold and staggering to the next nearest chair, she sank down and went into hysterics.

III

IT WAS only after I had drawn a glass of water from the faucet and was preparing to use it on Miss Letoile externally that she pulled herself together with the words: "No, Roscoe, I am all right now. Where am I?"

I said, "You are here."

She looked at me for a minute and then in a ghastly whisper remarked, "Roscoe, tell me—tell me it is not true!"

"Tell you what is not true?" I inquired, at the same time wondering how I had ever been infatuated by a classic danseuse supreme old enough to be my grandmother.

This seemed to rouse her up more than a little.

"He asks me to tell him what is not true! Roscoe, the papers said you were married. I couldn't believe it. Tell me it's not true, Roscoe—tell me it's not true!"

To hear her talking you would have supposed we were old sweethearts; yet, as a matter of fact, during all our acquaintance two years before we had chatted together only once. On this occasion in Rockford, Illinois, she had said, "Whenever I play this town it rains." And I had replied, blushing with pleasure at the chance of exchanging a word, "Well, Miss Letoile, probably it will clear up tomorrow." And now she was calling me by my first name!

Thinking it would be kindest to end her suspense as soon as possible, I said, "Yes, it is true. Yes, I am married. And I may add, I am very happy in my married state."

To my pained surprise she let out a scream so loud that the conversation in the architect's office stopped short.

"No!" she said in a low voice that made shivers run down your spine. "No, it wasn't enough for him to break a young girl's heart! No, he had to grind it under his iron heel! Strike me if you please, Roscoe!" I was on the other side of the table with my hands in my pockets. "Yes, kill me if you wish! You would not treat me this way if my brother-in-law, Bull O'Leary, champion heavyweight wrestler of the Southwest, was here. No, you would not dare. But because I am just a lone unprotected woman—do your worst, Roscoe!"

By this time her voice had reached such a pitch that a knock came from the other side of the partition and one of the young architects asked if something was the matter.

"Miss Letoile," I said, "please kindly enunciate in a lower voice and tell me just what it is you want."

"He asks me what I want! Yes, that is what he has the nerve to ask me! Well, Mr. Sommers, I will tell you what I want—I want justice. That is what I want and all I want. And we will find out if there is such a thing as justice in the United States and if a heartless monster the same as yourself has a right to trifle with a woman's most sacred affections."

"Did I do that?" I asked, remembering what she had said when I lay dying in the dressing room.

"Yes, you conscienceless rake—yes! It was you who broke my trusting heart and cast it aside. But I am glad to say you have come to the end of your rope. You will find out that I have the law on my side and that I am going to have balm."

"You are going to have what?" I asked, a little confused.

"B-a-h-m—balm!" was her reply.

"It is spelled with a *l*," I corrected, having always been a good observer.

"Spell it any way you like, Roscoe, so long as you have got it to hand over. You have shattered my life, and though existence henceforth means nothing to me, I am going to punish you for your cold-blooded cruelty by taking you for two hundred and fifty thousand fish, smackers, berries or what have you." She was walking about the room and did not look as though she would faint again in the next few minutes.

"That seems to me an awful lot of balm," I observed.

"You will be lucky to get off that cheap when I show the judge the proof in the shape of those signed letters you wrote me."

"Can't we compromise?" I suggested, speaking with difficulty.

"That is the way he acts!" said Miss Letoile in a ringing passionate voice. "Yes, that is the way this so-called man acts! He outrages a innocent young girl's most sacred affections and then he opens his big pie snapper and says, 'Can't we compromise?' Yes, you unprincipled sheik, we can compromise for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars and not a cent less! The money means nothing to the woman whose life you have wrecked, but its loss will teach you a needed lesson."

"Miss Letoile," I said as a last protest, "I did not act as you state I did. In my opinion my conduct, if not above reproach, at least was not injurious to yourself or your reputation."

She broke into a shrill laugh and you could hear the young architects in the next room repeating it as though it was an echo.

"Tell that to the jury, Roscoe, and see what they say! Tell that to my cousin Bull O'Leary, champion heavyweight wrestler of the Southwest. I wanted to give you a last chance to avoid disagreeable publicity. I thought perhaps you didn't care to have your friends and neighbors know they had been associating with a snake in the grass. Here is the name of my hotel. Either come there this afternoon with a certified check in your pocket or be prepared to have your letters read in open court—those letters that will brand you to the world as the lowest reptile that ever broke a good woman's heart."

With this she walked out of the room, leaving me sitting there and breathing a little, but not much.

IV

I WILL not try to describe the painful scene an hour later when I told Elsie all. "You are right, Roscoe," she said, after having covered a good deal of ground in a conversational way; "yes, the beans are spilled. But even if we burn our fingers, we are going to gather those beans up. And now, before we meet your old sweetie, I am going to ask you a few questions."

We did not eat lunch that noon. I had no appetite; and Elsie, after subjecting me to an examination about my three letters to Stella Letoile—how they began, what was the exact color of the paper and this and that—jumped into the car and was gone for a couple of hours. When she came back she seemed in better humor.

"This afternoon, Roscoe, we will see the lady and I want you to let me do all the talking. If I can buy back your yellow, pink and purple love letters at a reasonable price, that will probably be the quickest and surest way out of a bad jam. But if she insists on real money—my plans are laid."

"What plans, Elsie?"

"You are too young and moral to approve of them, Roscoe. Those that ask no questions are told no lies. For the rest of this afternoon your job is to be surprised at nothing and to follow directions to the letter. In case I don't sit within reaching distance, recollect that a hint is as good as a kick. Keep your ears open. Remember, every word I say may have a meaning. Look depressed. And if I hand you this heavy blue silk handkerchief, hold it up carefully to your eyes and cry into it until you're sure it's time to stop."

A half hour later we were seated in Miss Letoile's room. The lady herself was nearest the door, I was in the middle and Elsie at the other end. Instead of hysterics or rough stuff, as I had feared, both Elsie and Miss Letoile had acted so polite to each other, and so refined and ladylike, that it kept making you think of two clever lightweights boxing a four-round exhibition for the benefit of the Red Cross. It seemed as though the conversation would never get down to the point, and it was only after discussing the big time and the small time and the pictures and how to treat agents that Miss Letoile said, "Oh, yes, I almost forgot the reason for your visit. . . . Bull!"

The hall door opened. At first I thought somebody had dropped a curtain down on the other side. Then I saw it was not a curtain at all, but a party about seven feet high, with shoulders to match.

"This is my stepbrother, Mr. Bull O'Leary, champion heavyweight wrestler of the Southwest. I like to have him around when I am showing valuable documents, because if necessary he can handle some things for me better than I can myself." As she said this she looked at me with a smile full of meaning and I could feel Mr. O'Leary staring at my neck, which has never been very muscular. I felt I would not raise a hand against that man for the autographs of all the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

"Well, Mr. Sommers," said Miss Letoile in a particularly sharp voice, "why so

depressed? Maybe you would feel better if you stimulated yourself with that piece of pie on my tray. As I remember it, you were always fond of pie."

This took the last bit of tuck out of me. I looked where she pointed. There on the table was a dinner tray full of dishes, mostly empties, except one plate containing half a blueberry pie. I looked at it, my eyes closed and I guess I must have become pale automatically.

"Roscoe," said Elsie, "control yourself. If you aren't careful you will be bursting into tears. . . . You must excuse Roscoe—he is so nervous."

In spite of my confused state, I was able to take the hint, and accordingly buried my face in my hands.

"It is distressing that Roscoe—I mean Mr. Sommers—feels so poorly," said Miss Letoile in a catty way; "but here is something that may interest him."

Reaching down into her hand bag, she pulled out a packet tied with white ribbon. My heart practically stopped beating as through my fingers I recognized that correspondence of two years before.

"The best things, Mrs. Sommers, come in the smallest packages. This is a little package, but anybody interested in love literature ought to be willing to pay almost anything for these three bouquets of passion flowers."

"I should be charmed to examine the letters," Elsie said coldly.

"To read one is to read all. Your husband said what he had to say on an average of twice a page and it was invariably the same thing. But if you wish to read all three—one at a time—that is your privilege."

Crossing the room, she handed Elsie first the yellow envelope, then the pink envelope and then the purple. Elsie read each letter slowly, folded it and exchanged the envelope for the next. When Elsie had run through all the letters, Miss Letoile tied up the returned envelopes with the same piece of ribbon and dropped the packet once more into her hand bag. Mr. O'Leary continued staring at my neck—or that is the way it felt.

"They are most interesting," said Elsie, "but hardly two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth. Still, as I am making a collection of Roscoe's literary labors, I shall be glad to pay you five hundred dollars for your three specimens."

Miss Letoile let out a shrill scream which ended in a well-bred laugh.

"I'm afraid you're joking, Mrs. Sommers."

Elsie slipped me a dirty look, so I suspected a hint was coming. "For goodness' sake, Roscoe, stop those sniffles! Or if you have got to keep the waterworks going, cry into this and don't drop it on the dusty floor."

Crossing to my chair, she thrust the large blue silk handkerchief between my fingers, at the same time giving me a swift kick on the ankle.

It was what happened to my ankle that braced me up. Otherwise I would probably have made some kind of break due to the astounding revelation which had been thrust upon me.

At first I could not believe it. Then I saw how it had been worked out and made possible. By means of her sleight-of-hand, and under Miss Letoile's very eyes, Elsie had changed the three original letters for duplicates. It was these last mentioned which Miss Letoile had slipped into her hand bag, while the three originals, hidden in the blue silk handkerchief, were now rubbing against my nose.

▼

IT WAS like a nightmare where something has to be done right off and there is no way of finding out what. By letting my head sink a little, and looking through my fingers and around the handkerchief, I could see behind me Mr. O'Leary's legs and hands. They looked like two barrels decorated by a couple of bunches of bananas. The more I looked at those legs and hands, the more I wondered how the afternoon was going to end.

"Roscoe," said Elsie in a voice full of hidden meaning, "you had better run away home and leave me to talk this matter out with Miss Letoile."

The relief I felt at this suggestion cannot be described. I had risen to my feet, and with the handkerchief and letters still at my eyes was about to turn to the door, when I had a sensation the same as if my right shoulder had been hit by a pile driver.

"You are quite right, Mr. O'Leary, to help Mr. Sommers sit down again. Mr. Sommers is going to stay sitting down until I read him his letters one by one. Then perhaps he can decide for himself, without the assistance of Mrs. Sommers, just what chance he has of beating me if I carry this case into court."

Elsie was frowning and I did not blame her, because it was a cinch if Miss Letoile ever started reading those duplicates she would realize the switch before she had finished the first line. Though I had given Elsie the exact dope as to the colors of the papers used, I had not been able to remember any single letter in its entirety. Thus no matter how well Elsie had imitated my handwriting, the duplicate letters would not stand close examination. Just one solution occurred to me, and that was to stuff the originals inside my shirt, come what might.

But as soon as Elsie began to speak, and she had made her voice as calm and sweet as molasses in January, it was clear she had different ideas:

"I am sure, Miss Letoile, Roscoe feels sincerely sorry for any harm he has done you, and before we go any further, I insist that he make a full apology. I want him to eat his words." She stopped and then added in a significant way, "Do you understand me, Roscoe?"

At first I did not make her at all, and when I did get the idea, I felt she must be joking. It was only when she repeated the remark in a more penetrating voice that I saw she meant exactly what she said.

"Roscoe, I have assured Miss Letoile that you will eat your words. I have every confidence that you can and will do it, and I want you to begin at once, because well begun is half done."

It was a critical moment. In spite of having gained an honorable place in the public eye by the means related, I was not sure I could do so well when it came to letters—particularly those in question, which had been written on peculiarly heavy paper. The proposition did not in any way appeal to the appetite, and certainly I would never have considered it serious had not Elsie spoken as above.

Needless to say, I felt touched and moved by the trust placed in my ability, and of course all evidence in the case thus treated would be eliminated forever. Still, I could not make up my mind to begin, and I was in a state of hesitation when Miss Letoile snapped:

"So your husband is going to eat his words, is he? Well, I suppose I ought to feel myself honored, because as an actor your husband was probably the greatest eater on the American stage."

This uncalled-for sneer made up my mind. Bending the nearest letter in and away from the others, I bit off the lower right-hand corner.

It was the yellow letter, and hardly had I tasted it when I knew I had started something that maybe I would not be able to finish. Though crowded full of tender and endearing sentiments, the paper itself was as dry and tough as an old piece of leather. Every time my teeth crunched into it a shudder passed up and down my spinal column. And when the first partially masticated morsel scraped down my throat I could not keep myself from shaking like a leaf in the wind. In fact, I began to wonder if I had not better abandon the effort and stuff the documents into my shirt, come what might.

Probably Elsie knew exactly why I was shivering and shaking, but what she said to Miss Letoile was: "Is there anything more terrible than to be obliged to sit quietly and watch a strong man sob his heart out? Control yourself, Roscoe. Remember your ideals. Don't forget I have absolute confidence that you will do your duty."

This remark came just in time. Stiffening myself after an unusually convulsive shudder, I whispered for my own benefit: "Yes, I have ideals, and therefore I will not deceive Elsie by stuffing these documents into my shirt. She thinks I am eating them, so eat them I will, down to the last scrap." And with a desperate effort I took a second bite out of the yellow letter. I can only say it tasted worse than the first.

Miss Letoile was evidently growing impatient. "We are not getting anywhere," she said. "Balm I want and balm I will have."

"I don't blame you," Elsie said, "and I hope you don't blame Roscoe for being infatuated with you. So often have I watched you in that exquisite spring dance and wondered how any human being could be so light and graceful. You fairly floated through the air."

This observation seemed to hit Miss Letoile where she lived. And while she unveiled the secrets of her art I plugged along, bite after bite, on the yellow letter. There is no use trying to describe the agony which accompanied this feat. And in addition to the physical strain, there was the nervous tension caused by knowing that a champion heavyweight wrestler was looking at the back of your neck. Thus, without exaggeration, I may say that I began the pink letter a mere wreck of my former self and practically out on my feet.

I had not supposed that any pink paper whatever could be thicker or taste worse than the late yellow paper, but on both counts I found myself wrong. As for the subject matter, which had been largely devoted to compliments about Miss Letoile's dancing, I can only say that with every bite I wished bitterly either that the lady had been born without legs or that I had never learned to read or write.

How I managed to clean up on the pink and still have enough grim courage left to begin on the purple—which in general dwelt on the privilege of having a beautiful soul in a beautiful body—I still do not understand.

It had got to be like the last lap of the mile, when with every step you expect the track to fly up and hit you in the face. I could not remember where I was or how I happened to be there. Once while trying to decide what it was all about I swallowed a larger piece of letter than intended, with almost fatal results.

By the time I got round to the original poem entitled Whene'er I Think of Thee, I was in what might be called a delirious state. Instead of the blue silk handkerchief, I kept seeing a little white tombstone with my name on it over the words: He Never Faked.

All this while the conversation between Elsie and Miss Letoile had been running on and on. Whenever it had a tendency to slow down, Elsie would start it up again. Once, when forced to double up in order to swallow, I took a quick peek in the direction of Bull O'Leary, but by this time everything had gone black before my eyes, so I could not even make out the pattern of the rug. I was shaking in every limb and each moment expecting my heart to stop on me between beats. I could still hear Elsie and Miss Letoile disputing together, but their voices had grown fainter and fainter, as though coming from somewhere on the roof. Every now and then I would get an almost irresistible impulse to stuff the last remains of the documents in my shirt, but the determination to do the square thing by Elsie kept me going. So, masticating, shuddering and swallowing, I stuck to my desperate task until finally, with what sounded to my ears like a piece of canvas ripping up the middle, the last piece of the original poem entitled Whene'er I Think of Thee went rasping down my throat.

It was all over. I dropped back in the chair while the blue silk handkerchief fell from my nerveless hands. Except for a single pink corner beside my right toe, I had eliminated every scrap of evidence. Yet I had no desire to gloat over my victory. Instead, I would have preferred to say: "Miss Letoile, I am sorry I had to act in this way, but it was done in self-defense. Elsie, it was a hard job, but I did same fair and square without subterfuge or underhand methods."

If I had felt stronger, and if I had had a little more time, I might have expressed these sentiments in words, but at this exact instant Miss Letoile took one look at the duplicate letter in her hand, spotted the piece of pink paper by my feet and let out a yell.

"Huh? What?" repeated Mr. O'Leary several times, with his right hand to his cauliflowered ear.

Between screams Miss Letoile told him her suspicions, which, it happened, were absolutely correct.

Elsie seemed white and frightened, but personally I had passed the stage where I could be excited by personal danger.

"I weigh a hundred and thirty-five pounds and in addition am full of love letters," I said to myself, "so I do not think it would be worth my while to try to resist a champion heavyweight wrestler by the name of Bull O'Leary. And anyway, I do not care to live on much longer, judging by the way I feel inside. I have had ideals and I have been true to them, so I am ready to go."

I had just turned to express these or similar sentiments to Mr. O'Leary, and in fact I had got as far as "Yes, I will admit I ate the letters in question," when a horrible smile cracked the lower part of his face.

"Be yourself, squirt," he said, "and don't talk foolish without you got a license. They ain't no livin' man coulda et that pack of letters, let alone a little shrimp like you. I'm gonna give you a shake and watch them letters come shootin' outta your pockets, you little runt faker!"

At this something boiled up in me. A minute before I had felt about as full of life as a wet dishrag. Now I bounded out of my chair like a balloon with the string cut.

"You big bum," somebody present said—and I guess it must have been myself—"you have got your nerve to call me a faker! I have never faked in my life, and I never will. I ate all those letters and on top of them an original poem entitled Whene'er I Think of Thee, and I would like to see you or anybody else tell me different!"

But long before this statement was finished I had reached the tray, and picking up the plate of blueberry pie had begun operations. Still, mad as I was, probably I could not have licked Mr. O'Leary in a fair stand-up fight—but it never came to that. The pie occupied his attention when he ought to have been ducking the heavy silver coffeepot; and, in my opinion, it was the blueberry juice in his eyes which kept him from noticing the fire extinguisher until it came down on his head. After that everything was comparatively easy, and I got the black eye only because I fought back when the house detective and the hotel manager started to pull me off Mr. O'Leary.

Well, that is my story, and if I have told it at length, it is only as a vindication of my personal record and not because I feel ill will toward any person or persons mentioned. Just the other day I said to Elsie, "I bear no hard feelings whatever and I wish Miss Letoile all possible success in her chosen life work."

"I am with you there," Elsie said. "I hope she gets a big verdict against a conscientious mortician—and then takes it all out in trade."

But that is the way with Elsie—always extreme. Only the other day she said we would soon be able to go around the world with what I am saving on postage stamps and desserts.

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THE MAN WHO BEAT LUPO

(Continued from Page 17)

more. Feet lifted and whispered and thumped upon the mat, and the hands of swordsmen watching dampened nervously at the palms. There was a quick *tac-au-tac*. Nourric lunged and a sharp dry rip tore the air. Lupo parried and, heels snapping together, placed a neat stop thrust upon Nourric's wishbone. Nourric, furious with rage, clapped hand to the seat of his torn breeches and retired momentarily before the circle of smiling faces. So he lost the bout, for his rage had not left him when he returned in new breeches. Recklessly and brilliantly he tried for an advantage that would turn the smiles on Lupo. But Lupo was out for money, not smiles. So he won the Prize of France and sent his mother another new dress and went on to Seville for the International Prize, which was held there in those days owing to the bounty of Don Fernando Sotomayor.

There was an incident, in that *tournoi*, that is worth mentioning. In his third preliminary, with a young Spaniard named Joaquin or José, or something, Sandoval, he disarmed the man. The foil struck against a wall and bent. Sandoval straightened it, but the plaudits of the spectators for Lupo so enraged him that, after his defeat, he followed the Italian to his chambers and slapped his face before a witness.

Lupo smiled and, taking two broken-pointed *épées* from his traveling case, he handed one to Sandoval and forced him on guard, as he was and maskless. Three times running he beat the other man's weapon from his hand and then showed him the door.

A strange breed, old fencing masters.

So Lupo went on, and because his saints were with him in his first public bouts, it became a tradition that they were always with him. His name rang in *salles d'armes*. As Lupo did, so did others do. As Lupo dressed, so did others dress. He had no strange, unknown tricks dear to the heart of romantic writers. He was simplicity itself — youthful simplicity — beautifully trained from childhood, cleverly developed, finely honed. He opened a school in England presently, where he and Paganini taught people the old lore of blades—for a price. He sent presents to his mother and gave her another servant, and as long as she lived she believed in dreams.

Men admired Lupo as they admire deities and great athletes, but the men who crossed with him for gold tarnished their admiration with a thin film of hatred, for it was always through a patent fault—ever so slight—of their own that Lupo took them in. And they could never forget that one moment when they had betrayed themselves and their masters. Then suddenly Lupo was no more. Like a whirlwind he had descended upon them, like a whirlwind he was gone. The men he had met grew old and in their way great. Possibly in years to come, had Lupo stayed, they would have beaten him. But he didn't stay and they never could. So, as time went on and young men were young no more, they magnified one touch into seven or came to believe that from a slight advantage in a preliminary elimination bout they had really won the final in their dreams of the past; and because there were few to remember, lo, they had conquered Lupo, the great unconquerable! And who shall say this is wrong of them, for where is progress if old men deprecate themselves to younger men and kill the spark of emulation?

"I met Lupo," said John Haydn Rollish, "when he was twenty. I should like to picture him fairly to you, for he was my friend. Arrogant, perhaps—yes. But it was a matter solely of his eyes. There was a light in them that had burned through the centuries with a fire that could consume lesser men at will, and there was something of that in them even when he smiled. A gentleman was Lupo, as I have told you; and after his mother died the thought ate into his soul that for an old lady's comfort he had put himself beyond the pale of meeting gentlemen in his favorite sport. In those days things were not very much different from what they are now. Amateurism and professionalism were strongly demarcated, but, in *escrime*, democracy found its Hill of All Souls fairly impregnable, as it still does today. I dare say, if oil and coal fail us and our civilization of mechanics gives out so that we become agrarian once more, our swordsmen will become our natural aristocrats, as they did in days gone by." He sipped again at his vermuth see

"And now a woman enters. Those women of our day!" His eyes wandered dreamily out across the blue waters. "How shall one describe them! She was like a white lily, I suppose—a soft white lily or a column of ivory. That was a feeling you had, not a thought. There was a sheer moving presence in her—a presence of warmth and sunshine and laughter. Her feet, I suppose, were tiny, but with her, one somehow didn't think of feet and hair and eyes; one took her completely to one's heart and was better for it. She was like a feeling of goodness—of godness, if you will. Then she laughed and moved and talked, and one said to oneself, 'She lives,' and became a happier man for having seen her."

The admiral smiled and felt vaguely for the ends of his white mustache.

"There are women like that, I suppose," said Rollish, "even today. There must be, for youth goes on even if we can't go with it."

"Yes," said Brent. "A pity, but true."

"This was in the time of Vladimir Gordon and his invitation cutter races. Lupo came among us as a private gentleman, and at once we became friends of a kind that is rare. I believe friendship's roots are laid in past generations and that centuries ago his blood and mine had commenced to beat in unison to each other. Perhaps a greaved and helmeted legionary on Hadrian's Wall knew and hunted with a barbaric Pict. Perhaps two fur-girded savages harassed the rear of a Roman cohort marching sluggishly down the Rhone. Whatever it was, Pietro and I spent our days together for months on end. We could sit together for hours and say nothing. None of us knew he was Lupo. He pulled a beautiful oar in Gordon's cutter and stroked us twice to victory. He was a wit of a vintage that seems to have passed. He was as handsome as a blade or a black colt, but he was not a rake, as he might easily have been."

"So he met this tower of ivory?"

Rollish nodded thoughtfully. "It was inevitable that he should. He met her and they loved from that first meeting, with a fire that was as inextinguishable as the flames of chaos. I believe truly that their souls melted and ran together in a perfect union. It was not a love of eyes or bodies or hearts or minds. It was"—he spread his hands—"it was love and they had no power to avoid it."

Admiral Brent nodded. "I have heard of that."

"But you have never seen it?"

"I have thought sometimes that I have, but I am not sure."

"The pity of it was that she was married. Her husband loved her, too, I suppose, but not in that way. He was an artist of sorts and he loved her because she was beautiful. I think when people love because of something, they do not love fully. Certainly they do not love as completely as those two did." He paused for a moment and once more his eyes sought the blue waters. "Those were the last days of our proud age when men killed in the early mornings for a word or a drop of *chartreuse* or an untoward glance. Her husband was given to know the turn of affairs, but he was a bit of a philosopher in his own way, and even though he was about to lose that which was dearest to the beauty in him, he saw no reason to consider himself the injured party to the extent of sending his seconds to my friend. Perhaps in his heart he had always known that some day he must lose her, as we lose the beauty of a sunset or the ecstasy of an exquisite thought. Perhaps he knew that the fault was his own and that his own imperfections were to blame for the perfection those two had found in each other. He did nothing.

"For a week my friend Pietro writhed in an intolerable net of pride and indecision; then he told me his story and I was afraid for him—afraid for what he would do in his wild arrogance and the hold his traditions had upon him. I tried to reason with him, but he sprang up and said:

"'John, you do not know me. It is intolerable. This thing is ordained and must be.' And for a moment I saw in his face the first Pietro that had come over the mountains, in a crude steel helmet with long temple pieces—I saw Pietros who had followed in the train with Cesare Borgia's gentlemen—Pietros who had sat calmly in jewels and striped silken hose and velvets while men had been broken in the boot and on the rack before their eyes. He pounded his fist upon the table top. 'I will kill him or he will kill me.'

"I said, 'So be it, my friend.'" Rollish smiled. "But he was impetuous; he could not wait. So, in spite of the things I had said, he snapped his gloves across this artist's face in a public place, and the man's seconds named sabers, for the artist fancied himself for a bit of a *sabreur*—and that was the first weapon that came to his mind, I suppose. When Pietro heard this, in violation of all the silly conceits that bound men in affairs of that kind he came hot-footed to me and said, 'It cannot be. I have feared this from the start—feared it for two years. It cannot be sabers. It cannot be! You are my only friend on earth—the only friend I shall ever have this side of the grave. You must arrange it otherwise. It cannot be blades. It must be pistols, you understand, because—because—I am Lupo!'

"Of course you can see what happened. On the one hand, a gentleman turned master, who, by all the laws, could not, he felt, meet his man with blades. On the other, a gentleman who had already named the weapons offhandedly and who did not care very much about the whole business anyway. The seconds argued and reasoned and pleaded, and I very much think the childish dignity of the whole thing was considerably lowered. I'm sure one gentleman who was a party to the affair—a Frenchman and a dragoon—never got over the disgraceful proceedings and carried the stigma with him to his deathbed. In fact, he told me once that he felt he had been put into such an impossible position by the negotiations that he had serious doubts as to whether or not he should have called out the artist's seconds and killed them each in turn. He told me that twenty years after the duel; and if I'd flicked an eyelash in agreement I'm sure he'd have sent his cards to the two men. The upshot of the thing was that the artist insisted upon his first choice, and the duel was fought with sabers."

Rollish leaned back in his chair and gathered the skirts of his coat about his lean thighs

"You have heard of saber duels. Last year, I believe it was, in Milan, two editors are supposed to have fought for an hour and twenty minutes until they both dropped. Duquesne will tell you of a saber duel wherein a man lost his nose—quite cleanly—if you ask him. I don't know. An hour and twenty minutes seems a frightful time to fight; and how you can cut a man's nose off cleanly with a saber I don't know, unless you flick up with the point or climb upon his shoulders and slice downward. But I do know this. If two men have a blood grievance, sabers would seem to me the cleanest and most satisfying way of wiping it out—much better than the thunder and crash of a shot or two, infinitely more satisfying than pecking at each other with dueling swords.

"We all drove out in the early morning, in two *fiacres*. There was a surgeon with us from the dragoon's regiment. He had a little black bag with him and smoked abominable cigars. The spot selected was a cleared space in an ancient olive grove, far above the town, near an old Saracen watchtower. A flight of tremendous grape terraces led down from it almost to the water's edge. The stones that buttressed them were gray with age and plastered solid with thick moss that filled the crevices. There was a path, too, that wound down relentlessly—a path of rough stone steps built, perhaps, by the pirates who had raised the ruined tower, and worn smooth by the feet of thousands of mules that had brought down the ripe olives. A beautiful place. And that morning, with the dew frosting the withered grass and plating the rattling olive leaves with pure silver, the white-laced sea fifteen hundred feet below, shot with rose and liquid amber from the early sun—a veritable haunt of Pan, given back to men for a moment from the dead years—given back to men to fight in with sabers.

"Whether you have ever acted or not, I think affairs of honor make very interesting recounting: First, that men must fight each other—even after they have risen to a broadcloth-and-linen estate—is highly interesting. Secondly, that they should insist upon doing it formally to set rules is, to me, most amusing. The surgeon took up his post at the base of the tower, opened his black bag and, after laying a cloak upon the grass, proceeded to set out his lint and bandages, for all the world like an Armenian peddler displaying his wares for sale on the walk in front of a café. My friend Pietro stepped down from his carriage and walked to the edge of the terrace, breathing deeply of the morning air and looking out across the sea, with his back to the rest of us. The artist sat in his carriage, smoking and sketching the grove as if he had come for that sole purpose. That must have been highly irregular, for one of his seconds spoke to him presently, whereupon he tossed away his cigar and put his sketch into a pocket of his cloak.

"The seconds were very stiff and formal. If they had been in uniform one would have said they were mounting guard at a royal palace, if it were not for the fact that they bowed to each other continually. The case of weapons was opened and the sabers tested for length of blade and balance. My friend the dragoon cleared his throat and announced the conditions. The principals, having reached no reconciliation, would fight until blood was drawn, when honor would appear to be satisfied unless the wounded party cared to continue further, whereupon the affair would be resumed and would go on until one or the other or both parties withdrew through necessity or wish.

"We knew what that meant. The weapons were held out, hilts foremost, in a crook of the dragoon's arm and drawn. A line was scratched upon the turf, and, shedding their cloaks, they approached it from opposite sides until just beyond the break of measure. Whereupon the dragoon drew the blade from his stick and held it at arm's length parallel to the line on the ground, for the saber points to rest upon. As I remember, the artist smiled; but Pietro, very tall and straight, in dark trousers and white shirt open at the throat, shook his head slightly and frowned

"The dragoon drew himself up. '*Prêt, messieurs?*' he thundered, and as the points came up, '*Allez!*' And he whipped down his own blade.

"The sabers crossed and rang like silver chalices in the morning silence of the place. They crossed again and wavered. They

(Continued on Page 58)

For SUMMER Mornings

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Unguentine

Soothe sunburn with this famous dressing

(Continued from Page 54)

clanked sharply in a brief, staccato beat as each man felt the steel of the other, and I couldn't help thinking of a remark a Russian had made once at dinner. Someone, it was related, could snap the stem of a wineglass at twenty paces with a pistol ball. The Russian, leaning forward, said, 'But the wineglass does not hold a pistol.' And so it was with those two. Faced for the first time with naked blades and unprotected bodies, they hesitated warily. A thousand things might have happened. The artist was a very fair *sabreur*, but Pietro was Lupo. He might have cut in at once and killed his man. On the other hand, he might have settled it in his mind to let the man have his chance by giving him openings. The artist, under the strain, might have proved the better man with actual blades; or again, through a fluke, have drawn Pietro's blood. None of those things did happen.

"The blades ground and snapped at each other, rattling like tumbling dice one second, then sighing and whispering like a soft breeze in a thorn tree the next. Each man feinted and parried, but neither made an actual strong attack that could be seriously taken as such. It was more like student and master in a *salle d'armes*, only of course it was a duel and there was no calling of cuts to be made. Their shirts presently were sweat-soaked and plastered to the curves of their arm and shoulder muscles, and the grass underfoot was matted and stamped down in a broad circle. The dragoon, ever and anon, took his huge gold watch from a pocket, looked at it solemnly and nodded to the other seconds. But the blades sang on cheerfully, echoing up the hillside like tinkling goat bells.

"Then all at once there was a subtle change in the whole thing. Perhaps the artist was impatient to have it ended, perhaps he was angered at the thought that his man was playing with him. Whatever it was, he began suddenly to fight, and I believe he did himself credit. Certainly the dragoon stopped pulling out his watch. Flank, face and head, the artist leaped in at Pietro, with a wrist that blurred with the speed that twisted it. The blades whirled into arcs of light and the tick of parries ran into a continual metallic crackle. He laughed once and said through his teeth, 'Took it on the back!' Pietro nodded slightly and said 'Sorry.' The dragoon frowned terribly and turned away in disgust at such an infraction of etiquette.

"The two men's breathing was a dry, sharp rasp by now—a rasp that became a sob in a few more moments. Their chests heaved mightily and their faces ran sweat. Once the artist stumbled, but he caught himself in a moment and renewed the attack more fiercely. And then—as if he had been waiting for it—just as the sun topped the cliffs to the left and turned the gray stones of the tower to molten bronze, my friend Pietro dropped his hand and the other man's blade bit in slantwise to the bone and ruffled a flap of thick flesh halfway to the Italian's elbow. He dropped his point at once and stared in dismay. Pietro took the tip of his own saber in two fingers of his left hand and snapped the blade at the hilt. Then he tossed the two pieces far down the terraces.

"'You let me do that!' screamed the artist. 'You let me, d'y' hear? I couldn't 've done it if you hadn't!'

"Pietro smiled and bound a shred of his torn shirt across his wound, meanwhile the hot blood soaked his hand and the drops fell one by one to the green grass. The surgeon rushed forward, but the dragoon was quicker and pushed him back. He was sputtering and fuming with white rage.

"'Highly irregular!' he thundered, or something equally pompous. 'The gentleman is not satisfied. It must go on. I have never been so embarrassed—so embarrassed—is it not?'

"'It will not go on,' said Pietro. 'For I will never cross blades with any man again.' The doctor reached for his arm and plastered a wet compress about it, wrapping it with bandages.

"'But the gentleman is not ——'

"Pietro shook the doctor off angrily. 'I,' he said, 'am the wounded party and the challenger. The affair is finished. I am satisfied.' And he picked up his cloak and strode off toward his carriage.

"The dragoon turned upon the artist. 'But a thousand pardons!' He bowed low. 'You may, of course, rechallenge.'

"And the artist, with tears in his eyes, said, 'Oh, go to hell!' tossed his saber into the shrubbery and walked to his own carriage. Luckily the dragoon did not understand him."

John Rollish looked at the amount stated upon the two saucers which held the empty vermuth glasses, put eight francs fifty upon the table top and held out his cigarette case to Admiral Brent. The old fellow took one and said, "H'm."

"And that," said Rollish, "is the only man who ever beat Lupo, for he was true to his word and never had a weapon in his hand again. Strangely enough, something of beauty went out of the artist's soul when his blade sank into Lupo's arm that morning in the old olive grove, and, as far as I know, he never painted again. Instead, he took seriously to his saber and spent his hours bouting in *salles d'armes*. Perhaps he felt that he must learn enough of the weapon so that he could never be insulted again by any man allowing himself to be cut, at his hands. Perhaps he just enjoyed it, as you and I do, and did it to keep his waistline down," Rollish smiled.

The admiral got up. "I remember once," he said, "on the China station, when I was young, two chaps had much the same difference. Pistols, it was. Both of 'em cashiered."

They walked along up the hillside toward the Villa Gabriel.

"Cold," said the admiral

"Yes," said Rollish. "Better come in and have a predinner peg."

In the large quiet drawing-room, they sat facing each other, mulling over their drinks silently and pulling easily at their white mustaches in the gloom.

"But see here," said the admiral, with the air of a great philosopher who has pondered a deep question for hours and then returns for more information, "you didn't finish that yarn, what? I mean to say—been thinking about it—what happened to the lady?"

"The lady? Oh, yes," said Rollish. "There she is up there." He pointed to a canvas above his stone fireplace. The admiral got up and pulled his glasses from his waistcoat pocket.

"We all knew her and she was kind enough to let me do that of her once, before all that happened. I keep it, for, upon my word, she was the most beautiful creature I have ever seen."

The admiral adjusted his glasses and spread his feet upon the hearthrug, with his head tilted slightly back to take in the portrait.

"And deuced beautiful she is," he muttered; then, turning, "I didn't know you painted."

"Don't," said Rollish. "Did one or two things when I was young, but got off on the wrong foot. A man can't paint a country unless the roots of it are in his soul. I thought I could, and by the time I found I couldn't, I'd been away from the States so long I couldn't go back and start again, so I gave it up."

Again the admiral turned to the picture; then, taking off his glasses and putting them back into their case, he asked: "And what happened to her?"

Rollish shrugged. "Her husband met a dancer and let her divorce him. She married my friend and he went back to Italy, where he made some very fair bronzes before he was finished. That dolphin on the chest top is his, and that young discobolus on the upper window ledge. Their love, I believe, was just as beautiful a thing the last day they lived as it was the first day they met. It was one of those passions one reads of, but seldom hears about. Luckily they died together. They were drowned on their way to Capri caught in a squall—and strangely enough, their bodies were never found. Perhaps they were god and goddess and simply went back to Olympus immortal."

"Humph!" said the admiral. "Don't believe that. Don't believe love is as strong a thing as friendship between men."

"Nor do I—in the end."

"Well," said Brent, "I must be off. If my arm's right again I'll stop by tomorrow and we'll have an hour of it—if that silly old fool Duquesne doesn't tell us of somebody else he licked."

"Right you are."

A car horn sounded outside, and the crash of grinding brakes. Rollish followed the admiral out into the foyer. The door opened suddenly and a tall young man in a polo coat and a gray Homburg stood upon the threshold.

"Hello, Uncle John," he said. Then, seeing Brent, he shed his glove hurriedly. "Sorry," he said.

"Hello, there! Whither away now?" Rollish smiled warmly and took him by the elbows. "My foster nephew." He turned to the admiral. "The Count della Torre da Salvaggio—my friend Admiral Brent."

They shook hands and presently the admiral departed.

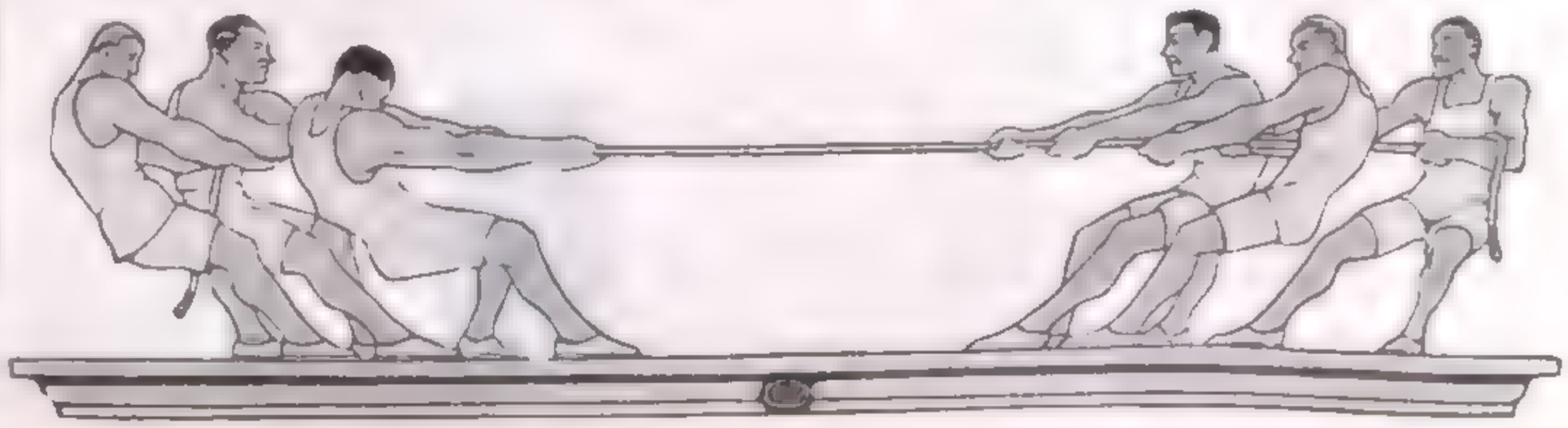
"Queer duck, Rollish," he said to himself—"seems to like Italians. Wonder how many more he's got on the string."

Inside the drawing-room once more, the young man sprawled on the divan. "Well, you're looking fit, sir."

"Fit as a fiddle," Rollish smiled. "Old dogs never die; they simply fade away—like old soldiers. How's your fencing, Pete?"

"Fair. Got a new *maestro* the other day. Old but good. Name's Campini. Claims to have beaten Lupo—whoever he was."

"They all do," Rollish laughed. "I've come to believe Lupo was the greatest swordsman who ever lived. Better stay till tomorrow and let me see if you're as good as your father was."



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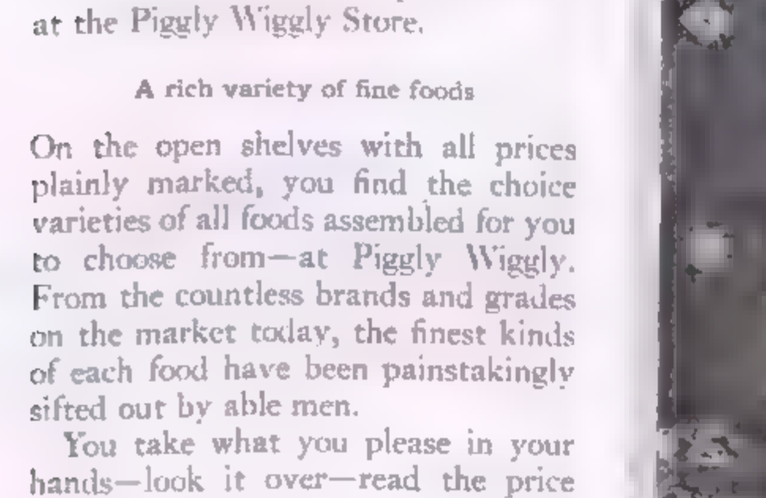

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For even greater success both with the food you serve—and with your savings—try this method of household buying. Visit the Piggly Wiggly Store in your neighborhood.

PIGGLY WIGGLY STORES

The finest kinds of each food selected for you to choose from

Unusual opportunity to own and operate a profitable local business with the merchandising co-operation of a national organization—exclusive Piggly Wiggly franchises. Available in cities where stores have not been established. Open only to men who control sufficient capital to finance a number of stores. Address Piggly Wiggly Corporation, Memphis, Tennessee.

A SERVICE NOW OFFERED IN OVER 800 CITIES AND TOWNS

A *child* can see the *difference*

You see here two machines devised for testing the cords in tire fabric.

On each machine is a strand of SUPERTWIST cord and of ordinary cord.

On the machine in the background the ordinary cord is broken, while the SUPERTWIST cord is intact.

Yet both cords were of equal length, and both cords were stretched in equal measure.

On the machine in the foreground the ordinary cord is lax, while the SUPERTWIST cord is taut.

Both these cords also were of the same length; both were equally stretched.

When the tension was relaxed the SUPERTWIST cord sprang back to its original dimension, recovering like a rubber band.

But the ordinary cord lost its spring, and now hangs slack and distended.

By this simple demonstration a child can see the difference between SUPERTWIST cord and ordinary cord.

This difference is important, as one cause of the great superiority of Goodyear Tires over ordinary tires.

Built with SUPERTWIST cord, Goodyear Tires stretch and recover under the shocks of the road without damage.

Tires made of ordinary cord lack this ability and under road-shock suffer precisely the results you see here.

SUPERTWIST cord is Goodyear-developed and Goodyear-patented, and is used only in Goodyear Tires.

Its elasticity and durability have reduced blowouts and similar troubles to the vanishing point.

SUPERTWIST is one of the reasons why the present Goodyear Balloon with the tractive All-Weather Tread is called "the world's greatest tire."

It is one of the reasons also why you should *insist* on Goodyear Tires and refuse anything else.

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Ask your Goodyear Dealer to make this demonstration for you. For address of your most convenient dealer write Goodyear, Akron or Los Angeles

THE SANDALWOOD FAN

(Continued from Page 29)

to that says a bad settlement is better than a good lawsuit. That's a principle with me, Phillipse. I'll tell you what we'll do, Phillipse. We'll work along on this, and we won't talk business until we have something before us to cut up. That's how I do business with a man of your caliber. And now I'll show you that I know already a little something that you don't. Put on your hat and we'll go for a ride."

They went out together, and down to Little Amby's private car that was parked in a side street. "Ma Bonn's," said the master to the uniformed chauffeur. The car crossed to Lafayette Street, hummed northward to Astor Place, and thence westward to Jefferson Market. It stopped before a curiosity shop on whose window was the name M. A. Bonn.

This was not one of those petty shops wherein poor widows just about make their rent, living in airless rooms in the rear and finding their profit in saving carfare; Ma Bonn was a widow, but a big, full-fed and bossy one. She was behind a counter—a tall and heavy woman in her middle fifties, with the piled hair that had been fashionable in the days when she needed a husband and with a face properly to manage one. She lifted her cold gray eyes from a stock-market report.

"Hello, ma," said Little Amby. "Meet Mr. Phillipse."

"Hello, Mr. Phillipse." She gripped his hand and looked straight in his eyes like a man.

"Ma, you had a fan here," said the lawyer. "Tell him about it."

She looked quietly at Little Amby and waited.

"He's all right," he said. "It was Mr. Phillipse's fan, but he knows that a dealer in your line is likely to be imposed on."

"Phillipse!" she said suddenly.

"The same name as that fellow gave you yesterday. Tell him all you know about it. We're working this thing together."

"That fan, Mr. Phillipse," she said, "was brought in here by a gun—that is to say, a crook."

Little Amby coughed.

"But, of course," she continued, "I did not know it was bent, or I would not have touched it."

"I can vouch for Mrs. Bonn in the highest terms," said Little Amby. "She does an honest business, and if she knew that fan was stolen, you couldn't get it in here if you took down the whole store front. But how is she to know? That's the point. The man who sold it to her was the late Scissors."

"There was a fan in a fine silver case, not sterling but about eight hundred fine. You can see I do a big business in silver. I bought the goods innocently and put them there in the window. They were there about three weeks or so, when in walks a Chinaman. Not one of these laundrymen with his shirt tail out, but looking as good as a bank burglar. This Chinaman wanted the fan, but wouldn't pay for the case, so I sold him the fan for fifty dollars. Some time later Mr. Hinkle here came in and saw the box and bought it for twenty dollars."

"Bought it?" echoed Dick.

"A trade custom, Phillipse," explained Little Amby. "You go to the police themselves when you lose something, and tell them you saw it in a pawnshop, and see if they'll take it from the pawnbroker unless you pay the advances. A trade custom. I didn't mention to you that I paid twenty dollars. Forget it."

"Was there the letter in the box?"

"No. Can you imagine the gun leaving it there?"

"No, I sweated that out of Scissors," supplied Little Amby.

"And that's the whole story," concluded Ma Bonn, "until this man walks in yesterday and announces that he is Mr. Phillipse."

"What in the world for?" wondered Dick.

"He had the box with him. He also had cards and letters of yours. He said that the fan had been stolen from him—meaning you—and that Mr. Hinkle here had restored it to him. He claimed the fan was an old relic in his family and belonged to his great-grandmother. I called up Mr. Hinkle, and he confirmed the whole story, so I told this party what I've now told you—about the fan going away with the Chinaman."

"You haven't seen the Chinaman since?"

"Before or since."

"And you have no address of the man who was here yesterday."

"No. If he comes in again, I'll get a line on him for you."

"Would you know that Chinaman's name if you heard it—Huey Gow? A fat man——"

"Thin as two crackers tacked to a shingle."

"Can you fix the day that he was here?"

"By the book." She went into the rear of the store. "On the nineteenth of last month—a Saturday," she called.

"That complicates it again," said Dick to Little Amby as they left the shop. "Her Chinaman wasn't the man I went to Chinatown to see—one Huey Gow, a gambler. I told you about him? The auctioneer gave me this Chinaman's name, but I got into a row with him without learning anything. He wanted the sandalwood fan, but recognized at once that what I showed him was a substitute. I wonder if there is not some way to compel him to talk."

"A gambler? Is he running a game? The police could make him talk."

"That's an idea. I may see Inspector Conlin."

"An intimate friend of mine," said Little Amby. "He'll do anything for me. I'll have a talk with him and let you know."

x

LATE in July, Nell called on the telephone from Blue Point and got Dick at his office. She said, "We have to thank you for sending that man here to go over our locks. We feel so much more secure now, if it is only because we know you are thinking of us. Dick, I'm not nervous in the least, but this house is getting just a little spooky."

"A man to fix your locks?" he said, with a familiar feeling of being under a covert attack.

"Yes, Dick. The man that was here an hour ago. You sent him. Oh, Dick, you did send him, didn't you?"

"Why, certainly," he lied like a gentleman. "Don't get to imagining things, Nell. I remember him very well. Nell, why don't you ask me out sometime?"

"Come!"

"Oh, yes. You couldn't very well refuse when I make a bid like that. I guess I won't."

"Please, Dick."

"I guess I will. Much thanks. A long week-end? It's been murderously hot here in the city. One look at you would cool me for another week."

"That's not so nice, Mr. Phillipse. But come and visit the icicles anyway, and we'll try to have in some regular guy, who will give you a warmer feeling. Please come very soon, Dick."

The day was Wednesday, and he could use his time very well in his own business, but he was uneasy. He could remember speaking to no one about the fastenings of the Dunne house. Somebody else must have given the order to the locksmith, if it was given. And, if it was given at all, the locksmith would be told to send his bill to Dick as executor. An intrusive fellow like Lowell Zitte would take it upon himself to do a thing like that, telling no one. Almost anybody might have done it, purposely neglecting to call an unsafe condition to the ladies' attention until it was in process of being cured. He argued with himself, even late in the afternoon when he was going to the garage to get his car, telling himself he was getting jumpy, telling himself that he was going to have his trouble for his pains, and by the time that he was crossing the Queensboro Bridge to the great highway that leads through the south shore of Long Island, he had convinced himself quite.

Driving through the cool of approaching evening, cooled by the breath of the sea when he got out beyond the new construction about Jamaica, he occupied himself with weaving a spell against the powers of darkness; he had his own superstitions, as everyone has when not in a state of exhilaration. He pictured to himself a number of impending calamities that were probable or barely possible; and then he dismissed them, one by one; serenely assured that, since he expected them, they would not happen. The expected, he was mystically assured, never happens. He got to Blue Point at a quarter to eight, daylight-saving time.

"Well!" gasped Nell laughingly. "You do come promptly."

"Always, when I invite myself."

"You must be starved. We haven't a bite in the house for you, except a roast duck and a head of cauliflower and a few candied sweet potatoes. It's just possible that we can scare up an apple pie and a pot of coffee."

"That will be ample for me, Nell. Don't go to any bother. You just come in and sit beside me, and I'll enjoy that little snack as much as I would a loaf of bread and a jug under a bough in the wilderness."

"Shouldn't I sing for you too? Here's my best note—Kennedy!"

"Paradise," he murmured, still holding her hand.

The maid Kennedy came. She said "Good evening, Mr. Phillipse," without enthusiasm. Her manner toward Dick had been almost insolent since the episode in the study; she was a domestic of long standing, with an assured place in the family, and she was resentful. He didn't want her to fall on his neck, but he did like a servant to wear a bright face. She was about him while he was examining, with studied casualness, the fastenings of the windows; she seemed to resent the inspection.

"I go over them every night, Mr. Phillipse," she said tartly, "and you won't find anything wrong. Don't open the windows on this side, please. I've set the alarm on them already. Mr. Garry was very careful and elaborate with his burglar alarms, because he had to leave so much unlocked on account of Miss Nell. But since we're alone, I lock them all tight."

"And very sensible, Kennedy. Which is the door the man that I sent here was working on? I'd like to see what kind of a job he did."

"He spent all of an hour on that front door."

"And well spent too," he said, bending over the excellent lock. He saw some flakes of black in the outside keyhole. "Was he smoking while he was here?"

"I think he was. Yes, he was."

"I told him particularly not to do that. Nothing is more annoying than to have a mechanic puffing a pipe about the house. I must speak to him about that. This door isn't warped, is it?"

"Well, no, it isn't. We had so many false alarms that Mr. Garry took it off."

Across the door on the inside was a massive chain, with links that would hold a bucking elephant. He couldn't see how that door could be forced against that chain. He scrutinized the thick plates that secured the ends of the chain. "Let me have a screw driver, Kennedy."

He tried the screws in the plate on the door and found them rigid, with a tremendous grip on the good oak. He directed his effort then to the plate sunk in the door casing; the head of the screw came off at once. He stooped and picked it up, and saw that it was a piece of molded wax.

A thrill that was not entirely pleasurable went through him. He tried others of the six screws, to find them all made of wax but two, and those were new and small.

"A very good job indeed," he said commendingly. "This door is all ready for a housebreaker." Lest she should alarm Nell, he had taken care that the Kennedy woman did not perceive the result of his inspection of the plates.

Florence was not at home when Dick came. He sat with Nell and listened to the radio until it—then an instrument of torture rather than of music—exasperated both of them with its idiotic screaming and banging. At eleven o'clock Florence called from Freeport and said that she would not be home that night. The maid Kennedy brought the news to the two music lovers from the telephone in the pantry; she had taken the announcement with a simple "Yes, madam," and hung up. They went up to bed shortly after.

Dick smoked a cigar by the open window in his room. When the house was quite still, he took a United States Army automatic from the excellent bag that the mining engineer had provided him with, opened his door cautiously, and went downstairs in his stocking feet. He seated himself on an overstuffed sofa that was set at an angle across a corner of the living room.

He told himself that he hoped the housebreaking that had been prepared for would be attempted that night, but his feeling was not more than one part hope to nine of resolution. He certainly couldn't spend an indefinite number of nights sitting up in wait. If the attempt was not made that night, he would repair the fastening privately, notify Marvin, the local police chief, and go about his business. It is likely that his hope was more intent on that unromantic outcome. But at the same time Dick had his full measure of the stubbornness of an honest citizen defending his right against a lawbreaker.

There was Knickerbocker blood in Dick—Dutch blood—the blood of those stolid and workaday burghers who quenched in blood and mud the power of a Spanish soldiery. There was Yankee blood in Dick; heavy and horny-handed men of his stock, hay-foot, straw-foot soldiers, had rested rifle barrels on stone walls, piled through long decades of inglorious labor, and had looked on broken British regiments. Dick had none of the congenital instability, the nervous weakness, that produces the wanderer, the adventure seeker, the criminal; he was a worker, taking easily the strains of civilized life, stolidly intolerant of any lawless attempt to come between him and his own. He hoped that the present situation would eventuate prosily, but in the center of his being he was secure and immovable.

He heard the clock in the foyer strike twelve, chime the quarter, strike the half, chime and strike again. There was a rustling on the porch outside the window by which he sat—a noise as of dry leaves blowing over the boards. Somebody was at the door.

He arose and got over the back of the sofa and into the triangular space between it and the walls. He heard the chain rattle slightly, and then the smell of earth, the smell of the night, came to him. The door was open. He watched the black foyer; a beam of light appeared out there.

He would not interfere until the attempt was all but consummated. That was the ticklish condition he had imposed on himself. He wanted to know why the attempt was being made. This was no visit of a night prowler, no unmeditated foray. He stooped quickly as the beam swung in his direction. He saw it whisk along the walls.

Continued on Page 66

The first time a $20 bill ever bought a strap watch of this Elgin quality

THE ELGIN *Legionnaire*

Elgin movement . . . Elgin cased . . . Elgin standards through and through

Gentlemen . . . THE LEGIONNAIRE salutes you.

THE LEGIONNAIRE is a new ELGIN watch . . . . . a man's watch . . . . . modern . . . . . masculine . . . . . for the office, The Ritz, or the crackling campfire . . . . . and at the lowest price in ELGIN history.

This new watch is ELGIN'S explicit answer to the million-voiced wish of America's sports-loving men for a *good* strap watch, *inexpensive*, and as much at home in the North Woods as at a Park Avenue tea.

So for $19 (slightly more for some models) THE LEGIONNAIRE now reports for duty. And *heavy* duty, if needs must; for like a racing whippet, THE LEGIONNAIRE'S stamina lies in *quality* of sinew . . . . not in size.

Little larger than a quarter, it is built to take the snap of a hard-hit mashie or the whip of a fly-rod. Yet so modern in contour, so utterly masculine in decoration that it is as much in place at a desk or a dinner dance as it is afield.

And what unexpected refinements! Raised numerals tell the minute instantly . . . . . sleeplessly, if you prefer the luminous dial. Forget to wind it one morning . . . . . what matter? . . . . . it runs 40 to 42 hours. And your choice of the 4 handsome models illustrated, at slightly varying prices.

. . .

See THE LEGIONNAIRE *at your jeweler's . . . Never before has $19 bought so much* ELGIN *accuracy, stamina and beauty . . . And only* ELGIN *efficiency . . .* ELGIN'S *great production make this unexpected price possible.*

MODEL 303. Cased by Elgin in chromium plated nickel. Will not tarnish or discolor. Handsomely engraved. With raised figured dial, $19.00. Luminous hands and dot dial, $20.00. With luminous dial and hands $21.50

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MODEL 301. White or green gold-filled case that carries full guarantee of the Elgin National Watch Company. With raised figured dial, $25.00. With luminous hands and dot dial, $26.00. With luminous dial and hands . . . $27.50

MODEL 300. White or green gold-filled case that carries full guarantee of the Elgin National Watch Company. With luminous dial and hands, $27.50. With luminous hands and dot dial, $26.00. With raised figured dial . . . $25.00

[*Prices slightly higher in Canada*]

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Get behind the wheel and know the joy of driving this great new car

THE joy of driving the new Ford comes not alone from its speed—its safety—its comfort—its reliability—the pride you take in its beauty of line and color—but also from the pleasure it puts into motoring

Instantly you start away for your first ride you have a feeling that here is an unusually alert and capable car. That here is a car fully equal to every need and emergency. That here is a car with a new eagerness to go. A new aliveness. A new responsiveness in traffic, on hills and on the open road.

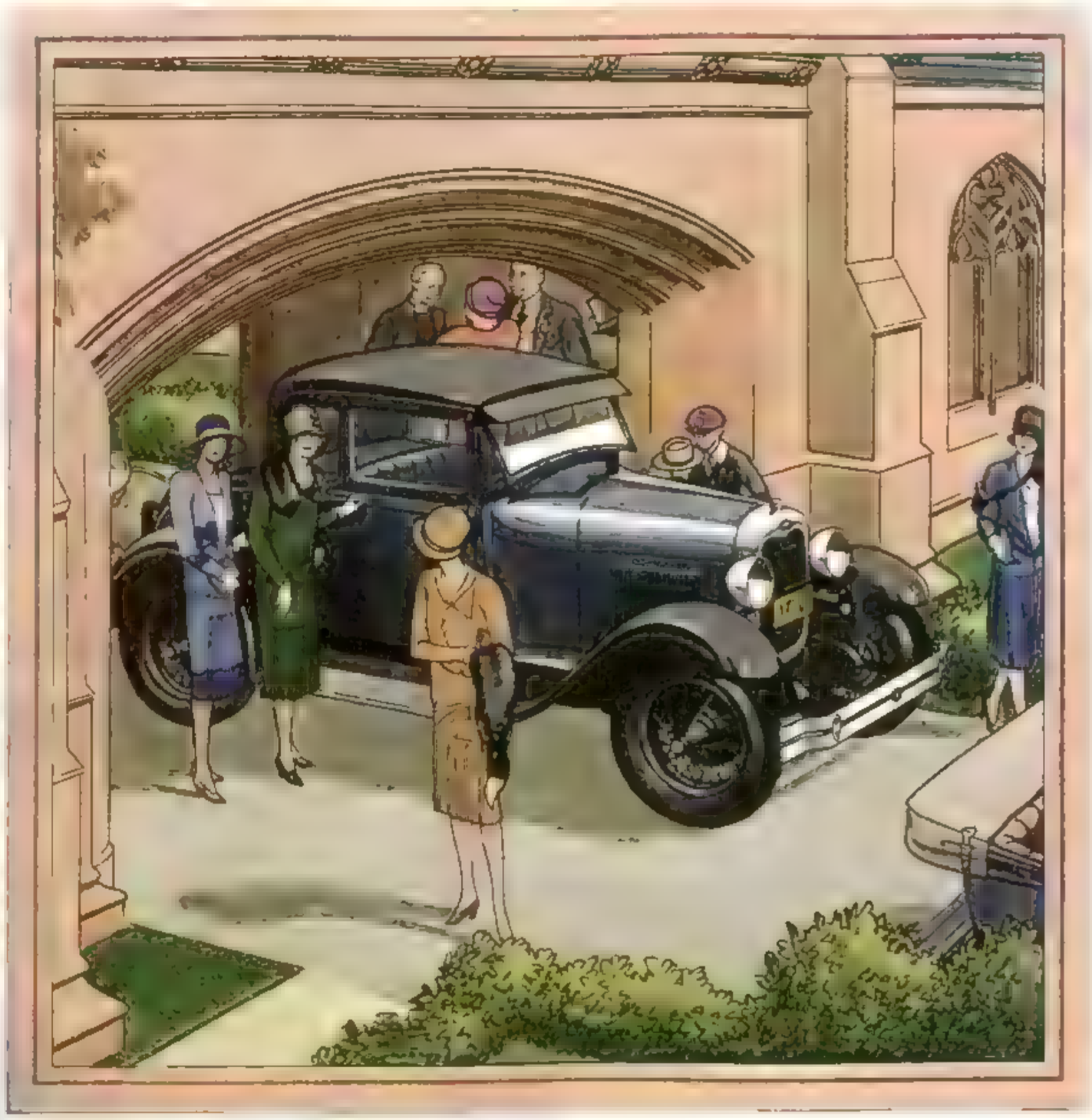
As the days go by, you find yourself developing a real friendliness for the new Ford—a growing pride that is deeper and more personal than just an acknowledgment of faithful service.

You long to be behind the wheel—to drive for the sheer joy of driving—to know again the sense of power, security and complete control that is yours when you ride in this great new car.

Watching the performance of the new Ford—studying its reliability—you begin to see that it is not just a new automobile—not just a new model—but the advanced expression of a wholly new idea in modern, economical transportation.

FEATURES OF
THE NEW FORD CAR

Steel body
Beautiful low lines
Choice of colors
55 to 65 miles an hour 40 horse-power
Remarkable acceleration
Four-wheel brakes
New transverse springs
Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers
20 to 30 miles per gallon of gasoline
Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield
Reliability and low up-keep cost



The new Ford Coupe is a splendid all-weather car for the business and professional man and the modern mother and her daughter. Distinguished by the quiet simplicity of its lines and richly appointed in every least little detail. A car that has been built to endure—to serve you faithfully and well for many months and years.

Looking forward from the front seat of the new Ford, you are impressed by its rugged strength and sweeping lines. Note, too, the unusual vision provided by the narrow pillars and large windows. The windshield in the new Ford is made of Triplex shatter-proof glass. This is an important safety feature

For now, at a low price, you can get everything you want or need in a modern automobile . . . steel body . . . beautiful low lines . . . choice of colors . . . speed of 55 to 65 miles an hour . . . a four-cylinder engine which develops 40 horse-power at only 2200 revolutions a minute . . . quick acceleration . . . exceptional hill-climbing qualities . . . the economy of 20 to 30 miles per gallon of gasoline, depending on your speed . . . protected safety gasoline tank in cowl, with the advantage of direct gravity flow . . . mechanical, self-centering, internal expanding-shoe four-wheel brakes which are positive in action, yet may be applied with the slightest pressure of the foot . . . four Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers and new transverse springs of exclusive Ford design for easy-riding comfort . . . typical Ford reliability, low first cost and low cost of up-keep. A Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield is provided in all the Ford cars without extra cost.

The Ford Motor Company is able to sell such a really fine car at a low price only because of new manufacturing methods and production economies as unusual as the car itself.

As Henry Ford himself has said—"The price of the new Ford is low in accordance with the established Ford policy. We hold that it is better to sell a large number of cars at a reasonably small margin of profit than a few cars at a large margin of profit.

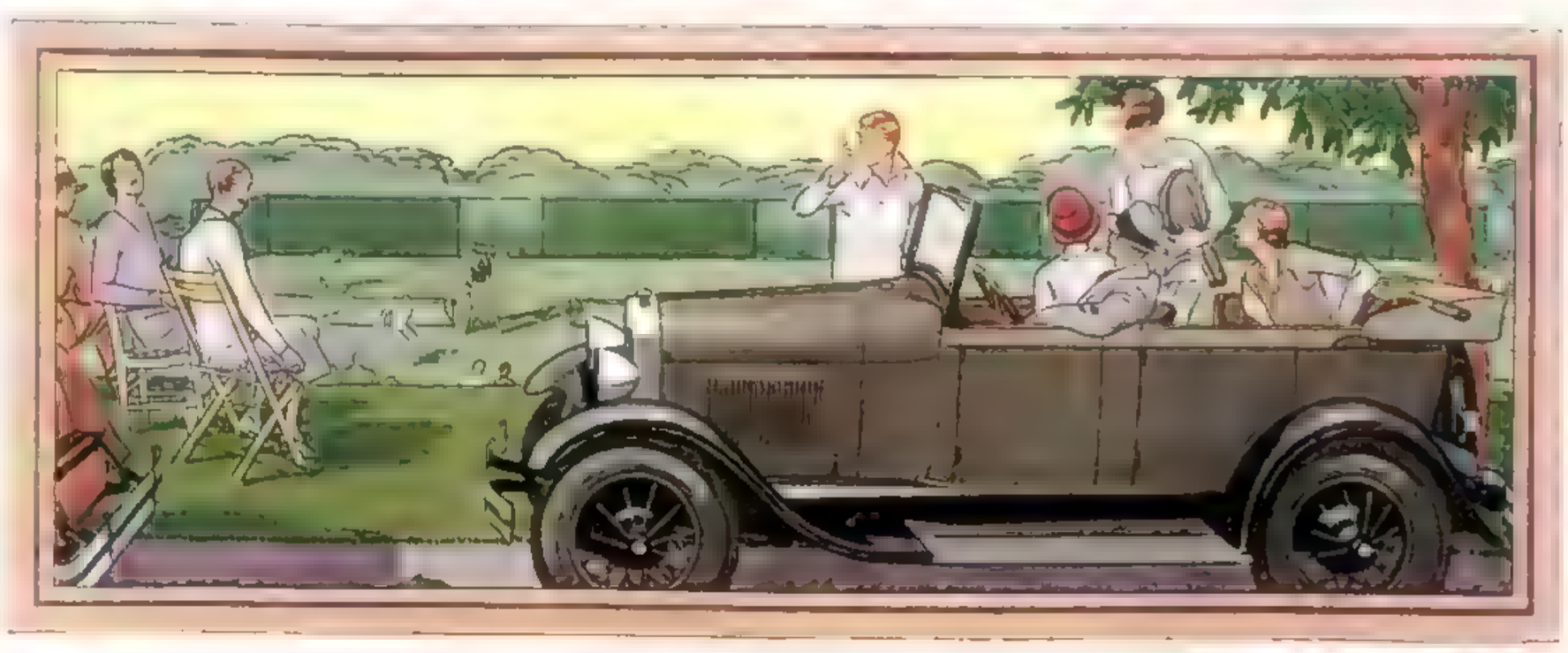
"We make our own steel—we make our own glass—we mine our own coal—we make our own paint. But we do not charge a profit on any of these items or from these operations. We would not be playing fair with the public if we did so. Our only profit is on the automobile we sell."

There are good and substantial reasons, therefore, for the quality that has been built into the new Ford and for its low price.

So we say to you—take a little while today to see and inspect the new Ford. Examine it carefully, part by part. Listen to its quiet, smooth-running engine. Know the thrill of driving it. You will realize there is nothing quite like it in design, quality and price.

The new Ford comes equipped with four Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers, four-wheel brakes, Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield, five steel-spoke wheels, windshield wiper, speedometer, gasoline gage, dash light, mirror, combination stop and tail light, theft-proof coincidental lock, and high-pressure grease gun lubrication.

The new Ford Phaeton is low and fleet, with a sweep of line that reflects the art of the master designer. Built to seat five passengers in roomy comfort. Finished in a variety of beautiful two-tone color harmonies. Top is collapsible and may be raised or lowered quickly and easily by one person.



FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Detroit, Michigan

(Continued from Page 62)

He heard soft-shod feet in the room, and the sibilant sound of the portières being drawn across the entrance to the foyer

There were several men in the room; he heard whispering. It was distant, and he ventured a look. The beam of light was playing on the safe. Tools clinked. He could make out the forms of three men about the safe. They seemed to know what they had come for, and how to do it. One of them was on his hands and knees on the floor before the safe; he was turning hand screws into the wood, fastening something to the floor. After some minutes, Dick got a clearer look at this object; it was a slender column ending at the floor in a wide and flat foot, and ascending to a point opposite the handle of the safe. Running from a point just below its top to a point behind it on the floor was a bar whose office was evidently to brace the upright.

There was the rasp of a drill penetrating metal. Dick located the drill between the safe and the head of the upright, and thought he had heard the noise of plugging into the house current. The upright, it seemed, supplied the leverage to keep the drill against the metal it was attacking.

He saw the upright being taken down and removed. Two men began to turn a bar whose middle was pinned against the safe at a point below the bolt case. The procedure was inferred by Dick later, when he examined the ripped plates at leisure. A hook had been passed through the hole left by the drill; when the outer end of that hook was passed through a slot in a bar and pinned, the men had put some manner of jack between the end of the bar—which lay horizontally across the safe—and the door-frame. By turning the jack, they forced the bar away from the safe, compelling it to pull on the hook, and thus pulling awry the plate over the bolt casing, when they could put a rod in and push the bolts back out of their sockets. He could only guess at what they were doing while he was watching, but he saw that whatever they were doing was coming off in good style. The safe door had been opened.

One of the men, carrying a burden, passed through the room and out onto the porch. Dick knew with approximate certainty that what he was bearing away was the tools.

The next development occasioned him more anxiety. The two men remaining at the safe were gathering up indiscriminately the material they had pulled from it. They were going to carry it all away, for sorting in another place; he could not let them do that. He had anticipated that they would select something—the object they had come for, the thing that he was mortally eager to see. He knew that nothing was there that was valuable in itself; he did not doubt that what they sought was information. He must call a halt.

He rose, revolver poised, and felt for the chain of the electric lamp near him.

He had just found it when there was a snarl at the safe and a pounding of running feet in the room. Dick heard a blow and a gasping cry and switched on the light.

A masked man lay on the floor; a man whose countenance was similarly obscured was bending over him.

"Stop, or I'll fire!" called Dick, covering the man who was still on his feet. He threw a leg over the back of the sofa.

The man did not straighten out of his crouch, did not look at Dick. He swung his body about and ran, still so oddly bent over, into the shadows of the foyer. Dick could have shot him down, but he could not bring himself to pressing the trigger; he knew he could manage the fellow if he could lay hands on him.

Dick jumped for the door to the porch to cut off the robber's escape; the fellow turned and fled up the main staircase. Dick raced after him.

He lost a second at the landing on the second floor in discovering which way the fellow had gone; and then he heard him going up the stairs to the top floor. Dick hurried up this flight, which was completely inclosed, and stopped by a door at the second-floor landing.

He did not see the man, nor could he guess in which room he was hiding. He would not quit the stairhead lest the robber watch his chance and bolt down again and away. He returned to the second floor. Nell was in her doorway in her night dress.

"We had unexpected guests," said Dick. "They haven't all left yet. One is upstairs looking the accommodations over, and there's one downstairs that I have to make comfortable." He closed the stair door and locked it. "Come here, please!" he called, addressing the maids who had appeared at the end of the hall running back to their quarters. Kennedy came forward. "There's a stranger upstairs. Call me if he tries to get out this way."

"Robbers, Dick?" exclaimed Nell. "Oh, how perfectly thrilling. And don't tell me you have caught two of them all by yourself."

"They put up a terrible battle, too," he assured her, willing to better her opinion of him by fair means or foul.

He ran downstairs, called the police, and went to the fallen robber. The robber was coming to, but he was coming to a changed man, docile, all the deviltry knocked out of him by the terrific blow on the head that had felled him; he lay still when told, and even suppressed his groans. Dick took from his unresisting hand a sheet of paper that was crumpled there.

"You stopped just outside the pearly gates," Dick assured him. "If that cap of yours wasn't so thick, that broken scalp would be a broken skull. So this paper is what he was willing to kill you for."

"I guess you know that yourself," said the robber weakly.

"Who were they?"

"I never seen them before. Don't know them."

When the police came, Dick went with them through the rooms on the top floor, but could find no one. It was not evident how the man had escaped. From any window ledge to the ground was a sheer twenty-five feet or more; and Nell said that he had not taken the shorter jump to a porch roof, because she had been listening for that, and her ears were as sharp as a wild creature's. There was no other stairs by which he might have descended; there was no communication on the top floor between the study, above the servants' quarters in the rear, and the front of the house. The maid, Kennedy, insisted that she had not left her post for an instant.

"We'll have to increase your taxes, Miss Duane," said Marvin. "Your house is giving us a lot of business. Well, did you lose much?"

"Nothing at all, I imagine," said Nell. "I can't imagine what we could lose, beyond our jewelry; and those robbers must be orphan children, without mother or sister or wife, if they expect to find a girl's rings without searching all over the house. That's how she has to find them herself."

"What do you think they were after?" This to Dick.

"I think they were after that fortune in cash that Garry Duane put away so safely."

"I hope it's found, for the girl's sake," said Marvin pessimistically. "At least it's a nice thing to look forward to."

When he was gone with his prisoner, Dick showed Nell the sheet of paper he had taken from the robber. He began to read it aloud.

"But that can't mean anything, Dick," she interrupted. "That verse is as old as the hills."

"Never mind how old it is," he insisted. "It contains the secret that Garry was going to tell me on that night. He's hidden it there. Garry wrote this out -and why?"

He read the verse aloud to her, scrutinizing the finely printed characters, trying vainly to see significance in their inevitable variations in size and angle and spacing, baffled by the verse's very familiarity:

Let the wealthy and great roll in splendor and state;
I envy them not, I declare it. I eat my own lamb,
My own chicken and ham, I shear my own fleece and I wear it.
I have lawns, I have bowers, I have trees, I have flowers,
The lark is my morning alarmer. So, my jolly boys, now
Here's God speed the plow. Success and long life to the farmer.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

When you're out to break par . . or 100

MAYBE you are the golfer who hangs his head and tears up his card at any round in the 80's. Or maybe a 99 fills you with pride, well-being and glory. But whether par or 100 is your standard, Burke clubs are equally a help—equally a blessing.

Shafts of Chrome-Molybdenum—steel's toughest alloy—put through three separate temperings to make the famous True-Temper shaft. Vibrationless—reduction offset rings brace the shaft as bridges are braced. Every club perfectly balanced—and each club in a set balanced with every other.

Burke clubs make balls sail farther and straighter. They do subtraction with whatever figure you usually go around in. Your pro or your favorite sporting goods house has or can get Burke clubs for you now.

An enlarged section of the True-Temper steel shaft

Burke

CLUBS • BAGS • BALLS

THE BURKE GOLF CO.
Newark, Ohio

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 22)

Or to that fearful and wonderful bonnet,
Fit mate for his hat?

If in that garb you received adoration,
If you were then as now nearly as sweet,
What would a frock of, say, Paris creation
Have brought to your feet?

Then that poor grandfather; look at his collar,
Stock, and the neck of that terrible coat!
How could he help showing stiffness and dolor
With that round his throat?

Still, youth and beauty are always in fashion;
So, in the 60's for each charming belle,
Dandies and bucks they could get up a passion
That did very well.

Forty years hence—and they soon will be flying,
As they have flown by with you, happy pair—
We shall have some of our grandchildren guying
The clothes that we wear.

—*Kennett Harris.*

All Aboard!

"If you want to get a real thrill, ride with youth." —THOMAS A. EDISON.

I

SPEED is the watchword of youth today,
Speed is the goal and life the stakes;
Down the road and the devil to pay,
Watching the youngster the oldster quakes;
Foot on the throttle and off the brakes,
Heedless of chance of skid or spill
This is the comment Edison makes:
"Ride with youth if you want a thrill!"

II

Harsh and bitter the words we say
Sneering of shebas and sheiks and snakes;
What is it coming to, anyway,
This generation of queens and rakes,
Hip-flask loters and free-love fakes?
Nothing of good and all of ill!
Let's quit croaking, for all our sakes—
Ride with youth if you want a thrill.

III

Yes, we grumble at youth at play,
The risk it runs and the chance it takes,
Letting the future bring what it may,
Making of fortune ducks and drakes.
Grouchily nursing rheumatic aches
We keep on damning the young—and still
Deep in our conscience envy wakes:
Ride with youth if you want a thrill.

ENVOI

Prince, desist from your shrugs and shakes;
Give 'em their fling and pay the bill!
Edison says—and he knows his cakes—
"Ride with youth if you want a thrill."

—*F. Gregory Hartswick.*

Get a new hat with what it *saves* you

Using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of costlier ones, the average saving is $3 per year per person. With this a man may buy a hat, a necktie or two, hosiery and shirts; a woman may purchase stockings, handkerchiefs, cold cream, etc.

Compare this tooth paste to *any* –and judge by results *alone*

YOU see it all around you—the effect of efficiency and mass production . . wonderful motor cars at surprisingly low prices . . . household appliances now costing half what they used to.

Such a tendency was bound to extend to the tooth paste field.

That is why, today, we can offer you a first-class dentifrice—at *25c for a large tube.* It is called Listerine Tooth Paste.

Large tube 25c

In our opinion, after fifty years of study of tooth and mouth troubles, it is the ideal tooth paste for all types of teeth.

In addition to certain ingredients for the proper care of teeth, mouth and gums, it contains a marvelous new polishing agent, which reduces brushing to a minimum . . . the speediest dentifrice known.

In the past six months, thousands have switched to Listerine Tooth Paste. Having proved that it cleans teeth whiter and in quicker time, they have discarded older dentifrices costing sometimes twice as much. They apply the saving to buying things they want.

We urge you to try this new dentifrice. Obtainable from any druggist. If you are not delighted with its results and its economy you will be the exception. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

WORLD'S LARGEST GROWERS AND CANNERS OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

Grown by Dole— *perfectly*

IT takes a lot of skillful farming to send you perfect pineapple. Nature needs a lot of help from man. And since so much depends on what happens in our gardens, we have made a science of raising pineapple. To *can* perfect fruit we first must *grow* it in our fields.

Only fine soil can produce fine fruit. So we have acquired 38,000 rich and fertile acres—*nearly half* of all the prime pineapple lands in Hawaii.

Into that soil goes none but the choicest planting stock. Of the 30,000,000 young pineapple slips we set out a year, each is hand-trimmed—each hand-planted.

All work and no play is no better for gardens than for boys. So for two years out of every six, each of our thousands of acres gets a vacation. Renourished, rested lands make sweeter "pines."

Does such care pay? It does. But more important, it has perfected an exquisite tropical flavor. And for 27 years that perfection has been the constant aim of James D. Dole, founder of the Hawaiian Pineapple Company.

Canned by Dole— *perfectly*

IT takes a lot of clever housekeeping to send you perfect pineapple. It takes a most amazing kitchen, too. When you have finally perfected an exquisite flavor—then only half your job is done. The trick is to lock that flavor into the gleaming tins.

That calls for speed—lightning speed. Just 28 minutes after the fresh fruit is peeled, its plant-ripened flavor has been captured and locked away.

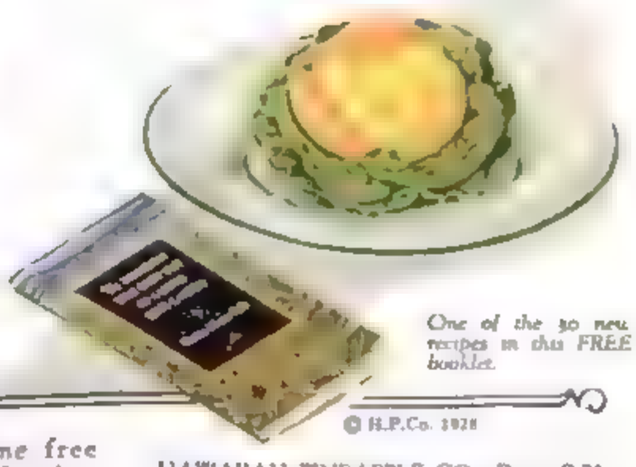
But speed isn't all. Thoroughness is all-important. Again and again the pineapple is examined before it reaches the cans—four exacting inspections let none but fine fruit pass.

And not content with that, we open can after can—test the contents for syrup and color, for sweetness and uniformity of fruit. Yes, we even taste the fruit to be certain *all* of its goodness is being imprisoned for you.

Into our sunny cannery has gone everything science can contribute—everything money can buy. James D. Dole, head of the Hawaiian Pineapple Company, will spare no pains to put quality into the cans.

"Success in pineapple dates from the day 'Jim' Dole went into it," as they say in the Hawaiian Islands. Now, pineapple is one of the two great industries of the islands. The problems of pineapple culture, labor, transportation, packing, financing and selling have been lessened under his leadership.

DOLE



One of the 30 new recipes in this FREE booklet.

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SEND me free "The Kingdom That Grew Out of a Little Boy's Garden," with its story of James D. Dole and the 30 delightful new Hawaiian Pineapple Recipes.

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE CO., Dept. S-78
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THE RIVER GOD

(Continued from Page 13)

plans, which included a very glorious hour which should be spent untangling and wrapping up in neat squares of paper my new treasures.

"I suppose he knows best what he wants to do," she said.

So it came about that I was left alone and betook myself to a sheltered spot behind a rock where all the delicious disorder was remedied and I could take stock of what was mine.

I am sure there were at least six casts all set up with flies, and ever so many loose flies and one great stout, tapered cast, with a salmon fly upon it, that was so rich in splendor that I doubted if my benefactor could really have known that it was there.

I felt almost guilty at owning so much, and not until I had done full justice to everything did I fasten a new cast to my line and go a-fishing.

There is a lot said and written about beginner's luck, but none of it came my way. Indeed, I spent most of the morning extricating my line from the most fearsome tangles. I had no skill in throwing a cast with two droppers upon it and I found it was an art not to be learned in a minute. Then, from overeagerness, I was too snappy with my back cast, whereby, before many minutes had gone, I heard that warning crack behind me that betokens the loss of a tail fly. I must have spent half an hour searching the meadow for that lost fly and finding it not. Which is not strange, for I wonder has any fisherman ever found that lost fly. The reeds, the buttercups and the little people with many legs who run in the wet grass conspire together to keep the secret of its hiding place. I gave up at last, and with a feeling of shame that was only proper, I invested a new fly on the point of my cast and set to work again, but more warily.

In that hard racing water a good strain was put upon my rod, and before the morning was out it was creaking at the joints in a way that kept my heart continually in my mouth. It is the duty of a rod to work with a single smooth action and by no means to divide its performance into three sections of activity. It is a hard task for any angler to persuade his line austerely if his rod behaves thus.

When, at last, my father strolled up the river bank, walking, to his shame, much nearer the water than a good fisherman should, my nerves were jumpy from apprehension.

"Come along. Food's ready. Done any good?" said he.

Again it was to his discredit that he put food before sport, but I told him I had had a wonderful morning, and he was glad.

"What do you want to do this afternoon, old man?" he asked.

"Fish," I said.

"But you can't always fish," he said.

I told him I could, and I was right and have proved it for thirty years and more.

"Well, well," he said, "please yourself, but isn't it dull not catching anything?"

And I said, as I've said a thousand times since, "As if it could be."

So that afternoon I went downstream instead of up, and found myself in difficult country where the river boiled between the narrows of two hills. Stunted oaks overhung the water and great bowlders opposed its flow. Presently I came to a sort of natural flight of steps—a pool and a cascade three times repeated—and there, watching the maniac fury of the waters in awe and wonderment, I saw the most stirring sight in my young life. I saw a silver salmon leap superbly from the caldron below into the pool above. And I saw another and another salmon do likewise. And I wonder the eyes of me did not fall out of my head.

I cannot say how long I stayed watching that gallant pageant of leaping fish—in ecstasy there is no measurement of time—but at last it came upon me that all the salmon in the sea were careering past me and that if I were to realize my soul's desire I must hasten to the pool below before the last of them had gone by.

It was a mad adventure, for until I had discovered that stout cast, with the gaudy fly attached in the tin box, I had given no thought to such noble quarry. My recent possessions had put ideas into my head above my station and beyond my powers. Failure, however, means little to the young, and, walking fast, yet gingerly, for fear of breaking my rod top against a tree, I followed the path downstream until I came to a great basin of water into which, through a narrow throat, the river thundered like a storm.

At the head of the pool was a plate of rock scored by the nails of fishermen's boots, and here I sat me down to wait while the salmon cast, removed from its wrapper, was allowed to soak and soften in a puddle left by the rain.

And while I waited a salmon rolled not ten yards from where I sat. Head and tail, up and down he went, a great monster of a fish, sporting and deriding me.

With that performance so near at hand, I have often wondered how I was able to control my fingers well enough to tie a figure-eight knot between the line and the cast. But I did, and I'm proud to be able to record it. Your true-born angler does not go blindly to work until he has first satisfied his conscience. There is a pride, in knots, of which the laity knows nothing, and if, through neglect to tie them rightly, failure and loss should result pride may not be restored nor conscience salved by the plea of eagerness. With my trembling fingers I bent the knot and, with a pummeling heart, launched the line into the broken water at the throat of the pool.

At first the mere tug of the water against that large fly was so thrilling to me that it was hard to believe that I had not hooked a whale. The trembling line swung round in a wide arc into a calm eddy below where I stood. Before casting afresh I shot a glance over my shoulder to assure myself there was no limb of a tree behind me to foul the fly. And this was a gallant cast, true and straight, with a couple of yards more length than its predecessor, and a wider radius. Instinctively I knew, as if the surface had been marked with an X where the salmon had risen, that my fly must pass right over the spot. As it swung by, my nerves were strained like piano wires. I think I knew that something tremendous, impossible, terrifying, was going to happen. The sense, the certitude was so strong in me that I half opened my mouth to shout a warning to the monster, not to.

I must have felt very, very young in that moment. I, who that same day had been talked to as a man by a man among men. The years were stripped from me and I was what I was—ten years old and appalled. And then, with the suddenness of a rocket, it happened. The water was cut into a swathe. I remember a silver loop bearing downward—a bright, shining, vanishing thing like the bobbin of my mother's sewing machine—and a tug. I shall never forget the viciousness of that tug. I had my fingers tight upon the line, so I got the full force of it. To counteract a tendency to go headfirst into the spinning water below, I threw myself backward and sat down on the hard rock with a jar that shut my teeth on my tongue—like the jaws of a trap.

Luckily I had let the rod go out straight with the line, else it must have snapped in the first frenzy of the downstream rush. Little ass that I was, I tried to check the speeding line with my forefinger, with the result that it cut and burnt me to the bone. There wasn't above twenty yards of line in the reel, and the wretched contrivance was trying to be rid of the line even faster than the fish was wrenching it out. Heaven knows why it didn't snarl, for great loops and whorls were whirling, like Catherine wheels, under my wrist. An instant's glance revealed the terrifying fact that there were not more than half a dozen yards left on the reel and the fish showed no sign of abating his rush. With the realization of impending and inevitable catastrophe upon me, I launched a yell for help, which, rising above the roar of the waters, went echoing down the gorge.

And then, to add to my terrors, the salmon leaped—a swinging leap like a silver arch appearing and instantly disappearing upon the broken surface. So mighty, so all-powerful he seemed in that sublime moment that I lost all sense of reason and raised the rod, with a sudden jerk, above my head.

I have often wondered, had the rod actually been the two-guinea rod my imagination claimed for it, whether it could have withstood the strain thus violently and unreasonably imposed upon it. The wretched thing that I held so grimly never even put up a fight. It snapped at the ferrule of the lower joint and plunged like a toboggan down the slanting line, to vanish into the black depths of the water.

My horror at this calamity was so profound that I was lost even to the consciousness that the last of my line had run out. A couple of vicious tugs advised me of this awful truth. Then, snap! The line parted at the reel, flickered out through the rings and was gone. I was left with nothing but the butt of a broken rod in my hand and an agony of mind that even now I cannot recall without emotion.

I am not ashamed to confess that I cried. I lay down on the rock, with my cheek in the puddle where I had soaked the cast, and plenished it with my tears. For what had the future left for me but a cut and burning finger, a badly bumped behind, the single joint of a broken rod and no faith in uncles? How long I lay there weeping I do not know. Ages, perhaps, or minutes, or seconds.

I was roused by a rough hand on my shoulder and a kindly voice demanding, "Hurt yourself, Ike Walton?"

Blinking away my tears, I pointed at my broken rod with a bleeding forefinger.

"Come! This is bad luck," said my colonel, his face grave as a stone. "How did it happen?"

"I c-caught a s-salmon."

"You what?" said he.

"I d-did," I said.

He looked at me long and earnestly; then, taking my injured hand, he looked at that and nodded.

"The poor groundlings who can find no better use for a river than something to put a bridge over think all fishermen are liars," said he. "But we know better, eh? By the bumps and breaks and cuts I'd say you made a plucky fight against heavy odds. Let's hear all about it."

So, with his arm round my shoulders and his great shaggy head near to mine, I told him all about it.

At the end he gave me a mighty and comforting squeeze, and he said, "The loss of one's first big fish is the heaviest loss I know. One feels, whatever happens, one'll never ——" He stopped and pointed dramatically. "There it goes—see! Down there at the tail of the pool!"

In the broken water where the pool emptied itself into the shallows beyond, I saw the top joints of my rod dancing on the surface.

"Come on!" he shouted, and gripping my hand, jerked me to my feet. "Scatter your legs! There's just a chance!"

Dragging me after him, we raced along by the river path to the end of the pool, where, on a narrow promontory of grass, his enormous salmon rod was lying.

"Now," he said, picking it up and making the line whistle to and fro in the air with sublime authority, "keep your eyes skinned on those shallows for another glimpse of it."

A second later I was shouting, "There! There!"

A patented cap on the Firefly Lighter seals in the fluid and vapor. That means nearly three times more lights from one filling than you can get from any other lighter.

Because the sparking wheel is permanently covered, you cannot smudge or scar your thumb. There is no simpler, surer lighter in the market. A Firefly always works.

Clark the Jeweler makes the Firefly, which sells at $4.50, and other Clark Lighters for which you can pay $450 and more. So the Firefly is a precise article, well-finished and worthy as a gift to your best friend. See them in your local shops or write for descriptive circular.

CLARK LIGHTER CO., Inc.
580 Fifth Avenue New York

FIREFLY
A CLARK LIGHTER

He must have seen the rod point at the same moment, for his line flowed out and the big fly hit the water with a plop not a couple of feet from the spot.

He let it ride on the current, playing it with a sensitive touch like the brushwork of an artist.

"Half a jiffy!" he exclaimed at last. "Wait! Yes, I think so. Cut down to that rock and see if I haven't fished up the line."

I needed no second invitation, and presently was yelling, "Yes—yes, you have!"

"Stretch yourself out then and collar hold of it"

With the most exquisite care he navigated the line to where I lay stretched upon the rock. Then:

"Right you are! Good lad! I'm coming down."

Considering his age, he leaped the rocks like a chamois.

"Now," he said, and took the wet line delicately between his forefinger and thumb. One end trailed limply downstream, but the other end seemed anchored in the big pool where I had had my unequal and disastrous contest.

Looking into his face, I saw a sudden light of excitement dancing in his eyes.

"Odd," he muttered, "but not impossible."

"What isn't?" I asked breathlessly.

"Well, it looks to me as if the top joints of that rod of yours have gone downstream."

Gingerly he pulled up the line, and presently an end with a broken knot appeared.

"The reel knot, eh?" I nodded gloomily. "Then we lose the rod," said he. That wasn't very heartening news. "On the other hand, it's just possible the fish is still on—sulking."

"Oo!" I exclaimed.

"Now, steady does it," he warned, "and give me my rod."

Taking a pair of clippers from his pocket, he cut his own line just above the cast.

"Can you tie a knot?" he asked.

"Yes," I nodded.

"Come on, then; bend your line onto mine. Quick as lightning."

Under his critical eye, I joined the two lines with a blood knot. "I guessed you were a fisherman," he said, nodded approvingly and clipped off the ends. "And now to know the best or the worst."

I shall never forget the music of that check reel or the suspense with which I watched as, with the butt of the rod bearing against the hollow of his thigh, he steadily wound up the wet slack line. Every instant I expected it to come drifting downstream, but it didn't. Presently it rose in a tight slant from the pool above.

"Snagged, I'm afraid," he said, and worked the rod with an easy straining motion to and fro. "Yes, I'm afraid—no, by Lord Bobs, he's on!"

I think it was only right and proper that I should have launched a yell of triumph as, with the spoken word, the point at which the line cut the water shifted magically from the left side of the pool to the right.

"And a fish too," said he.

In the fifteen minutes that followed, I must have experienced every known form of terror and delight.

"Youngster," said he, "you should be doing this, by rights, but I'm afraid the rod's a bit above your weight."

"Oh, go on and catch him," I pleaded.

"And so I will," he promised; "unship the gaff, young un, and stand by to use it, and if you break the cast we'll never speak to each other again, and that's a bet."

But I didn't break the cast. The noble, courageous, indomitable example of my river god had lent me skill and precision beyond my years. When at long last a weary, beaten, silver monster rolled within reach of my arm into a shallow eddy, the steel gaff shot out fair and true, and sank home.

And then I was lying on the grass, with my arms round a salmon that weighed twenty-two pounds on the scale and contained every sort of happiness known to a boy.

And best of all, my river god shook hands with me and called me "partner."

That evening the salmon was placed upon the blue ashet in the hall, bearing a little card with its weight and my name upon it.

And I am afraid I sat on a chair facing it, for ever so long, so that I could hear what the other anglers had to say as they passed by. I was sitting there when my colonel put his head out of his private sitting room and beckoned me to come in.

"A true fisherman lives in the future, not the past, old man," said he; "though, for this once, it 'ud be a shame to reproach you."

I suppose I colored guiltily—at any rate, I hope so.

"We got the fish," said he, "but we lost the rod, and the future without a rod doesn't bear thinking of. Now"—and he pointed at a long wooden box on the floor, that overflowed with rods of different sorts and sizes—"rummage among those. Take your time and see if you can find anything to suit you."

"But do you mean—can I ——"

"We're partners, aren't we? And p'r'aps as such you'd rather we went through our stock together."

"Oo, sir," I said.

"Here, quit that," he ordered gruffly. "By Lord Bobs, if a show like this afternoon's don't deserve a medal, what does? Now, here's a handy piece by Hardy—a light and useful tool—or if you fancy greenheart in preference to split bamboo ——"

I have the rod to this day, and I count it among my dearest treasures. And to this day I have a flick of the wrist that was his legacy. I have, too, some small skill in dressing flies, the elements of which were learned in his company by candlelight after the day's work was over. And I have countless memories of that month-long, month-short friendship—the closest and most perfect friendship, perhaps, of all my life.

He came to the station and saw me off How I vividly remember his shaggy head at the window, with the whiskered cheeks and the gunpowder marks at the corners of his eyes! I didn't cry, although I wanted to awfully. We were partners and shook hands. I never saw him again, although on my birthdays I would have colored cards from him, with Irish, Scotch, Norwegian postmarks. Very brief they were: "Water very low." "Took a good fish last Thursday." "Been prawning, but don't like it."

Sometimes at Christmas I had gifts—a reel, a tapered line, a fly book. But I never saw him again.

Came at last no more post cards or gifts, but in the Fishing Gazette, of which I was a religious reader, was an obituary telling how one of the last of the Mutiny veterans had joined the great majority. It seems he had been fishing half an hour before he died. He had taken his rod down and passed out. They had buried him at Totnes, overlooking the River Dart.

So he was no more—my river god—and what was left of him they had put into a box and buried it in the earth.

But that isn't true; nor is it true that I never saw him again. For I seldom go a-fishing but that I meet him on the river banks.

The banks of a river are frequented by a strange company and are full of mysterious and murmurous sounds—the cluck and laughter of water, the piping of birds, the hum of insects and the whispering of wind in the willows. What should prevent a man in such a place having a word and speech with another who is not there? So much of fishing lies in imagination, and mine needs little stretching to give my river god a living form.

"With this ripple," says he, "you should do well."

"And what's it to be," say I—"Blue Upright, Red Spinner? What's your fancy, sir?"

Spirits never grow old. He has begun to take an interest in dry-fly methods—that river god of mine, with his seven-league boots, his shaggy head and the gaff across his back.

THE surge of a summer sea looks no cooler than the blue serge of Middishade. A deep blue—yet a blue with all the rich color of sunlit waters.

Styled by specialists working in a single color, a Middishade Blue Serge Suit serves as admirably on a vacation trip as it does on drearier days when duty ties you to town. And your Middishade coat with white flannel trousers makes an extra suit—without excess luggage. A style for every taste, a size for every figure—in plain blue, stripe or unfinished.

If you don't know where fadeproof, guaranteed Middishade Blue Serge Suits make their home in your town—write us and we'll tell you.

THE MIDDISHADE CO., INC., Philadelphia

"Sergical Specialists—operating on blue serge suits only"

Fadeproof
MIDDISHADE
The specialized blue serge suit

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Now...White Owls reach you in perfect condition

If you're a ten cent smoker, try a foil-wrapped White Owl. We believe it compares most favorably with ten cent cigars.

All cigar smokers prefer a fresh cigar with clean, unbroken wrapper. White Owls are now *foil-wrapped* to reach you in perfect condition. They are factory-fresh the day you smoke them.

White Owl - 3 *for* 20¢

OVER TWO BILLION (2,000,000,000) SOLD

Smartness that catches the eye on any beach

A SMARTLY clad figure strolls down the beach . . . Eyes turn, admiringly . . . What is the secret of her becoming attire? First and foremost, she wears a Jantzen . . . that perfect-fitting suit which combines smart appearance with freedom for swimming.

And then, she's chosen her colors, oh so carefully! Her Jantzen's an alluring pastel blue (she's blonde!) . . . Her beach robe, cap and shoes all harmonize . . . Perfect color harmony is the secret!

You, too, can have this individuality in your swimming attire. The key for every type . . . blonde, brunette, whatever yours may be . . . is in the "*Jantzen Color Harmony Guide!*"

* * *

Tightly knitted from long-fibred wool by the Jantzen-stitch process, a Jantzen graces your body lightly, comfortably, smoothly . . . *without a wrinkle*. And because of this flexibility of material, a Jantzen *retains* its shape permanently.

See the models now on display at leading stores here and abroad. Ask for free booklet or send for copy. Solid colors, bright hues, distinctive stripings . . . Color-fast; being literally *dyed-in-the-wool*. Jantzen Knitting Mills of Canada, Ltd., Vancouver, Canada.

Jantzen

The suit that changed bathing to swimming

MIMOSA GLANCES

(Continued from Page 7)

"What in the world ——" exclaimed Emily.

"That," replied the duke, "is doubtless my grandson Viciana, who grows impatient to see his future bride. He is of so musical a nature that he has had a *fonógrafo* arranged to fit his automobile, which is never silent. Love on wings, you observe, and singing as he flies." Don Jaime always spoke rather dryly of his second heir.

Emily found herself somewhat intrigued by the thought of this son of all the Spains, come so impetuously a-courting across the historic battleground of his people, of Cid and Don Quixote, of Goth and Vandal and Saracen and Roman legion, to the running accompaniment of mammy songs and blues out of Broadway.

A racing car of distinguished appearance shortly drew up at the gates, out of which leaped a loose lean young figure of the type known among the negroes of Emily's Kentucky childhood as "shackly." Bette took one shy look at him and her trepidation vanished. Here was just a boy like other boys, like her brother Nacio, like the gangling youths of her own village—all ears and feet and a sort of jerky jauntiness, as if he moved perpetually to inaudible rhythms of jazz. She drew a deep breath of relief. The Marqués de Viciana was, so to speak, her oyster.

He had brought, he told them with bashful confidence, some records especially ordered straight out of America, which he felt their guests should not wait longer to hear. As for the journey from Madrid and back again—what was that? *Nada*—a mere thousand kilometers or so. And Miguel, his man, had kept the *fonógrafo* going all the way. Was it true that El Macho himself was there selecting bulls for next week's *corrida?* His eager eye lit on the matador and he blushed with pleasure. And Señor Urruty, too, the great *pelotari*—what a day for the house of Canellos!

There was something disarming, even appealing, about the ingenuous youth, whose extreme blondness—that almost entire lack of pigmentation not unusual among people of dark blood—gave him a newborn, unfinished appearance well calculated to appeal to maternal instincts. Half an hour after his arrival he and Bette were jiggling companionably up and down together in the intricacies of the modern dance, while the traveling phonograph blared patiently:

Why should a sheik
Learn how to speak
Latin and Greek
Ba-adly?
Give him a neat
Model complete—
Say it with feet
Gla-adly!

"What," Madame Urruty asked later of her grandson and his wife, rather doubtfully, "do you think of this one?" The experience with the duke's older heir had somewhat shaken her reliance upon her own judgment.

Esteban shrugged noncommittally. Emily hesitated. Young Viciana did not appear to be exactly a virile specimen, she suggested, particularly against their present background of bulls and gypsies and the Spanish *sega*. He bit his finger nails, and talked too much. But his manners were otherwise rather ingratiating.

"Um-m," said the old woman musingly. "However, one is reminded that Esteban's little mother was also of delicate appearance, and yet bore our Pedro two as fine sons as any of my own. While you yourself, Emily ——" She followed out her usual line of thought to completion. "It is a strong stock, the Urruty; we can afford a graft or two of less vigorous growth."

On the way to Madrid they had an unexpected encounter. Their motor, musically attended by the racing car, followed a road beside the troglodyte gypsy settlement along the Tagus, less temporary than the usual gypsy encampment; the cave dwellings prosperously whitewashed, with flowers growing in the dooryards, and some very good horses in the corral behind a row of empty tilt carts, ready for the next wandering. But even here was the omnipresent shadow of the arena, the sinister note of Spain. Copper-colored children who swarmed about in their gay rags of clothing were playing bullfight, little boys charging one another with fingers curved at forehead to represent horns, or lifted high in air like *banderillas*, while others did valiant cape work with newspapers. Occasionally one fell over writhing, in realistic pretense of having received the coveted yet dreaded *cogida*.

Madame Urruty touched Esteban's shoulder and said in a low voice, "Look, my son! Is not that Matteo, who comes sometimes to our valleys?"

A picturesque old *rom*, with white hair curling from under his head handkerchief and large gold rings in his ears, leaned in the doorway of one of the caves.

Esteban leaped out of the car. "It is certainly Matteo, for whom I have long been looking!" He strode up to the old man. "Where is that sorrel horse which is missing from our pastures?" he demanded.

The gypsy became suddenly very deaf, cupped his hand about his ear. "Hei? My gorgio brother comes to buy a horse of us—a sorrel horse?"

"Do not call me brother," said the Basque shortly. "And you know very well I do not buy my horses from thieves. What have you done with the old sorrel? Come!" His hand clenched so threateningly that his grandmother called a word of warning from the car.

"Steban! *Regards-toi donc!*"

Matteo blinked at him stupidly. "Hei? The gentleman has the misfortune to lose a horse and thinks it may by chance have wandered to our corral?"

"Not by chance, no," said Esteban.

The old man made a gesture not lacking in dignity. "There are my horses. Look for yourself, *señor*," he said, indicating the corral.

Esteban put a finger to his lips and whistled, a long modulated call to which any horse on the Urruty pastures would have come galloping. But the animals near the tilt carts went on grazing without lifting a head.

"Not there!" muttered Esteban, disappointed. He had great affection for his horses, particularly for the stolen one, the Tarasque, upon which his little sisters and brothers and his own children had learned to ride.

Matteo smiled maliciously, seeming to forget that he was deaf. "Not there, truly! If the Romany select a horse, brother, it will not be one which is spavined and short of breath, with gums in place of teeth!"

Esteban said grimly, "I see you know very well what horse I mean! *Alors*, Matteo, you have been warned before not to come again to our valleys. I warn you once more. It will not be good for you. And do not again call me brother."

The old man's sly chuckle followed him. "Yet is it not strange that the fine Basque gentleman summons his horse, like a poor *gitano*, by whistling? Hei, my gorgio?"

Bette was scolding her brother for failing to heed their grandmother's old warning never to anger a gypsy, when she paused in the middle of a word. From the interior of the cave house came a sound they had heard before, at Toledo—the poignant, unforgettable whisper of a violin, touched by a master's hand. Bette stiffened under it, did not look; but Emily turned, to see the same dark-browed swarthy young chal they had seen in Toledo, in silver-buttoned coat and gay head handkerchief, violin at chin, staring out at them with inscrutable gypsy eyes; and she had suddenly the uneasy impression that Bette was not surprised, had known all along that he was there. How often, in this strange remote solitude of the *vega*, might the sensitive girl have come under the spell of this disturbing music? She recalled with dismay Bette's long absences with their host when he rode about inspecting his cattle.

The gypsy stopped playing and began to sing, plucking at his fiddle like a guitar. It was a soft and mournful murmur of a voice, very different from the metallic *jondo* singing of the plains, yet somehow mocking. He sang:

"*By Allah, I fear not death;*
My only fear is
That I shall die
And not see her tomorrow."

"Ha!" exclaimed the duke, who had been reluctantly persuaded to travel with them for once by automobile. "That is a stanza from the Moorish of Ibn al-Arabi! Where will these fellows be stealing next?" He stared back curiously. "I do not know that boy."

Emily was relieved when the noise of Anatole's starting motor drowned their last serenade out of Castile.

Neither the exotic charm of the duke's happiness garden in Toledo nor the sportsmanlike simplicity of his *ganaderia* prepared his guests for the rather oppressive luxury of the Canellos palace in Madrid. Its size did away obviously with the impropriety of permitting an engaged couple to remain under the same roof together, since an entire wing had been put at his guests' disposal, while Don Jaime and his grandson occupied another wing—practically another house—separated by the full length of the main building, which contained salons and a ballroom for formal entertaining. Emily smiled over her earlier conception of the Canellos family as impoverished hidalgos, glad enough of a substantial Basque marriage dower.

The magnificence of the famous Canellos collections of ancient pottery and jets and enamels, tapestries and paintings by Zurbarán and Valdes Leal and Murillo, had upon young Bette a distinctly sobering influence.

"So many things to be dusted, *n'est-ce pas?*" she remarked to her companion, José-Maria; who agreed with her that it was all rather stuffy and uninteresting.

They were being led about on a tour of inspection by a major-domo in impressive livery and an anxious, harried spinster whom Don Jaime had introduced to them upon their arrival as "our dear Cousin Devoçion, who has forsworn the pleasures of matrimony in order to minister to our poor male comfort."

The young people, by mutual consent, lingered behind; it was their first real opportunity to talk with each other.

"Aw'fly jolly being alone with a girl like this!" confided José-Maria in English; Don Jaime having paid his queen the compliment, frequent among Spanish families, of providing his grandsons with an English tutor. "I've never before been allowed to know any Americans."

"But I," Bette corrected him, "am not American! That is my sister-in-law, Don José-Maria."

"It is almost the same thing, to have been brought up so freely—no duenna, permitted to dance with men not your brothers, to go to the public theaters. You see, I know all about you, Señorita Bette! And you must call me 'Pépe.' All my intimates call me 'Pépe.'"

"But why have you not been allowed to know Americans?"

"For fear," said the *marqués* artlessly, "that I might wish to marry one. They're aw'fly dangerous, you know; and fast—*ay de Dios!* You should hear some of my friends talk, who have seen them at Biarritz and the Lido! But perhaps you are fast yourself?" he added hopefully.

(Continued on Page 75)

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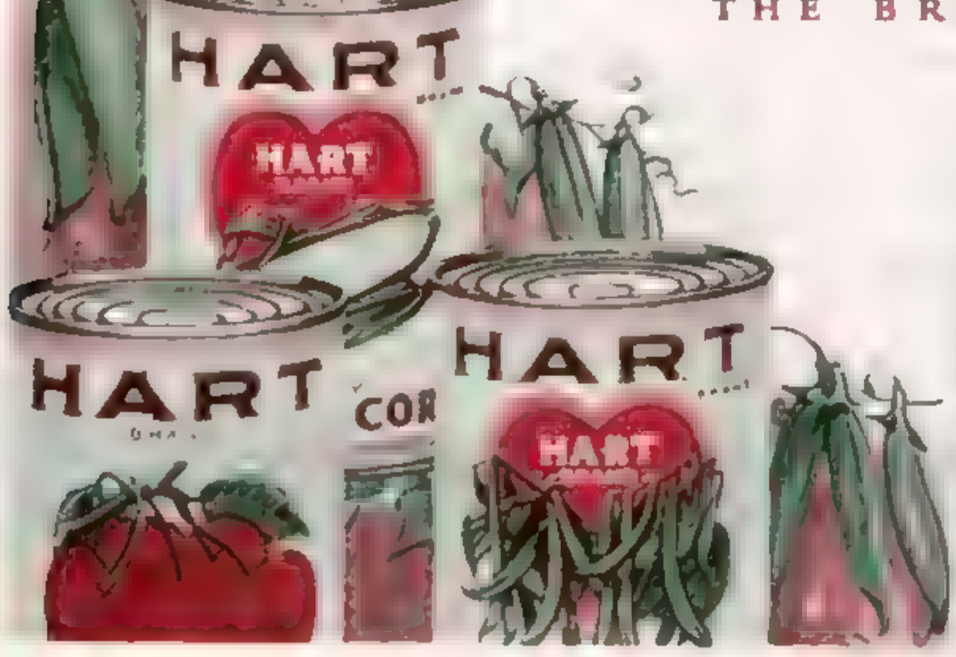

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Bette was not quite sure what he meant. "I can run," was her modest admission. "And my brother Nacio says I play as fast a tennis as many boys."

Pépe pouted at her. "Now you're pulling my leg," he said, to Bette's further mystification. "I'll wager," he whispered suddenly, a wary eye on the elders ahead, "that you like kissing as well as the next one!"

She gave him a shy glance out of the corner of her eye—a true mimosa glance, as she at once realized. "Oh, yes, I like kissing very much; especially children. You should see how sweetly our babies at home kiss, with the mouth wide open, like hungry small birds!"

He caught at her hand. "Stop spoofing me," he muttered. "Wait till they turn the corner to look at the Murillo. I mean to see for myself!"

Bette instinctively drew away from him, though pleased and rather flattered. Undoubtedly mimosa glances were not without effect, even when unconsciously applied.

"You wish to kiss me, Don Pépe?" she inquired with interest; but forgot instructions sufficiently to give him the full candor of her eyes—that frank, direct look which, according to Mr. Weldon, should be reserved for relations of a purely platonic nature.

The boy's ardor suddenly cooled. "Not now," he muttered. "The Ancients would be sure to catch us at it." He referred thus disrespectfully to his grandfather and Doña Devoçion. "I say, slip away from your people, will you, and come down to the red drawing-room a bit before dinner? Promise now! I've something to show you. Promise?" he insisted eagerly.

Bette promised, laughing. How like Nacio, how like any boy! Always with something wonderful to show—a bird's egg, a new pocketknife, or whistle, or what not!

That night, in the confidential hour of hairbrushing, the girl had certain questions to ask which instinct told her were better asked of the younger woman than of her grandmother.

"Emily," she said thoughtfully, "do you enjoy kissing?"

"That depends," was the cautious answer. "In theory, no; but there are moments, darling ——"

"Ah, moments!" Bette frowned a little. 'But what to so excite oneself about? *Je m'en moque!*"

Emily dissembled her surprise to ask lightly whom Bette had been kissing, and Bette told her.

"There in the drawing-room before you came, and afterward behind the portières, while you looked at pictures. I do not so much mind kissing of the cheek or lips, but on the throat"—she shivered slightly—"it makes such a goose-skin along the spine! Don Pépe says he is mad with love for me, like Esteban for you," she added with some complacence. "But he says it is customary for fiancés to act like that whenever they can be alone together; and Emily—I do not wish always to act like that! Is it necessary?"

"It is not," said the other succinctly. "Viciana is not conducting himself according to *modo correcto*, as he well knows. I think I must speak to Esteban about this, dear."

"Ah, no, no!" protested Bette, flushing. "It is secrets I am telling you, *belle-sœur*—not for men. Besides, if I am to marry Don Pépe I shall have to accustom myself to being kissed, shall I not?"

"Yes," said Emily, "if ——! Are you sure you want to marry him, darling? Goose flesh is rather indicative, I am afraid. The *madre* won't make you marry anyone you don't like."

"Ah, no, that she could not do!" said the girl simply. "But I like Don Pépe very much, when he does not kiss, and I should not care to disappoint gran'mère a second time. Nor *monsieur le duc*. What is a little goose skin, truly? Yes, we shall marry as soon as possible. You see, I have already promised Don Jaime, who says he cannot manage without me any longer. He says he has been waiting for me all his life!"

"Where," murmured Emily, laughing, "have I heard those words before? Why not marry Don Jaime himself and be a duchess after all?"

"To marry Pépe will be the same," replied the girl, quite seriously. "We shall live all together, and I shall help *monsieur le duc* with his affairs. Doña Devoçion," she added confidentially, "is not too good with the ménage, he tells me—there is waste in the kitchens. And Pépe is less robust than he should be—a boy of his age. As soon as we have married"—a look of protective tenderness made her face rather lovely—"I shall take Pépe home to the *elcheonda*, where gran'mère and I will know how to fatten him with cow's milk and pullet's eggs and much living in the sun—you will see!"

Emily groaned; what was to be done with such a persistent complex as this? She made one final effort.

"Bette," she said, greatly daring, "you would not have married the other grandson to be a mother to him, I think?"

Bette's features turned into the mask all Basque faces become on occasion. "Don Maximo was fortunate in all things, Emily"—she spoke low, as if he were dead—"and fortunate young men have less need of such as me. It is so pleasant to be needed, *n'cest-ce pas?*"

Emily gave her up.

In the interests of better acquaintance with the youth, however, she persuaded Esteban to accept Pépe's eager invitation to show him a little of the night life of Madrid. All boys were proud to be seen abroad in the company of the great *pelotari*.

"Though it is not New York, *señor*," he admitted deprecatingly, "we do what we can. At least it will be more amusing than to hear music with the ladies at the Teatro Real!" Which was his grandfather's entertainment for the evening. Music to Pépe consisted only of such sounds as he was able to extract from the patient *fonografa*.

Esteban suggested that his wife accompany them. "Emily is quite a connoisseur of night life, being American," he remarked, with a husbandly grin in her direction.

The boy's face fell. "But, Don Esteban, there are places which are not quite suitable for ladies—even American ones!"

"All the more reason," said the Basque blandly, "that my wife accompany us, to protect our virtue."

Pépe was obliged to accede with as good a grace as possible. Emily put it to his credit that at least he had not so far discovered the superior possibilities of married companionship over that of girls; to young Viciana, the wife of Esteban, being such, was a feminine quantity as negligible as Esteban's grandmother.

Nor were his activities as man about town of a very desperate nature.

They had an *apéritif* in one of the innumerable cafés which line the Calle de Alcala, where a man may keep possession of his chair on the pavement all afternoon and evening for the price of a single glass of *manzanilla*, or even of an *azucarilla*, that innocuous fluff of white sugar which the abstemious Spaniards frequently stir into their water and drink with much content.

They dined at the odd little restaurant Botin, famous for its cult of roast pork, the window full of corpses of young pigs in singularly infantile attitudes, gruesomely suggesting Bible illustrations of Herod's slaughter of the Innocents. They also drank a heady wine of the people, of which Pépe had too much and became less amiable, entering into altercations with people. They heard him in the next room, his voice high and fretful, urging somebody to go away.

"I won't have it, I say! Following me about like a bally wet nurse! I told you I would not require you this evening! Go away! Go away at once!"

"But señor Don Pépe"—they recognized the obsequious voice of Miguel, Viciana's servant, as faithful an attendant on the boy as Pascual was upon his grandfather—"it was *el señor duque* who bade me follow, and the señora Doña Devoçion has sent your cape, since the *terral* begins to blow."

Pépe's voice rose, querulous:

"*Caspita!* Am I a child? Take it back! Take it back at once, and your ugly old face with it!"

"Do not excite yourself, Señor Pepito *mio*," murmured the other voice, patiently and soothingly. "No one knows I am here."

"Oh, well, give it me, then, but I won't wear the cursed thing! And now go, Miguel!" The boy stamped his foot. "You hear me? I said go! Will you go?"

"No, señor Don Pépe. Your grandfather ——"

Esteban came to the rescue, grinning. "Come, let your servant stay, Viciana," he said carelessly. "We'll find him useful enough getting cabs and carrying what my wife buys."

"*Muchas gracias, señor*," murmured the man in a grateful undertone.

They finished the evening at a rather grubby little cabaret where a number of young women were dancing and larking with one another as merrily as at a girls' school, until the entrance of the *marqués'* party, when the merriment became somewhat professional.

"You must not be surprised," warned their host, self-consciously, "if these *gachi* call me Pépe. You see, they know me here."

Frequently the passing dancers sent glances of invitation to Esteban and Pépe, who succeeded in ignoring them, the latter with some difficulty. His eyes shone, his anæmic cheeks flushed feverishly. One minx in a bright orange shawl with a crimson carnation between the lips cast her flower full at the boy, laughing back at him silently over her shoulder. Emily, aware of his taut suspense like that of a young dog straining at a leash, at last had mercy upon him.

"Don't let us keep you from your pretty friends, Pépe," she suggested; and the boy was off with a murmured apology, seizing the girl roughly away from her partner. The two began at once to Charleston with great zeal, and in such complete unison as to suggest frequent practice. Emily and her husband burst out laughing over the naïve performance.

"Say it with feet
Gla-adly!"

she hummed

Pépe did not return to them when the music stopped; the next dance and the next found him still on the floor with one girl or another, jiggling up and down raptly to variations of the Charleston. He had apparently forgotten that he had guests; who presently slipped away, feeling less guilty in the desertion because of the faithful Miguel, whom they had seen peering in at the window curtains.

"And that," said Emily, "that syncopated symptom of the times is to become Bette's *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche!*"

"Her husband," corrected Esteban, without irony. "Why not? They will grow up together, which is very well. I see no great harm in the boy; he seems no worse than others of his age."

"No worse, perhaps—but for our precious Bette? Oh, Esteban!"

He put an arm around her comfortingly. "*Gatchutcha*, if you take so to heart the marriage of the little sister, what will you do when the time comes to find a husband for our baby girl? Marriage," he said gently, "is a woman's business rather than a man's—surely you know that, my heart? It is not the husband who makes of marriage a success. Bette, I think, could make a good marriage out of far less promising material than this young fellow."

It was Doña Devoçion who gave them another slant on her cousin's grandson—that rather embittered old noblewoman with whom Emily had made friends, as she frequently did with neglected spinsters, her inconvenient sympathies engaged by these wistful wallflowers at the dance of life.

"What a pity," said Doña Devoçion the next morning, "that the young *señora*

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should have missed the music at the Teatro Real! The queen herself, one heard, was present."

"You were not there?" asked Emily.

"Ah, no! My cousin does not approve of the ladies of his household appearing often in public places. With the mass and the daily market and occasionally the bullfight, what more can one expect? But you also amused yourselves well, I hope?" she continued with a certain curiosity. "Our Pépe made a good cicerone?"

"I always enjoy dancing," replied Emily evasively.

"So there was dancing! Then I know Pépe was at his best. Which reminds me," she added, looking about carefully and lowering her voice. "There is something of which I have wished to warn the little Doña Bette: She must never cross them."

"Whom?" asked Emily, rather startled.

"Pépe and his grandfather, but most especially Pépe. Always, always, she must give them what they ask; then they will be quite charming. Otherwise, not. You see," said Doña Devoçion hurriedly, "I know them—how should I not know them? Since childhood I have lived in this house. No marriage was arranged for me because the daughter-in-law of my cousin, the boys' mother, was not strong, and I was required here. Especially because of Pépe. You understand, the boy can be amiable as anyone, even lovable, when things please. It is when people cross him that he is—less himself. Like my Cousin Jaime."

Emily said: "I have heard that Spanish men rather go in for violent tempers. They quite pride themselves on temper, do they not?"

"That is their privilege, yes. But not the temper of our Pépe. Even Jaime finds it advisable to humor the poor boy. That is why," she said rather disconnectedly, "there is no little dog in this house, nor a cat, nor even a singing bird; animals sometimes annoy without intention; they have no tact. And Pépe must not be annoyed. Tell the little one that—always to give the boy his will! Recently I saw her refuse him something, I do not know what—to go into another room and dance by the phonograph, I think. He devotes himself greatly to the dance. And she would not. There was, Miguel tells me, a bad night afterward. The boy did not sleep, he broke things. That is not wise. Tell her never to anger Pépe if she marries him. It is not good for Pépe; nor for her. You comprehend me?"

"I think," said the American, frowning, "that what this young man most needs is a good sound spanking!" But his grandfather, she added to herself, was manifestly not the person to give it to him; remembering the duke's own astonishing display of temper over their discovery of the girl Johár.

She went direct to Bette with this hint, which the girl took quite coolly.

"*Mais oui*," she said, "I have noticed. They spoil him, do you see, without quite loving him. Have you not observed how *monsieur le duc* often seems to make a mock of Pépe when he speaks to him? Because he is not strong and handsome like Don Maximo, I think. That is not kind of *monsieur le duc;* it will be different when we marry. I shall be very good for Pépe," she added reassuringly. "He will not have those angers when he is happier. Last night at the music"—she diverted the subject with an aplomb which showed how fast Bette was growing up—"gran'mère told Don Jaime that Pépe and I love, and wish to marry very soon. He was most gratified. He gave me this from his own finger for the *esmeralda* ring of betrothal." She exhibited a magnificent emerald carved with a crest, which Emily had often noted with envy. "And the day after the great bullfight he will receive his friends here to celebrate our *fiançailles*. Are you content?"

"Are you?" demanded Emily, searching her face. "Oh, Bette, darling, don't—don't rush your fences! You know this boy so little. Suppose afterward you find you have made a mistake?"

"But I shall not let it be a mistake," promised the matriarch's grandchild, in quiet confidence. All at once her young reserve melted before the other's loving, anxious gaze, and she spoke what was in her mind: "You see, it is like this: There is in me a weakness, Emily, as I think you know. There at the convent, when we spoke together, as girls do, of what would happen afterward, there were some who confessed the vocation, the wish to become *religieuses;* others of a more worldly nature who said it was nothing to them if they married or not, except for the greater freedom which comes to married women; others still—cowardly ones—who feared marriage because of the children, the pain, the trouble. But me they laughed at, all of them, when I said that if I thought I must spend the rest of life without a husband, a house to manage, babies at the breast, I should wish—I should wish to commit a suicide! You see, *belle-sœur*, I am not quite as other girls."

Emily squeezed her hand. "There are plenty of girls who feel like that, dear, only they haven't the courage to admit it."

"But they are not, perhaps," said Bette earnestly, "so easily satisfied as me. It is a strange thing, Emily! If you say to me that a thing is sad, already, before I know what it is, there are tears in the eyes; if you say to me that there is a joke, why, I am laughing before the joke occurs! And with young men"—she swallowed hard, but did not spare herself—"you have but to tell me that one is handsome, or brave, or perhaps rather sick and sorry, and at once something begins to flutter inside of me like a bird held in the hand. That frightens me. It was so with Don Maximo. It is so—terribly so—if that *gitano* plays on his violin. But it is so, too, when Pépe seems like a pale little nervous boy who has not lived enough in the sun. And once I am married to a husband of my own, with children of my own, I shall be safe. How then could I concern myself with other things?"

"How indeed," said Emily, "being you?" and she kissed the cheek of Esteban's young sister with something very near to reverence.

The time had come when the bullfight could no longer be postponed. Their experiences at the Canellos ranch had served as a measure of preparation, but the grand *corrida* in Madrid's Place of Bulls, in honor of the return to court of their most Christian Majesties of Spain, was bullfighting indeed; and under the most unhappy circumstances for Emily, since the matador El Macho had invited her husband to be a member of his *cuadrilla*, an honor no amateur of the sport could possibly refuse. Esteban was as pleased over it as a child, spent several days beforehand trying on borrowed *torero* costumes resplendent with silver embroideries, though his part in the performance was to be only the humble one of supernumerary.

The matriarch, too, signified the importance of the event by appearing, for the first time since her grandson's wedding, in full Spanish regalia, very stately in an embroidered black shawl, mantilla of priceless lace, jewels at throat and ears which would have attracted attention at the first night of the Metropolitan season in New York. Bette wore its counterpart in white, with crimson carnations filling her tall comb, and the duke could not take his eyes from her.

"We shall have the *niña* painted by Zuloaga at once," he said to Madame Urruty, with an air of proud proprietor. "It will be a portrait fit to hang beside our Zurbaráns and Goyas." And indeed that flattering costume emphasized in the young Basquaise a look of race and distinction which did not unfit her for such great company. The lace shadowed softly eyes of that clear "mixed" color considered in Spain more aristocratic than the velvety black peasant eyes Murillo loved to paint; and her imperturbability was much commended by the old hidalgo, who found the manner of the pretty American sister-in-law slightly too vivacious for public occasions.

Their host had a gift for each of his women guests of a large painted fan, whose uses he delicately explained to them.

"Though many of our ladies enjoy the pleasures of the bullfight—Spanish chivalry could not content itself with a pleasure not shared with your charming sex—their tender sensibilities rebel at the sufferings of the horses. That," he said, "is why you will always find for sale at the *corrida* fans large enough to shield the eyes from what need not be looked upon."

"As if," commented Emily *sotto voce*, "the horrors did not go on just the same on the other side of the fans!"

"They go on just the same," her husband reminded her, "if one remains at home."

In further proof of Spanish chivalry, the duke hastened to add that horses of the female sex were never permitted in the arena, and was surprised that Emily laughed over this creditable sentiment. Yes, he reflected, the pretty American was perhaps a trifle flippant, at times almost mocking in her manner; and the Duke de los Canellos did not like to be mocked. He turned for comfort to young Bette, so grave and sympathetic in behavior; using her fan where necessary, wincing not at all, even when a bull who had no taste for death tried to escape over the *barrera* into their box, amid furious cries of "*Cobards!*—Make the old cow fight!" and sarcastic invitations to the animal to select a seat in the shade. Bette merely smiled at this episode, though all around in the boxes chairs were overturned in flight, and young José-Maria was already halfway up the aisle and going strong when his grandfather called to him sharply.

He returned rather shamefaced. "But *toros* have managed more than once to get over the *barrera*, and that is rather nasty," he said in apology.

"You smoke too many cigarettes, Viciana," commented his grandfather coldly, with tapping foot.

Emily tried to enjoy the magnificence of the spectacle; fifteen thousand people raised to the highest pitch of excitement by the presence of the king and queen; all the women in full regalia, though many had abandoned the grace of the mantilla for Paris fashions. Across the sands of the arena was written large the word: BENEFIZIO.

"Does it mean this affair is to be given in the name of charity?" asked Emily wonderingly.

But assuredly, said the duke with complacence; bullfights were frequently given for the benefit of some such worthy cause as, for example, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Again he wondered why she laughed.

With a flourish of trumpets the grand parade entered the arena, the various *cuadrillas* of bullfighters mincing along with short polite steps like ballet dancers. Esteban was easily distinguishable among them by his free mountain stride and the fact, evident when he waved his cap to Emily, that he wore no pigtail and *chignon*—that traditional badge of the professional, adopted to protect the vulnerable back of the head in hard falls. He was even recognized by many in the crowd who frequented the *pelota* court, and a cry arose: "*Es Urruty! Viva el pelotari!*" Bette beamed with pride at Emily, who tried to smile back jauntily.

"What luck to have been asked to serve in a *cuadrilla!*" sighed Pépe, with an envy apparently sincere.

Bette looked at him. "Surely, with *monsieur le duc* a member of the commission, you can go into the arena when you wish?"

"Ah, but I have not the courage for it. I am not brave like my brother and my grandfather," explained the boy, with rather disarming candor.

"That is because you have not yet attained your full strength, perhaps," said the girl kindly; and Pépe admitted that it might be so.

(Continued on Page 78)

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But if he was not strong enough to participate in the bullfight, his health was certainly no detriment to his enjoyment of it. Emily would have succeeded better in her efforts to regard the occasion as a mere exhibition of manly skill, had it not been for José-Maria's peculiar and outspoken interest in the horses.

"*Plomp!*" he would cry at the sound of a horrid impact. "*Zas!* Got the hook into him that time, eh?"

And the horses were half blindfolded, and their vocal cords cut. It might have been better, thought Emily desperately, if they could scream. . . .

Pépe was as eager about it as he had been over the dancing in the cabaret, biting his nails unpleasantly, his cheeks flushed, his breath coming hard, until his grandfather leaned over to him and said in a warning whisper, "Too much excitement, my young friend, and I shall have Miguel take you home!" After that the boy subsided somewhat, to Emily's relief. Distinctly bullfights were not good for José-Maria.

She managed presently to ignore the horses and concentrate on the bulls, but even these made certain inroads upon Anglo-Saxon sympathies—great, simple, bewildered creatures, bred to be the bravest and most foolish beasts on earth, bearing no grudge against humans they had come to regard as friends, only charging again and again in blind rage the teasing red capes they blamed for their sufferings; the six sharp-pointed *banderillas* sprouting by two and two like strange growths out of their streaming shoulders. At last, when the bull was sufficiently exhausted to be no longer too active, the *espada* came strutting forth, dedicated his bull in a small speech, cast off his cap, made a few feints, and presently, at a signal from the president's box, thrust his sword between the shoulders of the spent, panting beast. Even then quite often the animal could not die, but wandered about in circles, surprised and silent, trying half-heartedly to charge once more the annoying capes; at last lying down, in green pastures of memory perhaps, till blood came from the mouth and he was dragged away in triumph, conquered.

A fine business for a lot of men to be at! thought Emily, her nostrils quivering.

She eyed with wonder Madame Urruty, herself a breeder and lover of fine animals, who made no use of her shielding fan, but sat calmly ignoring the details of the performance which did not please her, and discussed others with her host. An *espada's* skill, he told them, lay in the steadiness with which he received the bull, turning in his tracks, never seeming to avoid a charge and yet miraculously escaping it. But Don Jaime declared himself disappointed in the quality of the day's performance.

"Such cattle!" he said disparagingly. "Not worth the effort of a great *diestro* such as Alvorez! This is more a massacre than a *corrida*. Wait until they bring in my three beauties. Then you shall see the *verdad*, indeed—the very truth of bullfighting!"

The fourth of the six bulls to be sacrificed that day wore the medal of the Canellos herd and had been chosen to fight by El Macho—assisted, as Emily knew but too well, by Esteban Urruty. Their *cuadrilla* was already in the arena when the trumpets sounded, Esteban laughing up at her reassuringly, an attendant carrying El Macho's cape of ceremony to drape over the railing of their box.

"Ha!" said the duke. "*Muy buenos!* The boy will dedicate his bull to our Bettita—a very pretty compliment, considering that Her Majesty herself is present."

The gates of the *toril* opened. At the same moment the picadors came cantering in from an opposite direction, their piteous skeleton mounts mercifully unaware of what lay before them, moving jauntily under a judicious administration of drugs. Emily looked hastily away from these; but not before her attention was caught by a tall old sorrel with three white feet, who danced along gallantly as if on parade, in praiseworthy memory of better days.

At the same moment Bette, the calm, the imperturbable, jumped to her feet with a gasp: "Gran'mère, look! There, see! It is the Tarasque—our own Tarasque!"

The matriarch narrowed her keen old eyes; she did not need the glasses Bette urged upon her. She nodded and turned quickly to the duke:

"The child is right. That horse is ours, bred on my own pastures, a colt of El Borak! What is to be done?"

The duke raised regretful and rather absent-minded shoulders. "Ah, the pity! If one had but known! I cannot express to you my regret, my friend; though the poor animal has evidently outlived its usefulness. However, one understands the attachment, the fine sentiment. I can only advise you not to watch, although it would be a pity to miss such a bull as this."

Bette turned upon her friend incredulously. "You mean," she demanded, "that you intend to do nothing? When the horse is ours, monsieur? Stolen from us? But you have no right —— It is to be a thief yourself ——" She was too incoherent with distress to realize what she said.

"The horses," explained the duke soothingly, "are furnished by a contractor, at a certain price. With such regrettable details we of the commission have naturally nothing to do. However, if there were but time ——"

"I will pay the contractor twice his price. There is no time to lose, Canellos, if you please!" The matriarch's voice snapped like a whip.

He spread deprecating hands. "Be reasonable, dear friend! What can I do? I myself would not be permitted to enter the arena now. See, the bull prepares to charge!"

"*Dios Mio!* Sit down!" urged Pépe shrilly, forgetting manners in his excitement. "What a commotion about nothing! Our stables are full of horses; take what you like—only do let us enjoy ourselves in peace! This is one of our own bulls, I tell you!"

Bette did not appear to notice him, nor did she sit down. She suddenly leaned over the railing and cried out desperately, "Steban! Steban! Look!" Her voice was lost in the eager murmur of the crowd.

The bull, a huge black fellow with crafty red eyes, pawed the ground, considering his plan of campaign, paying little attention to the *capeadors* who enticed him on.

"Ha, it is El Chivo!" exclaimed Don Jaime, rubbing his hands. "A wicked one, indeed, a true bull, a *mata-torero!* He wants blood. Now we shall see something!"

Toward him, gingerly, a picador urged the prancing Tarasque, gallant old dragon that he was, snorting suspiciously in a manner to do credit to his name. Suddenly the crowd was startled by a shrill voice lifted in the unmistakable ululating cry of the Basque *irrezina*. Every head in a Basque *béret*—and there were many—turned instantly toward the girl in white who stood in the Canellos box. Only Esteban, receiving instructions at the barrier from El Macho, did not look up.

"Bette, what do you do?" exclaimed Madame Urruty sternly; but the girl had already seized Alvorez's heavy cape of ceremony and flung it down into the arena, where it fell at its owner's feet. Both the matador and Esteban looked up, startled.

In the moment's amazed silence which followed, the girl's voice could be heard distinctly: "*Vite, vite*, Steban! See who is there! The Tarasque! Our Tarasque himself! Be quick!"

Esteban saw. Those who were present at that *corrida* still describe with unction certain events which followed. Straight out onto the sands between the doomed, prancing horse and the ominous bull darted a fleet running figure, unfurling a red cape. The audience yelled warning.

"No! No! It is a *chocada*, a rushing bull! Wait! Let him spend his first strength on the horses!"

But that was what Esteban did not intend to do. Straight toward the bull he ran, which paused astonished at this bold pygmy attack. The man spread his cape; there was a shriek from the stalls; the bull had missed him and turned with incredible quickness to charge again—not the cape but the man. A *mata-torero* indeed—a killer. Esteban dodged, a little breathless; a second time, a third. He was no longer breathless; the imminent peril steadied him like a crisis at *pelota*.

Other members of the *cuadrilla* were running to his assistance, but the bull's slaver was in his eyes, he made a misstep, slipped. Alvorez had shouted a command at the picador on the sorrel, who immediately turned the horse and galloped away toward the gate marked De Caballos. The bull caught a glimpse of the running horse, which saved Esteban. Something was escaping; El Chivo meant that nothing alive should escape that day. In a flash the bull was after the sorrel.

A roar arose from the crowd. The Tarasque saw what was coming, out of his unblinded eye, and leaped like a deer. Behind him, missing by an inch, El Chivo's horns struck the barrier with an impact which shook the building. Dazed momentarily, the bull paused, while the sorrel raced for his life under the spurs of the picador. Then the bull charged after, impeded, however, by an unexpected weight fastened onto his tail. It was Esteban.

By this time the crowd, realizing what was afoot, was shrieking, screaming, howling with laughter. Bets were laid on the escaping sorrel, on the bull, on Urruty. Only in the Canellos box was there no laughter.

"*Caspita!*" the duke was muttering under his breath. "Quinito's old trick—I saw him try it at Bayonne. But this is not bullfighting! It is clown's work. The president must put a stop to it! Someone will be killed. Ha, Alvorez! . . . You peons there, make haste!" he cried, as if the running men of the *cuadrilla* could hear.

Bette, too, was crying, high and clear and steadily above the din: "*Garde-a-toi*, Steban! Hold on! Hold fast!"—for Esteban, still clinging to the bull's tail, was being dragged at a dizzy rate across the arena. A yell from the crowd announced that the sorrel had reached the gate, was galloping out, was gone. "Loose him now, Steban! *Ça va!* Our horse is safe!" It was her familiar treble, thin and piercing, which reached her brother's ears, and he dizzily let go.

"*Will* you shut up, you vixen?" Pépe was jerking her down roughly into her seat. "Can't you see you are making fools of us? Everyone staring!" His voice was a hysterical tremolo of rage. "That was the only horse worth getting in the lot! You have spoiled the whole day for us!" And the young man burst into tears.

The duke spoke briefly over his shoulder: "Miguel! Pascual!" Both servants materialized, and between them led out the sobbing *marqués*.

"He has overexcited himself," explained Don Jaime to his embarrassed guests reassuringly. "It is nothing; from birth the boy has suffered a slight nervous disability, a neurasthenia of some sort. Miguel knows how to handle him. Possibly I should have warned you of this."

"Possibly you should have," agreed Madame Urruty, evenly; all of which Emily sensed with one lobe of her brain, while the rest of her being was concentrated in one steady, passionate prayer for her husband, who was by no means done with his adventure.

Having loosed the bull, he stood momentarily dazed and rather shaken by his efforts as drag anchor. Alvorez had reached him and was playing the bull skillfully away, saying insistently over his shoulder: "The barrier, the barrier, *señor!* But carefully, not to attract attention."

Esteban obeyed at last, not quite understanding. He began to run, and the bull's eye was once more caught by an escaping figure. El Chivo was of the tenacious type of killer, not easily turned from a chosen victim. Esteban had almost gained the barrier when he felt, rather than heard, the

(Continued on Page 81)

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(Continued from Page 78)

danger at his heels. He wheeled. A silence of death fell on the arena.

The amateur *torero* was obviously near exhaustion, no longer able to dodge; he had moreover lost his one defense—the cape—in the process of being dragged. There was left only human wit to pit against brute rage. Emily, both hands across her mouth, saw her husband stumble, fall, lie very still. A woman screamed: "Madonna!"

But the Basque knew animals. The bull, halting abruptly as with brakes, stepped toward the inert figure, sniffed with suspicion, felt of it all over with slavering muzzle—and turned away, snorting, to worthier foes. While picadors and peons enticed him to a safe distance, Urruty got to his feet and reached the barrier, over which he tumbled thankfully enough into safety.

Then, below the roar of the crowd, Madame Urruty's voice was heard for the first time, so coldly that her granddaughter shivered with it: "*Alors*, Elisabette! I trust that you are satisfied to have made of your brother a public mountebank? At the risk of his life, you have managed to save a worthless old horse for the knacker to finish!"

The girl said aghast, "Ah, gran'mère, no! Surely after this you will not send our Tarasque to the knacker?"

"And why not, indeed? If only for your punishment!"

To which the duke added, with tapping foot: "It is a pity, truly, that so well-brought up a young lady chose thus to make herself conspicuous on a day when royalty was present!"

Bette, turning miserable eyes to Emily, failed of support from even that sympathetic quarter; for Esteban's wife had fainted where she sat.

It was a rather subdued party of pleasure makers who drove homeward from the Place of Bulls in the duke's open landau, among crowds hoarse with cheering. Again and again Esteban had to take the plaudits of the multitude as if he were himself a matador, shaking aloft the bleeding ear of El Chivo, which they had given him to add to his trophies of the *pelota* court. Don Jaime alone seemed to be in excellent spirits, having quite recovered his usual bland benevolence. On paying his respects at the royal box he had found that, far from being shocked by the day's occurrences, Their Majesties were much interested in the young Basque girl who so concerned herself about a horse. The story of the endangered Tarasque touched them, particularly the queen, who, being English, intrigued herself with horses rather than with the nobler animal, explained Don Jaime. Their Majesties had indeed expressed the wish that the young lady be presented to them at the first favorable opportunity.

Which was most gracious of Their Majesties, commented Madame Urruty coolly, but the opportunity would have to postpone itself until another occasion; her granddaughter was too young to go to court. She continued to converse in monosyllables, with a polite and icy detachment which boded no good for somebody—Emily suspected, for her friend the duke. Madame Urruty was not of a forgetting nature; the episode of the Tarasque obviously rankled.

As for Bette, she sat gazing at nothing with a forlorn droop about the lips which in another sort of girl would have presaged tears. Perhaps she was grieving over the impending fate of her old friend the Tarasque; perhaps comparing retrospectively her brother's more vigorous type of manhood with that of her future husband, who had not as yet reappeared.

The prospects of a pleasant evening seemed so remote that Emily took advantage of her late indisposition to dine in her room. Next morning she kept a promise to take Bette to see the portrait of a certain forbear of the family, one General Urrutia of some distinction, which hangs in the Goya room of the Prado. The girl seemed to have somewhat recovered her tone, though still subdued.

"Gran'mère asks us not to remain too long at the pictures," she remarked as they started. "She bade me remind you that there is much packing to be done."

"Packing?" exclaimed Emily, pausing to stare. "What, we are leaving! When?"

"As soon as Anatole makes ready the car," said Bette. "You had not heard?"

"Good heavens! What is this? The *fiançailles* are not to be celebrated, then? You mean—oh, Bette darling, do you mean that negotiations are off? What can have occurred?"

"*Sais pas*," said the girl, shrugging, and retired into the Basque reserve which invariably baffled her sister-in-law. But as they walked staidly along among the morning strollers of the Gran Via, Bette, the sedate, the collected in behavior, gave the sudden little unconscious skip of a happy child.

Nor had Emily much better luck in questioning her husband.

"As you know, the *madre* does not often take persons into her confidence. What she said to me"—Esteban began to grin—"was merely that *monsieur le duc* had become in his old age a species of sacred imbecile."

"My word! Why this sudden change of heart?"

"I think"—Esteban's grin broadened—"it may have been because, when she informed Don Jaime that his grandson Viciana was not man enough for our Bette to marry, the poor gentleman had the folly to propose himself as substitute!"

"Hurrah for the *genio del viejo!*" chuckled Emily; but she was sorry, too, for the sake of a certain long-ago Feria of Seville, when the duke had courted Bette's grandmother.

They made the northward run through the coast provinces in record time, pausing only for food and sleep. Madame Urruty declined further cousinly hospitalities, abandoned even the pilgrimage to the Holy Oak of the Basque people. "The Geurnikako Arbola is well incased in glass; it should stand a while longer," she declared. "One has had enough, for the time, of foreign travel!"

They whirled along the headlands, rushing the Route des Pyrénées like tourists with an itinerary to cover; not pausing even at their own village to gratify the natural curiosity of the neighbors. Anatole, always *simpatico* with the whims of his betters, barely slackened pace until they came within sight of certain pastures, where Bette, who sat beside him, suddenly clutched at his arm.

"Look!" she gasped. "There! See! Against the sky!"

A horse was grazing along the horizon, fetlock-deep in clover; a gaunt old sorrel who, even as they gazed, lay down upon his back and rolled over stiffly and luxuriously, once, twice, thrice.

"Oh, gran'mère, gran'mère of my heart!"—Bette's voice was trembling—"you did not send him to the knacker after all?"

"Who? When? About what do you excite yourself now?" asked the old lady with some impatience.

"But the Tarasque—the Tarasque himself! Can you deny that it is he, there in our hill meadow?"

"And where else should he be?" demanded the matriarch testily. "What better place for an old Basque horse, I ask myself, than his own familiar pasture?"

But her voice, too, was a trifle tremulous.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

(Continued from Page 15)

and unpack you, sir, and make sure you were thoroughly comfortable."

"Thanks," said Mill. "The suitcase isn't locked. You push the knob."

"A clever contrivance, that, sir," said the other. "American, I expect? Ah, yes, I thought so. A great country, sir, you come from. I only wish I'd gone there years ago."

"What's the matter with this?" asked Mill, with a sweeping gesture at the view outside.

"It was all right in its time, sir," answered Bellafield. "But there's nothing settled about it any more. Now when I was a young man, a butler over here was settled for life. But now—with all these large estates and country houses selling out—it behooves a man to think a bit about the future. In fact, sir," he continued, lowering his voice to the pitch of confidence, "when the Towers are sold, I may go to America myself."

"That's the boy," said Mill. "Give me a call if you do come over and I'll try to get you started."

"Thank you, sir; you are very kind," said Bellafield gratefully; and straightening from the suitcase, he continued: "I beg your pardon, sir, for a very extry-ordinary question, but—er—have you a gun among your personal effects, sir?"

"A what?" asked Mill, staring a little, not sure that he had correctly caught the word.

"A gun, sir—a revolver—a horse pistol, I believe you call them in the States."

"You've been reading the papers," Mill accused him. "You believe that all good Americans start shooting each other when they can't find any more Indians."

The butler smiled back at the joke—even coughed deferentially behind his hand.

"It isn't altogether that, sir," he said; "but if you stopped in the village to inquire your way up here, you may have received some rather peculiar information about the Towers."

"You think I would have listened to it?" asked Mill, beginning to stare a little.

"Thank you, sir," said Bellafield with simple dignity; "and yet, in a way, you can't exactly wonder at people talking when at so many week-end parties here the guests have either lost their money or their valuables."

Mill said nothing, but continued to stare the harder.

"I need hardly tell you," the butler went on, "that the house lends itself to this sort of thing. You have probably noticed the balcony which runs beneath the bedroom windows. Of course you can fasten your windows, but you may have noticed, sir, that the doors have latches, but no locks. And the marquis has grown stubborn on the question of locks. He says that when it becomes necessary for a guest to lock himself in his room, it seems to him that the time has come to lock him out of the Towers instead ——"

"Do you think you ought to tell me this?" interrupted Mill.

"As a matter of fact, sir, I think the marquis expects it of me. Not, of course, that officially you are supposed to know. But if I can save you from a loss, you see, I am saving the marquis as well. For whatever you lose, you 'ave only to tell him and he will make it good."

"But can't they catch the thief?" asked Mill, after a few moments' thought.

For the second time, Bellafield coughed discreetly behind his hand. "You may remember being introduced to Sir Arthur Channock, the great London specialist, among the other guests, sir. Well, as far back as we can remember, Lady Stanwyck—the marquis' sister—has walked in her sleep and—well, she has always picked

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up little things here and there, like, and taken them back to her room. But these last two years, unfortunately, she 'as picked up larger things as well, and hid 'them where no one can find them. Mrs. Brierly's jewel case, last month, for instance, with a regular fortune in it."

"But, Bellafield," said Mill again, "are you sure the marquis would want you to tell me this?"

"If only for your own protection, sir—and especially as, being an American, you might have a gun. Besides, it isn't as though it was Lady Stanwyck's own fault. One of the early Benhams was with Morgan in the Caribbean, and we sometimes say in the servants' hall that the old pirate's strain's cropping out where least expected."

"It seems to me, though, that she could be watched," mused Mill, more to himself than to the other.

"That's the ticket for tonight, sir, as I understand it," nodded Bellafield. "Sir Arthur has the room opposite to her, and the curate's next door. They mean to keep their eye on her, and whenever there's guests I make the rounds myself at one and again at four. So no matter what may happen while you're here, sir, you will understand there must be no shooting. For if anyone's killed, you see, the police come in, and that's exactly what the marquis is doing his very utmost to avoid."

After Bellafield had left, Mill stood staring out of the window for as long as it might take you to count ten. Then from a rolled-up pair of golf hose he drew a miniature flash light and a small automatic, making sure they were both loaded before returning them to their hiding place.

"Well," he murmured, turning again to the window, "it seems I had it wrong. This Benham Towers isn't such a quiet old place as it looks from the road."

IV

AT THE dinner table Mill sat next to the Honorable Alicia, the two having one side of the table between them. At the head of the table sat the marquis, at the foot Lady Stanwyck. And at the opposite side, in the order named, were Mrs. Brierly, the curate and Sir Arthur Channock—Mrs. Brierly, as you will guess, sitting next to the marquis and Sir Arthur next to Lady Stanwyck.

It was, Mill told himself later, one of the most exciting meals he had ever eaten. There sat Lady Stanwyck, for instance, the suspect, as cool as an iceberg, in green silk trimmed with silver. And there sat Mrs. Brierly, evidently fond of the marquis and showing her faith in him by wearing the Brierly emeralds like crystallized bits of ocean with sunlight streaming through. And there sat Sir Arthur Channock, inclined to be saturnine at first, but gradually mellowing under the unmistakable flirtation which Lady Stanwyck was carrying on with him.

"He'll be helping her yet instead of trying to catch her," thought Mill.

Mr. Matthews, the curate, it developed, was a bear for imitations and had come prepared with a few trick properties accidentally left in his waistcoat pocket from the last church entertainment. He had Mr. Chaplin's mustache, for instance, Mr. Lloyd's glasses and the monocle of some English statesman whom everyone seemed to recognize but the young American visitor.

"I know a pretty good trick myself," murmured the latter to Alicia, "but it needs moonlight, a distant river, a nightingale—if you have one—and a glass of water."

"Why the glass of water?" she innocently asked.

"Ah," Mill teased, "I see you know the trick."

Later, she took him out on the terrace—the others playing bridge inside—and he told her what a wonderful country America was; how even the blind beggars went around in automobiles, led by little motorcycles on the ends of strings.

"I'd love to see it some day," she sighed, "but I don't suppose I ever shall."

Her eyes were wistful notes of music in the moonlight; and, gently guiding him, she led him to an alcove in the stone balustrade which overlooked the countryside below.

"This is called the Poet's Perch," she told him. "If you can't think of poetry here when the moon's shining, that means you should always stick to prose."

Later they went in, Mill feeling like a combination of young Shelley and Keats; and later still, they came out again to look at the moon through field glasses—another trick of the ingenious young man from Meriden. Then, Lady Stanwyck and Sir Arthur Channock joining them, they went in Mill's car to see the ruins of an abbey on the other side of the river. So, with one thing and another, it was after one before they all turned in.

"I don't think she'll walk tonight," thought Mill as he tumbled out of his clothes. "If she's as tired as I am, she's had exercise enough to last till morning."

For all that, he put his flash light under his pillow; and on second thought he placed Little Spitfire there as well, as though he didn't like to separate them.

"If Alicia only lived in Meriden—or even in Norwich ——" was his last dreamy thought.

How long he slept he couldn't have told you. He only knew that he suddenly awakened with an uneasy consciousness that someone was in the room with him. Then a board creaked not far from his bed, and silently reaching under the pillow, he drew out his flash light.

"Who's there?" he suddenly whispered.

As though by magic, a shrinking figure appeared in the flash light's circle—and the next moment Mill found himself staring into Alicia's startled eyes.

V

"OH!" SHE gasped. And again, "Oh!" But evidently realizing that under the circumstances this wasn't enough, she choked a little and added: "I'm sure I don't know what you'll think, but—this is my room—and—and I was thinking of something else when—when I opened the door and came in."

"Your room?" asked Mill in growing surprise as he looked around. "But this is where they put me!"

"Yes, I know," she said, apparently hardly knowing whether to laugh or to cry. "I gave it up for you. But—you see, I've been sitting with dad till I couldn't keep my eyes open any longer, and I was so sleepy when I left him that—that I turned right in here without thinking." And in a lower voice she added, "I hope you believe me."

"Of course I believe you," said Mill in his gentlest tone. Underneath her dressing gown, he noticed that she was still dressed in her orchid-colored frock and shoes. He glanced at his watch on the chair by the side of his bed and saw that it was a few minutes to four.

"They've been sitting up, listening and watching, to see if anything would happen," he thought. "The trap was baited with Mrs. Brierly's emeralds, but the mouse didn't come out." And aloud he added: "You'd better run along now. And tomorrow we'll either laugh at this or pretend it never happened."

She gave him a grateful glance and was turning to go, when she suddenly paused, and they both listened to a discreet knock on the door

"That may be the butler making the rounds," thought Mill, and aloud he hurriedly added: "You'd better leave by the window. Here, take these." He gave her the flash light and then, more thoughtfully, the miniature automatic. "Whatever happens," he breathed, "try to keep one eye on Mrs. Brierly's room. You may see something good there."

She had hardly slipped through the casement when the door of Mill's room swung slowly open. But it wasn't the butler who entered. It was Lady Stanwyck, a candle in her hand. She was all in white and there was something so ghostly in her slow advance that in spite of himself Mill's scalp began to prickle and a cold but sprightly shiver went up and down his spine.

"I'll say it's a quiet old place," he told himself, holding his teeth together. "A week of this and I'll be ready for a rest cure."

Lady Stanwyck had stopped in front of the dresser and had just picked up a silver shoehorn, when a whisper at the doorway caught Mill's attention and he saw that he wasn't the only spectator of the scene. The Marquis of Benham was there, for one, in an old cape overcoat in which he had evidently kept his vigil. And Sir Arthur Channock was there for another, and Mr. Matthews, the curate, while over their shoulders Mill caught sight of Mrs. Brierly—inquisitive, perhaps, to see how her jewel case had disappeared on her last visit to the Towers.

"Are you awake, Mr. Moseley?" asked the whispered voice of Sir Arthur.

"Yes," said Mill, almost beneath his breath.

"We are sorry to disturb you, but Lady Stanwyck, as you have probably guessed, is asleep. I am about to awaken her while she is still helping herself to your effects, so that she may see what she is doing and tell us, perhaps, where she has hidden—er—other things which she has taken in the past."

He was still advancing to the unconscious figure in front of the dresser, the others watching him in breathless intensity, when a scream was heard from the other end of the corridor. At the sound, Mill leaped out of bed and into his old velvet dressing gown, which hung over the footboard.

"In heaven's name, what next?" muttered the marquis, staring up the corridor with the others, yet loath, like them, to leave Lady Stanwyck just as she was to be returned to consciousness.

The crack of a pistol answered him; and following Mill, the marquis and the curate made a more cautious advance until they reached the open door of Mrs. Brierly's room.

Mill was already inside—and so was Alicia, with the Little Spitfire in her hand—and so was Bellafield the Bland. But Bellafield's blandness had at least temporarily left him. He was sitting on a footstool, nursing his shin, and Mrs. Brierly's jewel case had fallen to the floor by his side.

"Caught him just in time!" exclaimed Alicia triumphantly. "Sorry, though, I had to nick him." And turning to Mill she impulsively cried, "Oh, you clever, clever dear, you, for telling me to keep an eye on Mrs. Brierly's room!"

VI

IT WAS nearly ten o'clock the next morning when Mill walked down the three stone steps which led to the sunken garden of Benham Towers. It was a beautiful garden, with its Old World flowers and box hedges, its uneven flagged walks and stone seats; but heedless of lesser details, Mill went straight to the fountain in the center, where Alicia was clipping the stems of a basketful of roses.

"Hello!" he said. "I thought I saw you here from my window."

She gave him a shy smile—a smile which seemed to say "I hoped you would," and made room for him on the bench by her side.

"Have you had your breakfast yet?" she asked.

"Not yet," he told her. "I was just going down when I saw you."

"That's nice," she said, and gave him another shy smile. "We'll have it together. I'll soon be through with these."

While finishing the roses she told him the news. Bellafield had made terms. If they would let him go, he had said, he would return all the things he had taken. They had finally agreed to this and he had taken them down to the wine cellar. And there in an old box, covered with cobwebs as though it hadn't been touched for years, they had found his spoils, including Mrs. Brierly's precious jewel box which had been stolen on her last visit to the Towers.

"So Bellafield's gone," concluded Alicia—"on a crutch, dad says, and was glad to hop away at any price. But the doctor says it's only his foot that was hurt; he'll soon be all right."

At the mention of his crutch, a pensive look had passed over her face as she bent over the roses, and Mill could see that she was sorry she had aimed so well, but it wasn't long before she was smiling again.

"Dad's so happy," she said. "Wait till you see him! And Mrs. Brierly! And I'm so happy too. And it's all thanks to you. But tell me, please, before you tell the others—how did you come to suspect Bellafield?"

"He came to my room yesterday afternoon," said Mill, considering. "And I thought he talked too much, and that he was just a bit too inquisitive about—about whether I had a horse pistol, as we call them in the States."

She gave him another shy glance over the roses—one of those admiring glances dear to the heart of every man—those glances which say "I think you're wonderful!" As though by instinct, Mill quickly glanced around, and over his shoulder he saw the windows of the Towers staring down at him. At the edge of the garden, though, was a rose arbor, with a comfortable-looking bench beneath it—a bench, moreover, which would be invisible from the Towers.

"I—I'm going to tell you something," said Mill, drawing a deep breath.

"Yes?" she murmured.

"Yes. You know, my father owns the International—we keep about twenty thousand men employed—and he wanted me to stay over here a few years. Just before I met you in Venice I wrote him that I'd had enough. But—but while I was dressing this morning I got a cable ready for him."

He drew an old envelope from his pocket and showed her this message on the back of it:

MOSELEY INTERNATIONAL MERIDEN DISREGARD LETTER FIFTEENTH AM TAKING CHARGE EUROPEAN SALES WITH HEADQUARTERS LONDON CABLE FUNDS LOVE MILL

"What do you say?" Mill asked quite earnestly, after she had read it twice. "Would you—would you send it if you were me?"

She didn't reply at once; and when she did, it was in such a low voice that he had to bend his head to hear her.

"If I were you—I think I would," she said.

"Fine! Great!" he exclaimed. "As soon as we've had breakfast we'll ride around to the nearest telegraph office."

Her response to this wasn't audible at all, but came from under her eyelashes, and again Mill found himself thinking of the line which he had hummed the day before: One Look From Her Eyes and I Heard the Cuckoo Singing.

"Listen," he said, seeing that the roses had all been clipped at last, "shall we walk around the garden a bit—before going in to breakfast?"

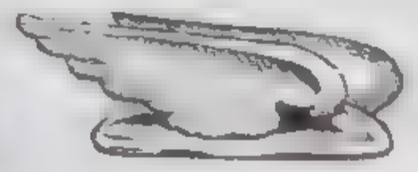
They strolled under the arbor together, the basket between them—quite unconscious of the fact that Sowers was intently watching from the butler's pantry.

"Ah!" thought Sowers. "The little lady's no fool; and if it wasn't fo. 'im I wouldn't be butler of Benham Towers this morning. So they can stay under that harbor till night for all I care; I'll keep their breakfasts warm."

CHRYSLER

PRESENTS

TWO ENTIRELY NEW STYLE CREATIONS IN THE FINE CAR FIELD



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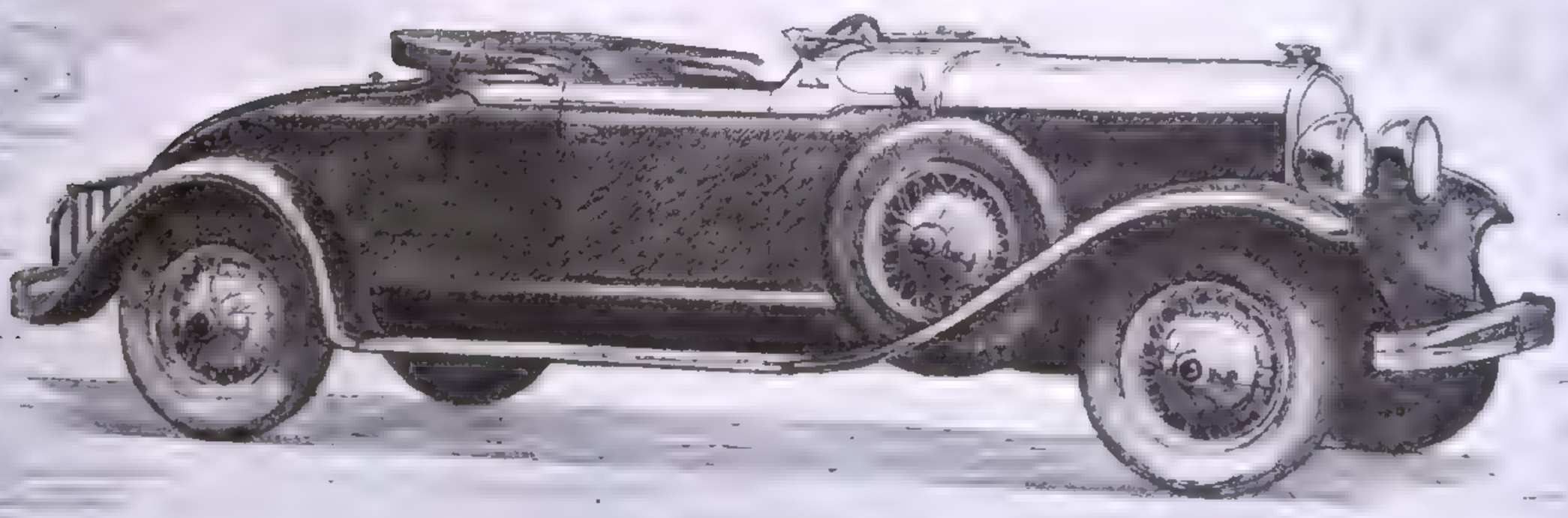
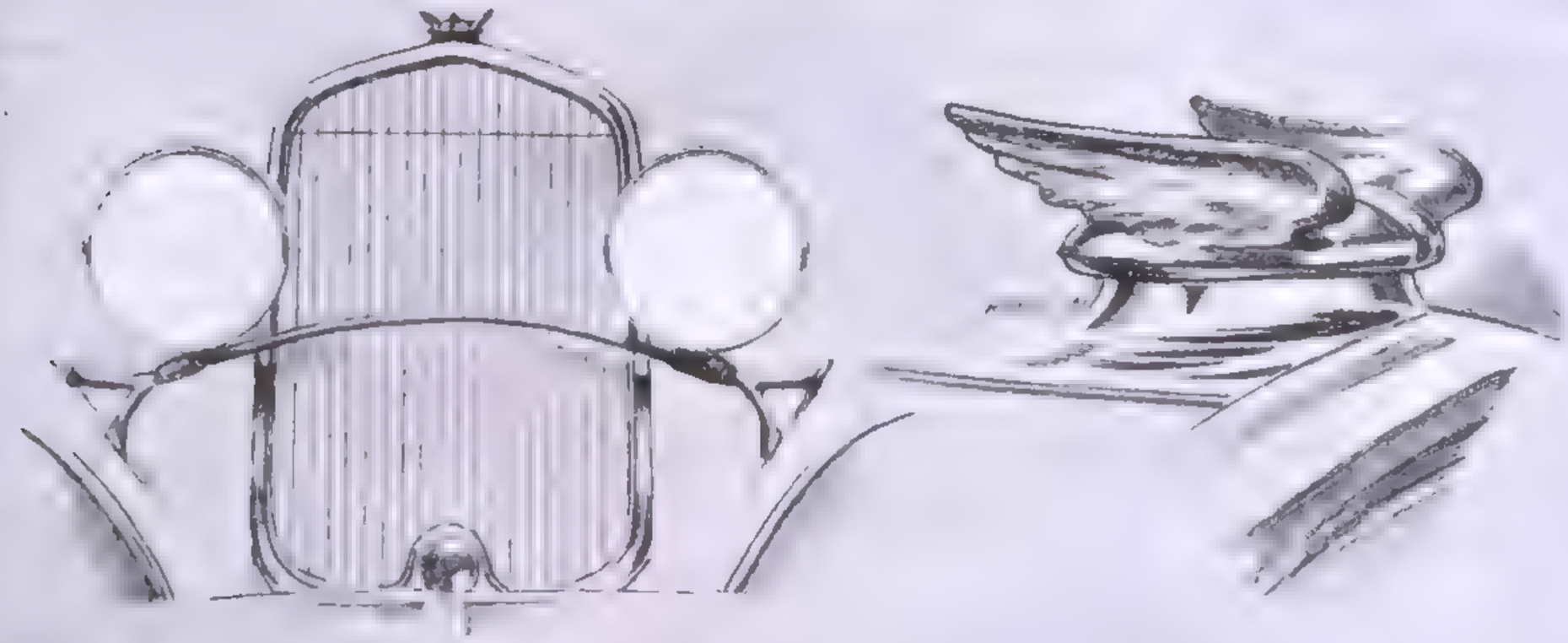
See Next Page

New CHRYSLER "75"



New Chrysler "75" Roadster



Features—New Chrysler "75"—*(Model numbers mean miles per hour)—**New Chrysler-created slender profile radiator harmonizing with cowl moulding—**thermostatically controlled integral radiator shutters—external fitments of new and costly chromium plating—new "air-wing" full crowned fenders—new longer, lower, roomier bodies with wider and deeper seats, greater legroom and greater headroom—upholstered optionally with fine mohair or broadcloth—all bodies insulated from frame with live rubber mountings—entirely new development of Chrysler military front and cadet visor—**new arched window silhouette giving an unusually beautiful effect both inside and outside—**new Chrysler design gasoline tank shield—new sweep and style to rear deck of coupe and roadster—rumble seat compartments unusually ample and finished in every detail—new design instrument panel in black and gold—beautiful metalware, rich vanity cases and smoking sets of exclusive Chrysler pattern—**new "Silver Dome" high compression 75 h. p. engine, using any gasoline—**seven-bearing counterweighted crankshaft—speed of 75 and more miles an hour—new type rubber mountings for engine—new longer chassis with new duplex-channel frame for greater strength, rigidity and safety—**new light-action internal expanding Chrysler hydraulic four-wheel brakes,** with squeakless moulded brake linings unaffected by weather conditions—Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers front and rear—spring ends anchored in live rubber in place of metal shackles.*

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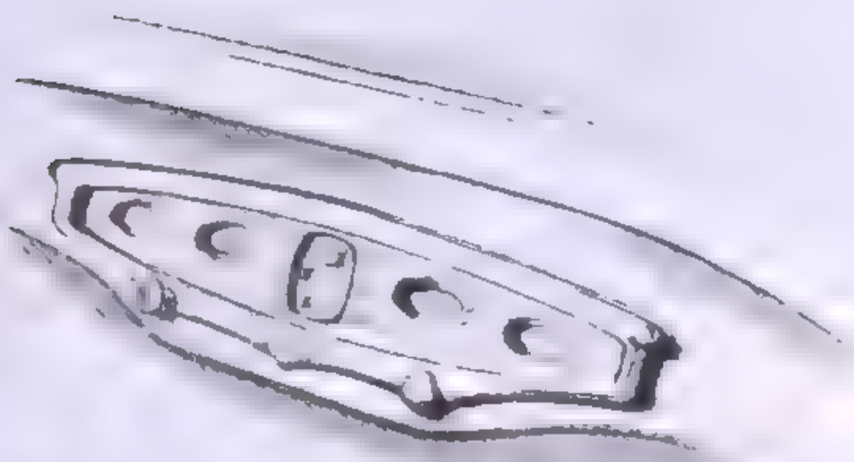
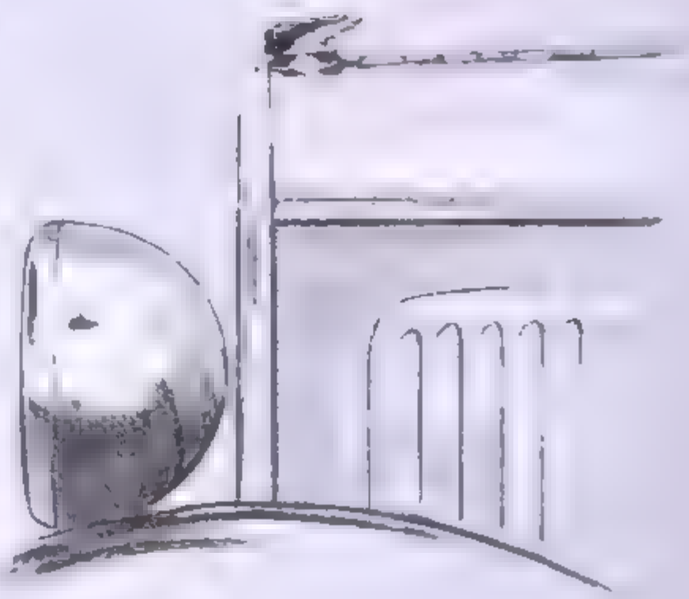
New CHRYSLER "65"

New Chrysler "65" 4-door Sedan





Features—New Chrysler "65"—(*Model numbers mean miles per hour*)—*new larger engine*—*65 h. p.*—***"Silver Dome" high compression head uses any gasoline***—*65 and more miles per hour*—***counterweighted 7-bearing crankshaft;*** *only car at or near this price with this costly feature—new slender pointed radiator harmonizing with cowl moulding—new bevel shaped lamps on new design tie rod—beautiful cowl moulding and cowl lamps—external fitments of new and costly chromium plating—new 2" lower chassis and longer, wider, roomier bodies—new development of Chrysler military front and radiator visor—**new arched window silhouette giving an unusually beautiful effect both inside and outside**—*new "air-wing" full crowned fenders, lower, broader and more sweeping—all bodies insulated from frame with live rubber mountings—beautiful interior metalware, rich vanity cases and smoking sets of exclusive Chrysler pattern—new design instrument panel in black and silver—**new light action internal expanding Chrysler hydraulic four-wheel brakes with squeakless moulded brake linings unaffected by weather conditions,** another exclusive feature in this price class—Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers, front and rear spring ends anchored in live rubber in place of metal shackles.*

New Chrysler "65" Prices—Business Coupe, $1040; Roadster, $1065; 2-Door Sedan, $1065; Touring Car, $1075; 4-Door Sedan, $1145; Coupe (with rumble seat), $1145. All prices f. o. b. Detroit.

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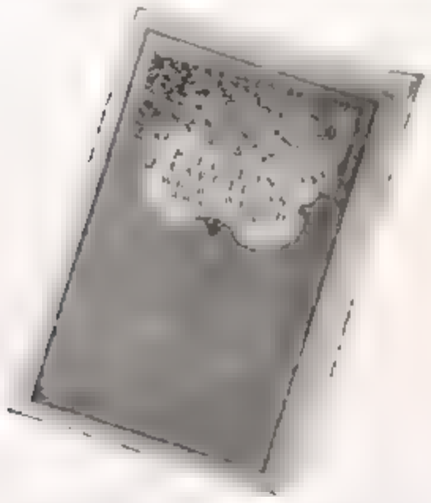

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DUKE POWER COMPANY

SOUTHERN PUBLIC UTILITIES COMPANY AND OTHER ALLIED INTERESTS

AMERICANS IN ROME

(Continued from Page 34)

lived above. When her husband spoke of leaving the palace bearing his family name and buying a modern villa, she opposed it.

"But formerly you complained about the discomforts of this place," he said. "You said it was cold and damp in the winter and you talked of the joys of central heating and modern plumbing and new paint."

"And now I am attached to it." She looked at the faded frescoes on the walls and the high gilded ceilings. "Your huge furniture and your pictures wouldn't look at all well in a modern villa. And what would you do with this place?"

"Rearrange it into several apartments and rent them to Americans. They will pay any price for atmosphere!"

He showed, in this transaction, the same shrewdness which he always manifested when he was really interested in a subject. After he was certain that he could lease the palace to good advantage, he bought a newly built house of dazzling white stucco in the new part of the city to which many of the well-to-do Romans had migrated.

The contrast enchanted Alfredo. It was Maria who missed the ancient shabby beauty with which she had lived so long. She detested the umbrella palms neatly planted in the garden and longed for the dwarfed mandarin trees and crumbling fountains, the view of old barges on the Tiber, and the dark cypress trees beyond, which stabbed their way into the bluest of skies. Above all, she was homesick for the curious stillness and sense of peace which had come from surroundings of great age.

In this point of view she was typical of many Americans. One after another of the old palaces have been turned over to members of our colony who are willing to endure inconveniences and sometimes actual discomfort in exchange for a picturesque environment.

Certain of the contemporary Romans share this feeling, but the average—unless he is a connoisseur—agrees with Alfredo:

"Antiquity is no novelty to us, my dear. We are still excavating Etruscan tombs. We have the Forum and the Colosseum and the Baths of Caracalla. The Renaissance seems quite modern. Why cling to the chairs and tables which our ancestors used, then, if those of our own generation are more comfortable? If one is a collector, of course it is quite different—or if one has not been accustomed to ancient things. I quite understand why so many of our antiques are sold in the United States."

A Stranger in Her Own Land

Maria's affection for the possessions which her husband had inherited and which in time would pass to her son was only a part of her metamorphosis, however. Since her marriage she had gone through three stages of development: At first she was overwhelmed by her environment, then she had become rebellious, and finally both these emotions had fused into complete acceptance of her position.

She discovered the full extent of this acceptance when she went home for the first time, shortly after they had moved from the palace into the villa. Her father was dangerously ill and died a few weeks after her arrival.

"He's left your money in trust," her mother explained. "The principal is to stay over here where your husband can't touch it, and only the income will be sent you. So at last you are independent. I'm sure you can settle enough on Alfredo so he'll let you bring the children and come back here for good."

"I wouldn't dream of it!" Maria exclaimed. Her mother was so surprised that she tried to explain. "I wouldn't fit here. Neither would the children. It all seems much more foreign to me than Rome does."

It was with relief that she returned to her adopted country. On the steamer she reflected about the money her mother had left for her a dozen years before. She had drawn on it from time to time to pay excessive losses at bridge and to buy clothes for herself and her daughters, which she had told Alfredo cost less than their actual price; but she had made only one heroic gesture with it. This was to lend a large amount to an American girl who wanted to run away from her Italian husband. Her reasons were numerous and Maria did not inquire too closely into them. But the flight never occurred. The girl made the mistake of confiding in one of her countrymen who held an official position. In order to get out of the country, a special passport had to be procured, as she was an Italian citizen. Before this had been obtained her husband knew every detail of the plan and kept her from going. She was always convinced that the young official had betrayed her confidence in order not to be implicated himself.

"Yet, now she seems quite happy," Maria reflected. "I'm sure she wouldn't live in America again, any more than I would. And she and the diplomat who she thinks gave her away entertain each other at dinner and appear quite friendly. Well, we all do that sort of thing. Alfredo says it's a sign of an old civilization. Certainly it's hard to explain to outsiders."

Outlets for Energy

Many of her mother's questions about the fabric of Roman society had been unanswerable. Maria had found their points of view about life so at variance that her words had often terminated in a shrug of the shoulders. This gesture had become habitual. It expressed tolerance, sophistication, cynicism, and, above all, the belief that nothing that exists—whether people or institutions—can be greatly changed. She had acquired skill in dissembling her feelings, in minor deceptions, and in steering human relationships into whatever channels she willed.

The women of her own age whom she had seen at home possessed few of these traits. They had turned their forcefulness into committee work, country-club activities, discussion of new books and plays and the younger generation. In a political campaign or a drive to raise funds for a favorite charity, they used the energy which Maria and her associates might exert in undermining a personal enemy or conducting a discreet love affair.

In the United States she had found popular books on philosophy and biography and psychoanalysis on every library table.

"We try to keep in touch with the best in books and music and painting," one of the girls with whom she had gone to school had told her.

Whether they always succeeded, Maria did not know, but she realized that this conscious striving was a thing apart from the life she and her friends led in Rome. There, culture was taken for granted. It was assumed that one was acquainted with the best in music and literature and art. But by the best they meant those things which had stood the test of time. At home the best meant the newest and most widely discussed. Abstract ideas and intellectual problems held little interest for Maria's group; but anything which had to do with the drama of human emotions received their complete attention. People who had never heard of Freud could diagnose an affair of the heart with a volubility a psychiatrist might envy.

"They are born knowing those things," Maria thought. "Love and hate and jealousy are not new discoveries to them. They are the stuff of their everyday life. Nothing else is really interesting. . . . What fun it will be to get back and hear all the news!"

Her mother would have called the news which greeted her malicious gossip and scandal. She would have been horrified by rumors that merely amused her daughter. Maria did not believe all of it, for she realized that in order to make a good story one must always assume the worst. And Roman stories are invariably good. Even if she had accepted all that she heard as literally true, however, it would not have horrified her. This attitude is the most difficult for the outsider to understand.

"But do you mean to say that, knowing those stories, you still allow So-and-So to come to your house?" the stranger will exclaim, after an old resident has told him some shocking story about the dinner guest who has just departed.

"Of course I have him. He is most amusing."

The desire to be amused is perhaps the keynote of society in Rome today—particularly of that group in which our colony predominates. And almost all this amusement is derived from people. There is less interest in the theater and the opera than in most cities, although the symphony concerts at the Costanza are popular, and occasionally a group will journey to Milan to hear a performance at La Scala. Books are rarely discussed, nor does politics fill the important place in conversation which it does in London or Washington.

There is a curious interweaving of people's lives which makes Rome, in spite of its cosmopolitanism, resemble a provincial town. The same curiosity about minute details of other people's affairs animates them both, and there is the same indifference to matters of general importance. It is equally difficult, in both places, for people of individual tastes to pursue lines which vary from the accepted standards.

"Only, in a village they expect you to be normal and are horrified if you're eccentric, and in Rome they expect you to be eccentric and are amazed if you're normal," someone said.

The allowance for eccentricity in Rome is wide. And this is fortunate for many of the varied people who have chosen it as their home. Certain rules must be followed, however, if one is to obtain any general popularity. These rules are not always those which apply in other cities.

Persona Non Grata

One of our career diplomats was sent to Rome, partly because he and his wife had had unusual success in other capitals of Europe. But after they had been at their new post for some time, it became plain to everyone that they had failed to make a good impression. An older member of the American colony undertook to find out why this was true. She interrogated her Italian friends.

"Why don't you like the Blanks?"

"They are not *simpatico*."

"But they represent the best we have, my dear. They are not self-made, nor people of one-generation veneer. Her family is very old and very distinguished. So is his. They have had money and position for many generations. I am sure you would like them if you knew them."

The foreigner repeated:

"They are not *simpatico*. No doubt they are all you say, but for me they are without charm. Moreover, she is a snob and a prig."

Then it was eloquently disclosed that the diplomat's wife had committed the *faux pas* of criticizing another American who was an accepted part of the smart world.

"I've never known her at home," she had said. "I don't see any reason why I should have to know her over here."

"It is an absurd way for her to talk," said the Roman. "The other American is twice as amusing and as charming. It is no concern of mine if her grandfather was a carpenter or something and the other's grandfather a cabinet minister. Her parties are always a great success."

(Continued on Page 88)

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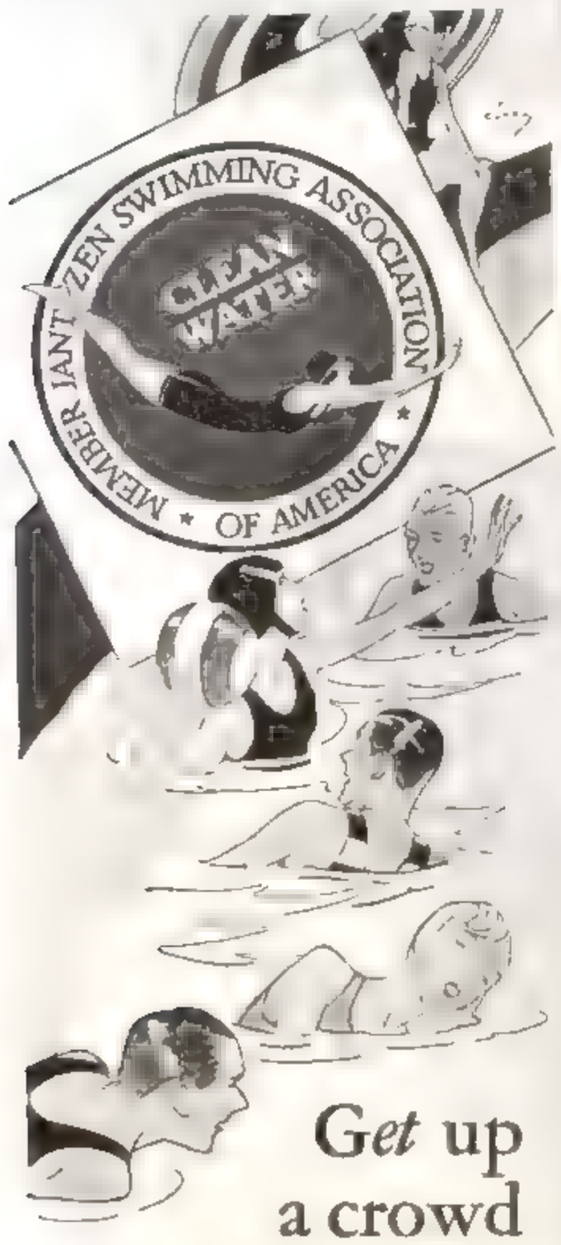

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She was too tactful to add that, to people accustomed to thinking of ancestry in terms of centuries, a few generations more or less had little significance. The pretentious American is always surprised by this. If he has a secure position at home he feels confident of stepping into the same sinecure in a country of aristocratic traditions.

"But we are the real democrats," an Italian insisted. "We judge newcomers on their own individual merits. If they have the qualities we like, we take them up. It is the other Americans who are so painstakingly critical."

The qualities they like may or may not be united with birth and breeding in the conventional sense of the phrase. To judge from the members of our colony who have become an integral part of Roman life, the essentials are humor, gayety, unpretentiousness, and sophistication ingrained enough to cause appreciation of the *nuances* of subtle relationships without ever being shocked by them. On the material side, our countrymen must have money and skill in using it for the entertainment of others.

The leaders of the smartest clique in Rome are American women who possess all these traits. Gradually they are replacing the famous hostesses of a generation or two ago. In that era, although some of our compatriots were admitted into the socially prominent group, the dominating influence was Italian. At least one of the fine old palaces was open every evening during the season, and dinners and receptions were conducted on a splendid scale. This custom has gradually disappeared, chiefly due to lack of financial resources. Now it is the well-to-do American wives of Italians who carry on the tradition. They have not earned this leadership merely because their incomes are adequate, but because in each case the individual possesses unusual vigor, wit, and a flair for entertaining.

A Conservative Circle

Outside of this circle, which is really international, there are many others which are less spectacular, but more indigenous. The Romans with the fewest American affiliations are those who form the social division called the Blacks. Its members are the adherents to the Vatican, in distinction to the Whites, whose allegiance goes to the court. The Blacks make few foreign marriages, and their leaders are Roman. They are often to be met in the houses of certain of our countrymen, and to their own parties they may invite a few congenial Americans, but not usually the ones who are popular in the international set. They give the outsider an impression of greater conservatism and self-sufficiency. Almost all the large nations with the exception of the United States send diplomatic representatives to the Vatican, so this group has its separate official world.

Vitality to History

The lines of our own diplomats fall in naturally with those of the Whites, as our ambassador is theoretically the personal emissary of the President, sent to represent him at court. Neither Paris nor London attaches the importance to official position that Rome does, and although it reserves the right to express vehemently its like or dislike for even the mightiest, it accords them automatically a definite social place of distinction. If our representatives so desire, they may, with effort, also enter the world of the Blacks; perhaps not into its center, but sufficiently far to find much of interest and value.

The expatriates who live in Rome solely because they prefer it to their own country, and not because business or marriage necessitates their remaining, may have a diversified list of friends, depending upon their own interests and qualifications.

One of this group—a retired diplomat—occupies a splendid apartment in an ancient palace. The dinners which he and his wife give frequently are magnificent both as to setting and the actual food and wines. They invite with impartiality as their guests of honor a cardinal, the British minister to the Vatican—or Holy See, as it is properly stated—the American ambassador, or an important member of the cabinet. The other places will be filled by Italians, other Europeans and perhaps two or three Americans. In this polyglot group the retired diplomat is at home, because he has spent so many years of active service in Europe that his native country now seems alien to him.

The finest Risorgimento library in the world has been collected by an American who is also a leading member of our colony. Due to his interest in the history of modern Italy he has many acquaintances among the intelligentzia as well as among the more purely social.

The American Academy is the center of another group, and the admirable department of music attracts music-lovers to it as well as amateurs of sculpture and painting.

The traveler who goes to Rome for a winter of sunshine and sight-seeing will find himself before long involved in friendships, and unless he is more cautious than the average, he will become even more involved in the feuds which seem there to be the natural concomitants of all friendships.

The casual tourist may say, "Oh, I won't bother about letters of introduction. I don't want to see people. I want to see the city."

But he will make a great mistake. He will miss its very essence if he adheres to this plan. To be sure, he can hire a guide who will point out all the places of historic interest and tell him glibly the names and dates connected with them. But in Rome more than any place in the world it is the human equation which gives vitality to history. This equation, according to the eye of the beholder, will be termed outrageous or fascinating, but it will never be called dull. It exists today with its cabals and underground rumors and open hostilities very much as it did four centuries ago. Then houses were built with barred windows and heavily armored doors. Now the bars have been taken off the windows, and the doors swing open easily, but the uninitiated must not be deceived by this appearance of harmlessness.

Do as the Romans Do

If the newcomer stays long enough to find all this out for himself, he will also find that a spell of enchantment has come over him. At first, he may have scorned his compatriots who swear they would never live in any other place, but gradually he will understand how difficult it is to leave. It will not be the climate or the sky or the archæological ruins that will hold him—it will be his friends, and perhaps even his enemies. It will be a point of view he has acquired which makes other societies seem flat and this eternally exciting.

Someone said one day to the representative of a family which has been distinguished for five hundred years: "There are many Americans here, aren't there?"

"Americans?" she answered. "They may say that's what they are. But you must remember that we've always absorbed intruders. No matter where a person was born, if he chooses to live in Rome, he becomes in time a Roman—for better or for worse, as the marriage service has it."

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THEY TAKE EVERY TRICK

THE WORLD DOES MOVE

Continued from Page 19

began to redecorate her lips. I said to her, 'You put that box away or I'll take you home and do my best to whip you, no matter if you are nineteen years old!'

"She just laughed and went on with her art work. 'My heavens!' I said. 'Can't you see the craziness of what you're doing?'

"'How's that, pops?' she asked me, and went right on using her lipstick all the time I was talking.

"'You're trying to make people think that red smear is the natural color of your lips,' I told her. 'In the name of conscience, if you can't see in the first place that it's cheap and deceitful, and if you can't see in the second place that besides being cheap and deceitful, it's an intimate detail of your toilet and therefore hasn't any business to be performed in public, then anyhow, in the third place, can't you see that doing it in public defeats its own object?'

"'How's it defeat the object, pops?' she asked me.

"'My heavens!' I told her. 'The object is to make people think the smear is your own color, and here you're deliberately proving to 'em that it isn't!'

"She never stopped looking in her little mirror; she just went on smearing; but she gave a little absent-minded laugh, as if an unimportant and rather imbecile person had said something a little amusing. 'Yes,' she told me, 'we're all aboveboard with it nowadays. Our generation is so much franker and honester than yours was, pops.'

"That's the way she is! That's the way they nearly all are! And what can parents do about it? We can't whip 'em; they'd probably have the law on us if we did. When we try to reason with 'em, they talk the way Julie did to me that I've just been telling you about. If we threaten to cut off their allowances, they laugh, 'All right, I've been wanting to get a job anyhow!' There's no discipline left, and no obedience. If you quote the Bible to them, the way our parents did to us when we were a little refractory, they tell you that ancient tribal ideas don't apply!

"The rule of the churches over the general people has almost disappeared, and except with a relatively decreased proportion of religious-minded young people, means very little to the new generation. I remember how my father talked once to my younger sister when she'd let an out-of-town beau of hers call after nine o'clock and stay until eleven.

"'What would our pastor say if he knew?' my father asked her, and Mary began to cry. I tried it with Julie. 'What would Doctor Halloway think of you?' I said.

"'I wish you'd get him to tell me,' was what she answered. 'I think he's a cutie!'

"You can't reach their minds; you can't do anything; you're helpless. And yet Julie's as considerate and sweet and thoughtful in many things as any child could be. She'd be a lovely thing except for the times we live in and the crazy ideas she's caught like a contagion.

"Lord knows where it all came from. New-rich people with no background of training; immigrants getting rich and sending their children to school with ours and ours taking up with 'em; socialist writers upsetting the old morals in the minds of the young; the automobile getting young people miles out of reach in five minutes; natural youthful Smart-Aleckism and native cussedness—anyhow, it's happened and we're in for it! Julie doesn't lipstick and rouge as much as some of her friends do, but she does more than others. A few of them don't use cosmetics at all, and when I hold them up as examples, she only says, 'Oh, that's their affair; it's the age of freedom.' Freedom! I should say so! Even the girls that don't use lipstick wear the brazen clothes they're all so pleased with."

"Brazen clothes, judge?"

He stared at me. "Good heavens! Modern immodesty in dress is so glaring I shouldn't have thought it need even be mentioned."

"But what are your views upon dress, judge? You've been upset by Julie's getting her hair cut; and I suppose, as that involves her appearance and the question of headdressing, it's part of the general question of dress. You don't think it was immodest of her to shed her hair, do you?"

"As a relinquishment of her womanhood, I believe it to be bordering on that. Certainly you don't think it makes her appear more feminine, do you?"

"No; much less so."

"You see that it's ruined her looks?"

"It's certainly detracted from them."

"Well, it's a woman's business to look as pretty and feminine as she can, isn't it? She's supposed to make herself as attractive in those ways as she can, isn't she?"

"Well, that formerly seemed to be the idea, but ——"

"Formerly? Isn't it the idea now? If not, why are they so determined to show their legs? That's what I tried to shame Julie with. 'You've cut off your skirt at the knee,' I said, 'and you've cut off your hair pretty near at the roots. Your hair was so lovely, and you could use it to frame your face so charmingly, that while you had it people naturally looked at you above the shoulders. You must have been afraid they wouldn't pay enough attention to the way you've exposed your legs.' I thought it would shrivel her up. In fact I was ashamed to be saying such a thing to her, even though it seemed to be the wicked truth. If my father had ever said that to my sister, Mary would have died, I think; I truly don't believe she could have lived after such a thing had been said to her. Julie didn't even blush—she wasn't even angry!

"'My legs?' she said. 'What do I care whether anybody pays attention to my legs—or my face or my arms or my hands? It's their affair, not mine.'"

"That seems reasonable, doesn't it, judge?"

"Reasonable?" he repeated angrily. "Do you remember when any respectable woman would have been sick with shame at the thought anyone could call her bold? Along in the earlier days of the active period of the equal-rights movement, I remember seeing two apostles of that creed wearing what were then called short skirts—almost to the tops of their buttoned shoes and probably five inches from the ground. Women wore three or four petticoats under their overskirts in those days, and that made the two suffragettes look like two self-important little hens; but they were self-conscious, too, because everybody on the street was bursting with laughter at them, and I don't believe they ever publicly tried that form of feminism again. It wasn't immodest—there wasn't the slightest glimpse of their stockings—it was merely ridiculous; and not until years afterward, about 1912 or 1913, I think it was, did the first symptoms of this wholesale modern immodesty appear. Women had got their skirts so tight, to be in the fashion of that time, that they'd begun to leave off petticoats and underskirts altogether. Finally they got 'em so tight, especially as the skirts tapered down to bind the ankles, they could hardly walk. Then some French hussy got the idea of splitting the tight skirt almost up to the knee. People said it wasn't an uncommon sight in Paris; and one day, downtown, in my own city, I saw a flashy-looking girl wearing one of those split skirts. She had on black stockings and a black skirt; but the whole ankle and calf of her leg was exposed in the opening and I could scarcely believe my eyes."

"Why not, judge?"

"Good heavens!" he said. "You know as well as I do that self-respecting women never did such things! Managers made fortunes out of leg shows; they didn't need to have any plot or any acting or any music except jingle; even the dancing didn't amount to anything. Look at the Black Crook and the extravaganzas that followed it. All they had to have were some plumpish girls that were willing to wear tights for a salary; and some of the shows didn't need to go so far as tights—knee dresses were considered show enough for the gate money. An old-fashioned leg show couldn't do much business on that basis now—not in competition with any block downtown in the shopping district!"

"But for that matter," I suggested, "there were always the seashore beaches. Even in our youth, knee-length skirts were thought proper there."

"They aren't now!" he returned grimly. "I must be getting really old, because I can remember when Ouida's Moths was considered a wicked book. One of the reasons was the description of a woman in a bare-legged bathing suit. There's a new swimming pool at the country club I belong to, and one afternoon last summer I happened to drive out there. Some young people were diving from a board, and when I first looked I thought they were all boys. Then I recognized Julie. If my father had lived to see a granddaughter of his not wearing all she wasn't wearing, and with young men present, I think he'd have gone right down there to her and first prayed for her and then drowned her! But I suppose you'll be reminding me of the old platitude that other times have other customs."

"It seems to be true," I said. "You were proving to me that I couldn't go outdoors without perceiving the unwholesomeness of these times."

"I'm going back to that," he returned. "The split skirt didn't stay long and not many dared to wear it—in some places women who wore it got arrested, and I think, myself, they should have been—it wasn't a fashion this country would stand for until the new jazz age got really under weigh. The split skirt disappeared; but the ice was broken, and it wasn't long before dresses got shorter and stockings began to be shown above the instep; the old windy-corner joke was already obsolete by then. Girls began to leave off their corsets, too—especially for dancing; and if the mothers found it out, the daughters explained that they couldn't dance the new dances with all that incasing interference; and, besides, they weren't 'popular' unless they left it off! Then, after the war, the skirts, instead of splitting up and down, began to split crossways, and the lower half dropped off altogether. That's how they've got 'em now, just about at the knee, and when they sit down the exposure is whatever it happens to be.

"I said you couldn't step outdoors without seeing the unwholesomeness of these times—painted women and full-grown girls in dresses we wouldn't have allowed a child of thirteen to be seen in when we were still a respectable people—but, my goodness, you don't have to go outdoors: I tell you when Julie's girl friends sit around here in the house sometimes, when I'm home, I'm embarrassed!"

"Why are you embarrassed, judge?" I asked him.

"Why? My soul! They don't care how they sit; they cross their legs and waggle their feet; they slide down on the small of their backs till their knees are as high as their heads; a passel of five-year-old children would show as much dignity and as much self-respect about exposure. Exposure! That's what they like! They flaunt it in your face!"

"No," I said; "no more than do the five-year-old children you mentioned. Exposure isn't exposure to the children, and it isn't to Julie and her friends, either. Exposure is an idea not in Julie's friends' minds unless someone else puts it there, and

(Continued on Page 93)

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Julie and her friends are determined not to be hampered by having it put there."

"Hampered!" he exclaimed angrily. "They're determined not to be hampered by any womanly shame!"

"No," I returned; "no more than your great-great-grandfather was hampered by manly shame when he stopped wearing a wig and lace ruffles."

"What on earth are you talking about?" he asked.

"You'll have to get used to short skirts and to short hair, judge. The skirts will be longer sometimes and shorter sometimes, in passing fashions, and so will the hair; but the skirt to the ground will never prevail again as a necessity of morals. You've got to change your whole conception of what you think is immodesty."

"Why will I?"

"Because women have changed theirs—and, as Julie intimated to you, it's really their affair."

"What?" he cried. "Don't their fathers and their brothers and their husbands——"

"No," I said. "The ladies don't belong to us any more—and they don't all live for us and to manage us—not quite in the sense they used to. They've decided to live more for themselves. They're not abiding as they did by the rules we made for them as part of our possessions; they don't placidly accept our various kinds of double standards, judge. In fact, they seem about to lay aside something of both their guile and their meekness; they're doing a great deal of laying aside these days. Those stays you spoke of—the stays of the hourglass girl—and the long impeding skirts won't do for the new outdoor life that the automobile brought when it made open country a convenient playground for everybody. But the hourglass stays and the long skirt had another reason, too, for disappearing just at the time when the new athletic life required their removal. For they were really, in spirit, the bound and warped tiny feet of the Chinese women."

"How were they?" he asked sharply. "The old-fashioned stays of whalebone and steel might offer you some ground to stand on there, but the long skirt ——"

"Wearing a long skirt was originally a woman's way of keeping warm, judge, but in time it gradually became the means of making her legs an interesting secret. That is to say, the long skirt became one of her weapons of coquetry, or her diplomacy, if you like, just as her hair was; and like the crippled Chinese feet, so beautiful to the eyes of Chinese gentlemen, the stays, the long hair and long skirt were flattering signs of the dependence and inferiority of what was valuable—to be protected by us and partly displayed, partly kept secret—because it could be possessed.

"The relinquishment of the long skirt and of long hair is startling not because of any moral question being involved, as you think, but because it means that women are beginning to feel independent of us. They can afford to abandon some of their means of managing us, they begin to believe—because they can get what they want not by making us get it for them but by going after it themselves, in spite of us—that is, in competition with us. If they should ever go back, generally and permanently, to long skirts and long hair, it would mean that they were defeated and had given up their hope of doing anything better than first competing with one another to get hold of men to manage and then keeping—and, of course, helping and cherishing—what they thus secure. So far they show no signs of apprehending any such defeat."

"No," Judge Olds said dryly. "So far as I can see, they're worse every day. I think you mentioned something irrelevant about my great-great-grandfather's wig and lace ruffles—or did it actually bear upon what you seem to feel is the significance of your discourse?"

"I think it's relevant," I ventured to reply. "I don't mean to say that Julie and her friends are conscious of the obscure things underlying the great difference between them and the girls of our youth, judge. Probably Julie just feels young, independent and in the fashion, and instinctively objects to your ideas as tyrannical, rather low-minded and hypocritical nonsense."

"Yes, that describes her daughterly attitude quite accurately. What about my great-great-grandfather's wig?"

"Marshal Bassompierre paid what would be in money of today more than ten thousand dollars," I said, "for a coat to wear at a party. Pepys paid fifty pounds, I think I recall, for a periwig. We men used to be greater peacocks than the women. When we wore our own long hair, we sat for hours while a *perruquier* dressed it. We wore diamonds, pearls, rubies, emeralds—we covered our hands with rings, wore jeweled chains about our necks, wore earrings, covered our hats with ostrich feathers, hid our hands and sometimes our meager calves under showers of lace; we drenched ourselves with scent and stuck decorative black patches upon our faces; rouge was not wholly unknown to us. Until the *fin de siècle* that brought the French Revolution, the women never surpassed us in the expense and exquisite care we devoted to our persons. A new period in dress began for us then."

"Indeed?" the judge said ominously. "We began exposing ourselves then, I suppose."

"Yes, we did. We began to dispense with our plumage and all our coquettish aids to the conquest of ladies. In our wars with one another, weapons had been improved and the science of war had changed; our plumage had become more and more inconvenient. Taxes reduced our luxury at the same time that republican ideas of simplicity began to prevail. But what really ended our splendid peacockery was the beginning of the mechanical age after the close of the Napoleonic Wars. We'd cut our long hair and given up the wigs that imitated it; then we cut off our ruffles. Lace isn't useful around machinery and it's inappropriate on a cindery railroad train. The women didn't adopt the utilitarian costume when we did; they weren't in so close contact with the mechanical age as we were. They waited almost a hundred years, and it's only now that they're doing what we did so long ahead of them."

"You mean that's all they're doing—just following our utilitarian example a hundred years later?"

"No, I don't mean that's all they're doing; but it's certainly one of the things they're doing."

"Then just because a girl can't hop in and out of an automobile in a long skirt, you mean that Julie ——"

"She belongs to an age that has discarded your ideas, judge, and she'll never adjust herself to them. She couldn't, even if she wanted to."

"Well, I'll certainly never adjust myself to hers," he said gloomily. "The ideas of the new age won't last. The pendulum will swing back."

"What's to swing it back?"

He was unable to tell me, and after I had left him, I thought that his figure of the pendulum was not an accurate one. There are actions and reactions in the life of mankind, but a pendulum swings from a fixed point. In Nature, all is change, and so there is no such thing as a fixed point, which can be only an abstract conception. Looking forth upon the examples apparently set by the rest of the universe, we are encouraged to surmise that the world moves not as a pendulum but in an ascending spiral.

XXVIII

LATELY, in 1928, I motored home from New York to the midland city. There was no need to take a ferry across the Hudson; automobiles beyond counting were humming incessantly, speeding east, speeding west, beneath those deep broad waters; we had no sight of the new Titans' sky line growing mistier behind us. Little more

(Continued on Page 95)

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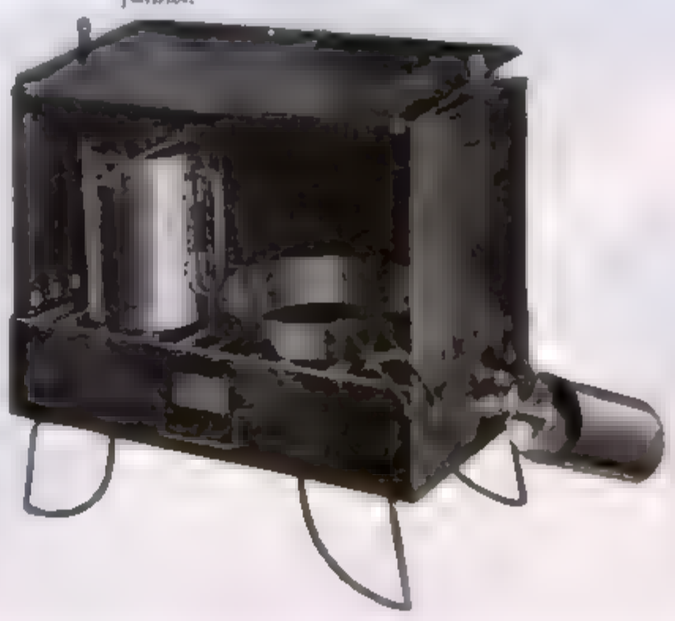

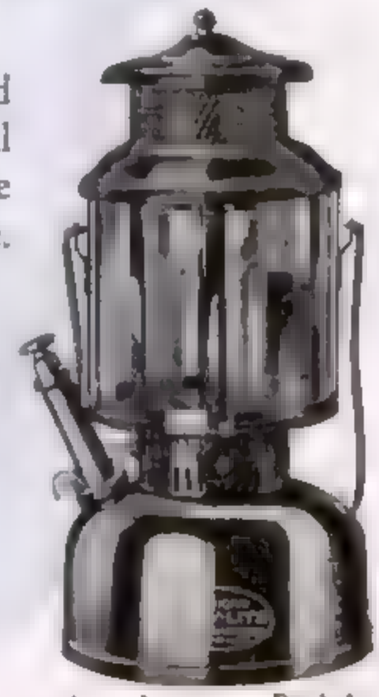

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(Continued from Page 93)

than an hour later, we looked down upon the Delaware from a high bridge, and one of us said:

"Down there, not far, Washington forced his way across this river through the ice. What a strange sight that would be if we could see it now!"

"How much stranger a sight we'd be to Washington!" the other returned. "The bridge alone would dumfound him, but he could understand it. The automobile shooting across it would stagger him, and most of his half-frozen Revolutionary soldiers would take it to be either illusion or witchcraft." Then, as an airplane rose buzzing in the nearer skies—"But the plane," he went on, "I think they could hardly have borne. They'd have thought they were getting too much of the supernatural to be endured. I think there'd have been desertions when they reached the other shore—poor souls hurrying home to meet the Judgment Day with their families about them. Yet it's only a century and a half ago that the Father of Our Country crossed here, and what would we think if we could see now what we should see from this spot a century and a half in the future? Would we, too, scurry home to prepare for the last trump?"

Probably not, we thought. We should be able to endure at least a glimpse of full-blown prodigies not even to be in bud during our lifetime. For we were children of the mechanical age, inured to miracles; we had seen men doing almost everything that in previous ages they had been able to imagine themselves as doing. To do more, they would need to imagine more; but already they had imagined interplanetary communication, the prolongation of human life, the end of war and even the end of poverty. Some day, perhaps, they would imagine the end of ignorance—even the end of our ignorance of the meaning of life; and when that meaning is known we shall no longer be tragically ignorant of the meaning of death. For a hundred and fifty years is not long in the life of the Delaware River, and men will still be imagining when the river is gone.

But already our silent, ready, hurrying slave, the automobile, had borne us far from the bridge; the great, hard, smooth highways built for that slave stretched before us in their thousands of miles—west, south, north, as we chose to go. There was company, too, in all directions—overland traffic of freight in thunderous motor trucks; motor vans moving all the furniture and household goods of families from one town to another; automobiles built like cottages and with families living in them ever itinerant; long, swift omnibuses running on schedules and growing weeds in the interurban trolley tracks; bootleggers' cars with mud-caked license plates and dusty windows; youthful speed cars, peddlers' coupés, workmen's cars, farmers' cars, rich men's cars, poor men's cars, beggar men's cars and thieves' cars. Tractors plowed the fields beside the road; love letters, business letters, letters from anxious mothers, shot through the sky over our heads; and on all our journey, in the remotest mountain and woodland spot we reached, messages, lectures, readings, recitations, weather prognostications and incessant music continually passed through the ether about us and through our very bodies.

We moved at a speed for which nobody is arrested nowadays and came home in only two more hours of running than we should have spent on an express train. But we had been away from the midland city for seven months, and so we came into it sooner than we expected, because it was still growing. Far, far ahead of us, when we entered the ever-extending streets, new colossi loomed in the smoke—more skyscrapers were building.

I walked at twilight through a street of new houses where long, long ago—yet how short a time ago it seemed, too!—I had driven a red-wheeled runabout and a startled farm hand told me of lightning that came shattering out of a clear sunny sky. The houses upon this new street all built within little more than a year—were of the newest fashions, yet not many were of the same fashion. They were of shapes and colors we once should have thought fanciful; indeed, many of them suggested stage settings, and their picturesqueness was so extreme as to give them almost the unsubstantial air of picture-book houses. They were adaptations of such themes as the Normandy farmhouse, the Italian villa, the Spanish cottage, the Tudor house, the Georgian manor, the Southern Colonial house, the New England Colonial house, and even the donjon keep. It was obvious that every architect or every owner had planned without thought to what would neighbor the new house. We were going ahead with our building in our old, naïve individual way; and so this new street looked like a masquerade party wearing the costumes of all nations and all periods. Yet no doubt every house was beautiful to the family that lived in it. Probably when they looked at it they saw nothing else, being happily able to exclude from their consciousness all that they had not proudly built themselves.

Some of the new houses had been put up by builders to sell—possibly with the aid of the new installment-financing plan that enables anybody to buy anything. Painted signs suggested alluring merit: This Artistic Modern Home, This Superbly Equipped Home, This Beautiful New Modern Home—for, of course, these empty houses were all "homes"; and an apprentice in the new commercial publicity would probably be reprimanded if he were ever so indiscreet as to speak or write of even an unfinished house or cottage as anything except a "home." But what I wondered, as I walked along in the twilight, staring at these whimsical houses, was whether or not they were really an improvement upon the other kinds of houses that had preceded them in the midland town; and, of course, the people who lived in the new houses and the architects who designed them and the decorators concerned with the interiors would all have thought this an absurd thing to be wondering.

Twilight having deepened as I walked, lights began to appear, and before one of the brightened windows I paused for a moment. The shade was up, no curtains impeded the view, and there was revealed a living-room interior in the modernist manner. A modernist painting hung upon the wall over a severe oblong hole, the fireplace; and the furniture was of a shaping unfamiliar in chairs, tables, stools and bookcases, and usually associated with engineering works of one kind and another. The painting was of a woman with a green head and no spinal column to hold it in place. She seemed about to enter a building smaller than she was, and she carried in one hand, at the end of her shorter arm, a pottery bowl that must have surprised the potter, when he took it from the kiln, and made him resolve to live thenceforth more temperately.

Then, looking at this picture and at the furniture, I was reminded of earlier manifestations of modernism upon the banks of the Seine, in the first years of the century; and I remembered how tactful visitors to the Salon des Indépendants forbore to laugh, because the artists might be standing near the works of art. They had not all perished of neglect, those early modernists; some of them had lived to see their pictures hung on the walls of dwelling houses by people able to bear that daily association. Those who thus survived were the few who "knew how to put paint on canvas"; at least they were craftsmen; but whether or not their effort to "get back to the primitive" had brought any new beauty into the world was still a question. They were consciously primitive, which is certainly never a way to be primitive; and if they had, indeed, brought new beauty into the world, they had certainly brought with it a lot of other things, including the pretentiousness of their apologists and the nightmares of their imitators. And upon the point of pretentiousness I remembered a comparison made by a good painter I knew.

"All this modernist art," he said, "was founded upon a shrewd knowledge of the hypnotic power of a vacuum. To understand that, we must recall the old story of the three weavers and the king's coronation robes. The thievish weavers kept all the money they were supposed to spend for materials and said the robes they were making for the king were beyond compare the richest and most beautiful ever woven, and also had a magic quality—whoever was not virtuous and good could not see these beautiful robes at all; they were visible to virtuous people only. So when the courtiers came to look at the robes, no one dared to say he did not see them; and the king himself, when the weavers went through the motions of putting them upon him, expressed the greatest admiration and delight. Then he rode forth to the coronation naked, and all the people, afraid of giving it away that they couldn't see his beautiful robes, began to shout: 'What splendor! How superb! What wonderfulness in weaving!' Well, that's the wonderfulness of most of modernist art. The people who praise it are afraid of letting anyone find out that they don't see it."

Yet whether they really see it or not, some of those who praise it think they see it; for the hypnotic power of a vacuum is that strong, if vacuums become the fashion. Fashion is the true hypnotic master of the eye; for fashion is mob vision, difficult to resist. The owner of the modernist painting that I saw through the lighted window surely thought his picture beautiful, and was pleased to possess it and the new shapes of furniture, and to be, himself, as he would doubtless believe, a forefront slave of a lovely fashion.

So, before him, had the followers of all the dead fashions felt. In the latter part of the nineteenth century, before the *fin de siècle*, we had gone through what the fashion, with one of its inexplicable sophistications, called a Queen Anne period in building, accompanied by the æsthetic movement indoors. Wooden houses were built with little turrets and weatherboarded towers boiling out all over them; jig-saw work enriched gables, and at least one oval window of colored glass seemed to be necessary somewhere. Within, there was Eastlake furniture, and pure decoration offered effects from the æsthetic revolution: Cattails, sumac, sunflowers, formerly plain old chairs newly gilded, peacock feathers, fans tacked upon the walls, embroidered owls, wooden bread rollers painted in floral designs, pansies painted on tambourines and marble-topped rococo tables. Nowadays, everybody thought all that bad enough to

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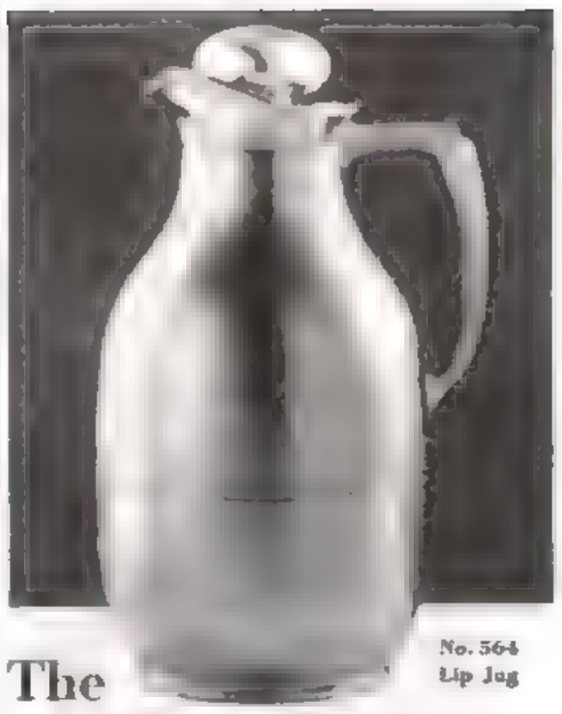

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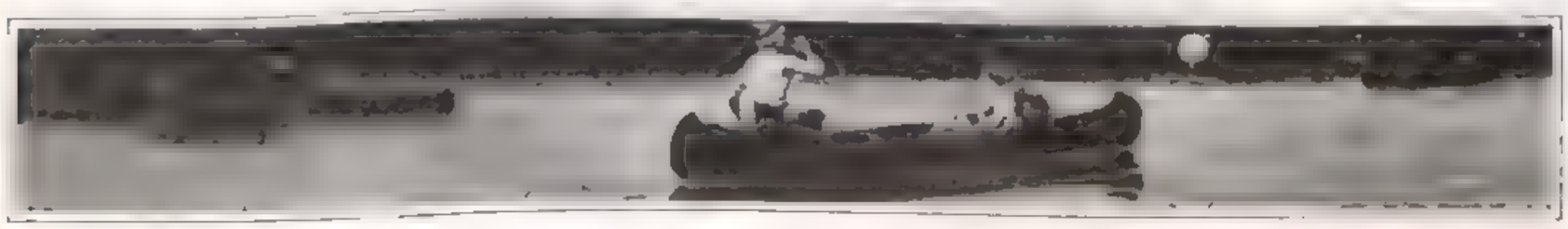

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I-51

Continued from Page 95

be funny; but it had seemed charming when it was the fashion—at least, it was charming to the people who built the Queen Anne houses and did the æsthetic decorating.

So I wondered, as I walked on, if some day, not far in the future, these fanciful new houses, so charming now to the owners, the architects, the builders and the decorators, and undeniably excellent in pictorial composition, wouldn't nevertheless in their turn appear to be as funny and as bad taste as the preposterous Queen Anne cottages and jig-saw work and cat-tails seem to all of us now.

Nevertheless, the amount of happiness in the world must be greatly enriched by the belief of every period that in matters of taste, at least, it alone has come to perfection and is the final authority.

In this, the new age was like the age before it, like the *fin de siècle* and all other ages; but it was not like the *fin de siècle* in many things. Nature itself does not recognize a revolution; it works through evolution only, we are told; yet since the *fin de siècle* there had been an overturning thorough enough to bear the aspect of revolution to middle-aged and elderly people. They had seen their youthful conceptions of such vital things as time and distance disappear into nothing; and what was painful to those who, like Judge Olds, found themselves bewildered in a new world, they had also seen, at the same time and as if through some dire synchronism, their most rigid conceptions of morals and of proprieties and of manners, first questioned, then challenged, then apparently tossed aside. Fetters had been broken; a great deal that was useless, impending and even evil had been swept away; startling new tolerances were beginning to prevail, and, contradictorily enough, there were new intolerances like the intolerance of refinement, for instance. But this was, of all, probably the special intolerance most characteristic of the new age, for refinement in large part seems to be a quality of leisure. And in this swiftest moving and most restless time the world has known, leisure is for the dead, though not immediately—even the hearses are automobiles now.

I walked on deeper into the town, with the sky growing darker and the city avenues brighter as the white globes of the street lamps became luminous, upon the movement of an engineer's hand miles away. So I came at last to where the old destroyed town had stood; and I paused again, looking up at the sparkling front of a tall apartment house. There had been an iron gateway here once which I had often entered long ago, and beyond it, a fountain had tinkled in the midst of a green lawn. In the ample house lived an hourglass girl with a charming voice and a piano kept in tune, and about her, at that piano, boys and girls in their early twenties and late teens were wont to gather of an evening and sing with her, while older people listened amiably in the library beyond. And by a coincidence, as I stopped there now, a song was coming from the window of a first-floor apartment of the building that stood where the green lawn and the fountain and the ample house had been.

But this song came out of a box. The words were distinguishable:

He's my boy friend, I'm his sweetie.
When we dance my heart gets leapy.
He's so amorous
He gets me glamorous!
Oh, my!
I
Wanta die
With my
Boy friend,
Right then!

There was, of course, an accompaniment of wire-strung banjos, saxophones and drums.

I passed on, going still deeper into the town; and presently stood before a vast and solemn shape that rose into the highest reaches of the electric light from the streets. It was the new war memorial, a monumental shrine, unfinished and still building. Of white stone, it would have had a better appearance if it could have remained clean; but of course that wasn't to be hoped—not now; even our homage to the men who fought for us in the Great War must be soiled with the grime that was the mark of our prosperity. Nevertheless, the day would yet come when the great edifice would be cleaned and kept clean, to rise in the clear whiteness that would make it as beautiful as it should be. Some day, I thought, the chamber of commerce and the Rotarians and the Kiwanis Club and the Lions Club and the Junior Rotarians would do that work—for if they didn't, nobody else would; and some day they would understand the importance of doing it.

The monument was finer than anything we had ever built before, I was sure, and yet it was of modern design. Something original and powerful had been added to a majestic old thought that at its base was Greek; and here, I felt, the design had done what an enlightened new age might do. For every new age has at its disposal everything that was fine in all past ages, and its greatness depends upon how well it recognizes and preserves and brings to the aid of its own enlightenment whatever worthy and true things the dead have left on earth behind them. And it seemed to me that the unfinished memorial, for all its smoke stains and the incongruous huddle of buildings about it, was already magnificent.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh and last of a series of articles by Mr. Tarkington.

"Clarissa! What is the Meaning of This?"
"Tee Hee, Daddy! What a Silly Question!"

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THE GARDEN OF FASCISM

(Continued from Page 4)

political life took such a loathsome part. I knew—and it was evident to everyone in spite of concealment—that the new Communist Party was inspired and supported and even directed from Moscow. We were invaded just as other lands have since been invaded.

At Triest, a city dear to every Italian, which had always held alive the flame of faith and enthusiasm, a great Fascist meeting was held. At the head of the Triest Fascists was Giunta, a member of the Italian Chamber and an ardent and valiant Fascist from the first call to action. He knew, in various circumstances, how to raise formidable barriers against this Slavic inroad and against the stupidity of the men who had taken authority in Triest. The gathering was held at the Rossetti Theater. There I spoke. I set forth our fundamental principles not only for the Fascists but for all those who were interested in a new and complete Italian policy. After a panoramic examination of the knotty problems which at that time were vexing Italian foreign policy, I demanded a complete definite withdrawal of the Rapallo Treaty by which Sforza and Giolitti had signed away Fiume. I acknowledged, none the less, the impossibility of setting oneself, at that moment, against the tragic consequences of the treaty—the fruit of a long disintegration followed by those who had led us into a morass.

"The fault of the renunciation," I affirmed, "is not to be attributed entirely to the negotiators at the last hour; the renunciation had been perpetrated already in parliament, in our journalism, even in a university where a professor has published books—translated, of course, at Zagabria—in order to demonstrate according to his style of thinking that Dalmatia is not Italian!

"The Dalmatian tragedy lies in this ignorance, this bad faith and utter incomprehension. We hope to put a stop to these grotesque errors by our future work. We will know, love and defend Italian Dalmatia.

"The treaty signed, it was possible to make it void by one of the following means: Either a foreign war or by insurrection at home. Both are absurd! It is impossible to excite the man in the street against a treaty of peace after five years of bloody calvary. Nobody is able to perform a miracle!

"It was possible to awake in Italy a revolution in favor of the intervention, but in November, 1921, it was not possible to think of a revolution in order to annul a peace treaty which, good or bad, has been accepted by ninety out of every hundred of Italians."

The Fascist Platform

Having delineated clearly the uncertain and transitory position in which Italy found herself at that time in respect to the Fiume tragedy and herself, having shown the impossibility of creating a revolution which would have been premature and condemned to failure, I laid down and fixed by firm, precise tacks and nails what should have been the political program of the Fascists in 1921.

"From these general premises," I said, "it follows that the Italian Bundles of Fight should ask:

"First, that the treaties of peace be reëxamined and modified in parts which are revealed as inapplicable or the application of which can be a source of hatred and incentive to new wars;

"Second, the economic annexation of Fiume to Italy and the guardianship of Italians living in Dalmatian countries;

"Third, the gradual disengagement of Italy from the group of the Occidental plutocratic nations by the development of our productive forces at home;

"Fourth, an approach once again toward the nations—Austria, Germany, Bulgaria, Turkey, Hungary—but with dignified attitude and maintaining the supreme necessities of our north and south boundaries;

"Fifth, the creation and intensification of friendly relations with all peoples of the Near and Far East, not excluding those which are ruled by the soviets.

"Sixth, the indications in colonial policy of the rights and necessities of our nation;

"Seventh, the reform and renewal of all our diplomatic representatives abroad by elements from special university training;

"Eighth, the building up of Italian colonies in the Mediterranean Sea as well as those beyond the Atlantic by economic and cultural institutions and rapid communications."

I concluded my speech by an ardent affirmation of faith.

"It is destiny," I said, "that Rome again takes her place as the city that will be the director of the civilization of all Western Europe. Let us commit the flame of this passion to the coming generations; let us make out of Italy one of the nations without which it is impossible to conceive the future history of humanity."

Violence Overreaches

The year 1921 was the centenary of Dante. I was dreaming, in the name of Alighieri: "The Italy of tomorrow, both free and rich, all-resounding, with seas and skies peopled with her fleets, with the earth everywhere made fruitful by her plows."

Later on, in a meeting of Lombardian Fascists, I indicated some landmarks of the Fascist battle. In a speech that I made to my friends in Milan I affirmed that by its fatiguing work Fascism was preparing men and spirits suitable to the task of an imminent tomorrow—that of ruling the nation.

Already in germination through all these affirmations, there was growing the definite intention of preparing by legal action as well as by violence, conquest of power.

The Socialists and communists, though debating between themselves on doctrinarial questions, vied with one another to show themselves more anti-Fascist than the others. The communists had no scruples. Every day they gave proof of their contempt for law, and they evidenced a foolish disregard for the strength of their adversaries.

At Florence, during a parade of patriotic character, there had been an attempt at a communist insurrection. Bombs were thrown, isolated Fascists were pursued. It happened on this occasion that a very young Fascist named Berta was horribly murdered. The unhappy boy, surprised upon a bridge of the Arno River, was beaten and thrown from the parapet into the water. As the poor victim, by a dull instinct of self-preservation, clung to the railing bars with his fingers, the communists rushed upon him and beat his hands until our martyr finally let go and was plunged into the Arno. His body was whirled about in the current.

This single episode of incredible ferocity gave indication of how deeply communist outrage had penetrated into Italy. As if that were not enough, soon afterward there occurred the butchery of Empoli, where two camions were loaded with marines and carabineers. The proof of degenerate ferocity of the communists was evidenced by the corpses of the poor victims, for their inert bodies were treated as jungle savages treat the corpses of their victims.

It was not confined to any one province. At that time there happened also the trap and massacre of Casale Monferrato, where among the dead were two old Sardinian drummers and where there was wounded Cesare Maria de Vecchi, a brave companion. At Milan isolated Fascists were singled out and attacked by stealth. One of our most beloved friends, the very young Aldo Sette, was murdered with all the accompaniment of savagery.

But on the twenty-third of March occurred the culminating episode of meditated horror, and with dreadful consequences. The communists caused a bomb to explode at the Diana Theater in that city. It was crowded with peaceful citizens attending an operatic performance. The bomb sent to sudden death twenty persons. Fifty others were mutilated. All Milan gave up to anguish and anger and to chills of vengeance. There was no possibility of delaying public sentiment. Squads of Fascists assaulted for the second time the newspaper Avanti and it was burned by them. Others tried also to assault the Workers' Chamber, but a strong military garrison barred the Fascists from an attack.

The action squads turned their activity into the suburbs, firmly held both by communists and Socialists. The swift, decisive action of the Fascists served to drive from their nests and put to flight the subverters of civil order. The political authority was powerless; it could not control the disorders and disturbances. On the twenty-sixth of March I concentrated all the Fascists of Lombardy. They filed off, marching compactly in columns, through the principal streets of Milan. It was a demonstration of strength not to be forgotten. At last over the horizon I had brought defenders of civil life, protectors of order and citizenship. There had come a spirit of revival for all good works. The martyrs of the Diana and the Fascist victims were the best inspiration. A whole people might now be united in the name of the Roman Littorio, under the direction of Italian youth—a youth which had won the war and now would again attain a serene peace of the spirit and the rewards of fruitful virtue, of discipline, work and fraternity.

Unforgettable were the demonstrations for the victims of the dastardly bomb at the Diana. It was from that day on that there began the progressive crashing down and crumbling of the whole structure of Italian subversive elements. Now they were driven like rats to their holes and were barricaded in the few forts of the Workers' Chambers and of the district clubs.

I led a life of intense activity. I managed the Popolo d'Italia and every morning I was able to give the political text for the day, not only to Milan but to the principal cities of Italy where the political life of the nation found its sources. I led the Fascist Party with a firm hand. I must say that I gave some very strict orders. I had an ear open to all who came to Milan to communicate about our organization in the various provinces. I watched the activity of our enemies. I maintained for the Fascists a clear, clean stream of purpose. I maintained the freedom necessary for our elasticity of movements. I wished not to mix or adulterate such a pure and strong faith as the Fascist faith. I wished not to blend that ardent youth which was soul essential of Fascism with old elements of trade and barter, combinations, coalitions, parliamentary compromises and the hypocrisies of Italian liberalism.

A Vote of Confidence

Among the many vicissitudes which have accompanied my existence I have always kept an invincible passion for flying. At that period, so tumultuous, so colored by dramatic hues, every morning found me on a bicycle going and coming some eighteen miles to take lessons in aviation. My teacher was the Giuseppe Radaelli, a modest and brave aviator, full of passion for flight and happy to have the chance to teach me the difficult craft of being a good pilot.

One morning I took a seat in a plane with Radaelli. The first flight came off without incident. During the second flight, on the contrary, the motor for some reason stalled, just at the moment when we were executing the maneuver of coming down. The machine veered sidewise and, after having glided on one wing, we were precipitated onto the field from a height of about forty meters. The pilot came off with some slight wounds on the forehead. I had several about the head which it would require two weeks to heal. After an emergency treatment at the field I was treated more thoroughly by Dr. Leonardo Pallieri at the Guardia Medica of Porta Venezia. That incident, which might have had marked consequences to my life, was, thanks to the kind treatment by my personal friend, Dr. Ambrogio Binda, passed off as nothing.

This incident, however, gave me the opportunity to measure how many Italians were following my affairs. I got almost a plebiscite of warm sympathy from all over the land. I rested, suffering, for some days, and then I took up my usual activity at the Popolo d'Italia, knowing that Italy no longer disregarded the part I was to play.

On the same day of the carnage at the Diana and of the consequent reprisals, while spirits were kindled and irritated, a certain Masi, sent by the anarchists of Piombino, came to Milan to attempt my life. He presented himself at my house, rang the bell and boldly climbed the stairs. He was a strange creature of extraordinary mien. My daughter Edda went to open the door.

The unknown man asked for me. He was sent to the Popolo d'Italia, but went below and waited for me on the large public square of Foro Bonaparte. When he saw me he came toward me at first rapidly, and then slowly he wavered. He asked me in a halting voice if I was Professor Mussolini, and when I said yes he added that he wanted to speak to me at some length.

The Unlucky Winner

The strange behavior of the individual with the grim eye made me understand that I found myself in the presence of a fool. I said that I did not give audience in the street; I told him that I received at the Popolo d'Italia, where in fact he came half an hour later, asking to be introduced to me. I consented at once and willingly. Masi—who, I repeat, was a young man with burning eyes—as soon as he came into my presence appeared embarrassed. He said he wanted to speak to me. His behavior was so curious that I asked him to tell me promptly and sympathetically what he wanted to say.

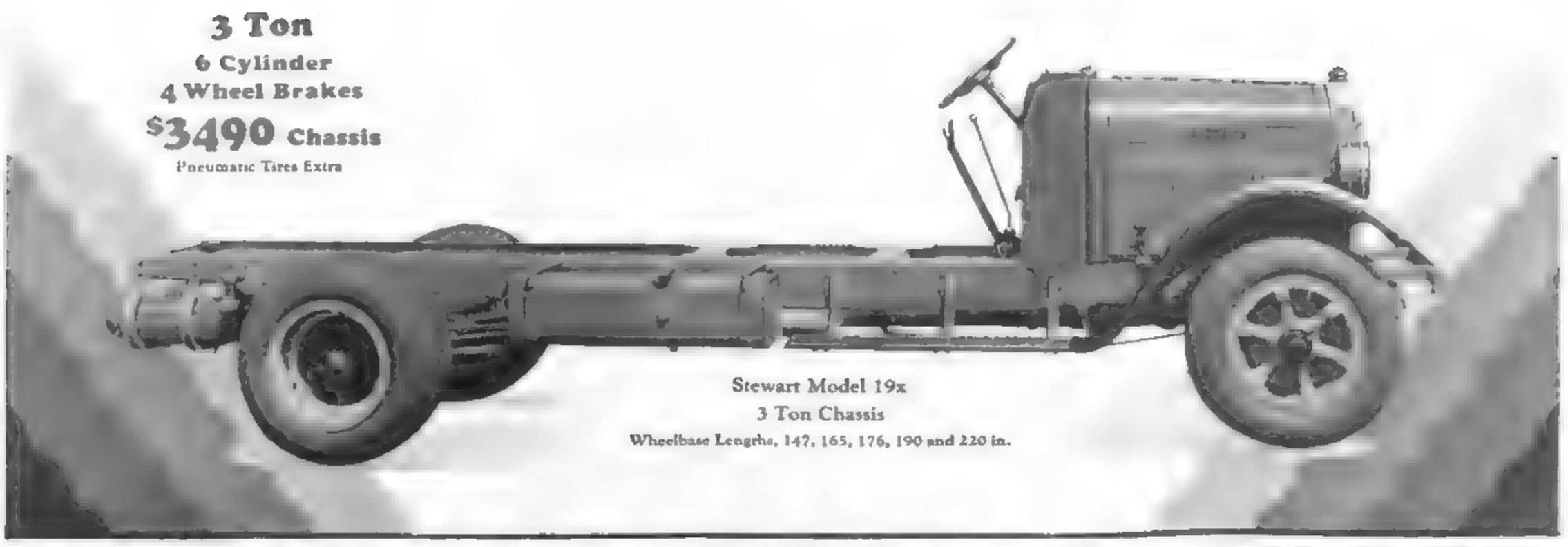
After a moment of hesitation he told me that he had been chosen by lot, in a drawing by the anarchists of Piombino, to murder me treacherously with a pistol. Later, having been caught in some doubts, he had resolved to come and confess everything to me, to hand me the weapon with which he had intended to kill me and to put himself at my mercy. I listened to him, but I said not a word.

Taking the revolver from his hands, I called the chief clerk and telephone operator of the newspaper, Sant' Elia, and intrusted to him that unhappy man, so ensnared by anarchy and frightened by the consequences of his dreams. I wanted Sant' Elia to accompany him to Triest, with a letter of introduction to the Fascist Giunta. Soon after, however, the police informed by what means I know not of the episode—arrested the anarchist of Piombino as he went away. This was the one clever piece of detective work performed at that time by the Milan police. They utterly failed to trace out the dynamiters of the Diana even when two months had elapsed after the crime.

Oh, many had meditated upon my funeral! And yet love is stronger than hatred. I always felt a power over events and men.

Giolitti in those days was in a most difficult parliamentary situation. On the political horizon there had appeared a political constellation of first magnitude—it was

(Continued on Page 101)



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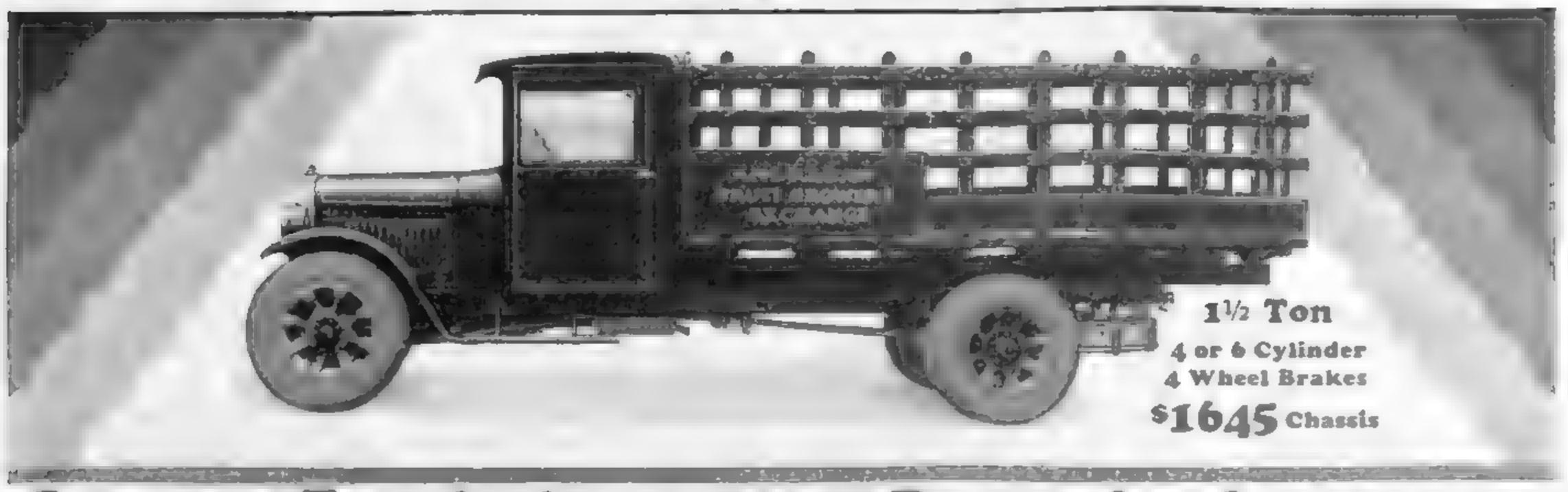

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(Continued from Page 99)

Fascism. Facing this fact, the president of the council of that epoch deemed it opportune to measure the parties on the basis of parliamentary suffrage, and he announced the elections for the month of May.

After a preliminary discussion the various parties which were pledged to order, in opposition to Socialist communism, found it expedient to go into the elections as a body, which could be defined as a national bloc.

In the center of the bloc—the only motivating and encouraging force—Fascism found itself. All other parties kept their complexions as subverters in political and economic matters. The Socialist Party presented itself separated from the Communist Party, while the Popular Party moved on the field alone.

In order to make myself acquainted with the real efficiency of our party, I started reconnoitering in several provinces. I received enthusiastic welcome at the beginning of April in Bologna, a fortress of socialism and a barometer indicating the level of the whole Po Valley. Bologna greeted me in a jubilation of colors, with parades, fanfares of welcome and speeches favoring Italian resurrection. The butchery of the Palace of Accursio was still too fresh and red in memories. Fascism was in a hot fervor; therefore my presence could not fail to whip up in all the young men a singular strength of will, hope and faith.

A Prophecy Fulfilled

From Bologna I went to Ferrara, another stronghold of socialism. And there again there was waiting for me an unforgettable demonstration of strength. Bologna and Ferrara are two magnificent towns, centers of regions exclusively agricultural. In those days I could measure by my youth and intimate knowledge the strength, the mentality, the ways of thinking and the longing for order of the workers of the land. I understood that their mentality had lost its way, but it was not dominated by red propaganda. At bottom their mentality is of people wise and praiseworthy, who have always been, at the lucky moments, the bulwark for the fortunes of the Italian race.

The electoral struggle lasted exactly a month. During that period I made but three speeches—one in Bologna, one in Ferrara and one in Milan, on the Place Borromeo. Contrary to what happened during the political elections of 1919, I succeeded this time in getting a plurality not only in Milan but also in the districts of Bologna and Ferrara. Great demonstrations of joy followed the news. Furthermore, all Fascism in the electoral field was gaining in undoubted strides.

In November, 1919, I had not succeeded in getting more than 4000 votes. In 1921 I was at the head of the list with 178,000 votes. My election to the Italian Chamber caused a great rejoicing among my friends, my colleagues, my assistants. To all my faithful subeditors, Giuliani, Gaini, Rocca, Morgagni and others, I recalled the episode of 1919, when I said to my discouraged and perplexed assistants that within the space of two years I would have my revenge. The prophecy had proved true within two years. A new moral atmosphere was being breathed by every stratum of our population.

The Fascists, though not many, entered the parliament, but the few represented in themselves a tremendous force for the new destines of Italy.

At Montecitorio, the House of Parliament, in order to follow the rules of the Chamber, the Fascists formed their own group. There were only thirty-five representatives. It was numerically a small group, indeed, but it was composed of men with good livers and excellent courage.

During the session I made few speeches. I think I spoke five times and that was all. Certainly I tried in all cases to give my oratory a spirit and to make it stick to realities. Certainly I confined it to a devotion to the interests of Italian life. I put aside parliamentary triflings and the tin sword play of parliamentary politicians.

In a speech made on the twenty-first of June, 1921, I criticized without reserve the foreign policy of the Giolitti ministry. I put on a firm realistic basis the question of Northern Italy, the Upper Adige. I pointed out the feebleness of the government and of the men placed in authority over the new provinces. I affirmed solemnly: "As the government of Giolitti is responsible for the miserable Salata and Credaro policy in the Upper Adige, I vote against him. Let us declare to the German deputies here in our Italian present parliament that we find ourselves at the Brenner Pass now, and that at the Brenner we will remain at any pri e." I took up again the hot impassioned subject of Fiume and Dalmatia. I assaulted violently the shameful foreign policy of Sforza, leading our land to humiliation and ruin.

I spoke of our domestic policy. I stripped the covering from the Socialists and communists and made them face Fascism. I pointed out with irony the fact that among others with the communists stood Graziadei, who, at other times, had been my opponent when he was a Socialist reformer. I exposed to the light the utter lack of principles to be found in representatives who dipped their paws into this or that party group or program solely for the purpose of gaining petty power or personal gain.

The speech, which had only a purpose to clarify, gave some needed hints as to our political action as Fascists in destruction of the methods and principles of our adversaries. To my surprise it created a deep impression. It had a vast echo outside the Chamber and was undoubtedly among the causes which finally doomed the Giolitti ministry, like all the rest, to topple over like a drunken buzzard.

I was not alone in a parliamentary struggle. The group was helping me valiantly and with ability. Already the Deputy Federzoni, since a distinguished official of the Fascist state, had started a review and revision of the whole work of Count Sforza, Giolitti's Minister of Foreign Affairs, and particularly of the Adriatic policy. There had been dramatic sessions in which the work of the aforesaid minister not only was put under a strict and inexorable examination, according to both the logic and conscience of Fascism, but it was examined in the light of the negotiations and treaties, open or secret, which the parliament had to know and approve.

The Fascist Idea Crystallized

After various parliamentary ups and downs, the Giolitti ministry fell and it was followed by that of Bonomi—a Socialist who arrived at being a democrat through varied captious reasonings. He tried to set up a policy of internal pacification. He was interested in the truce between Fascists and Socialists, of which I have already told the meager results. Just at the moment when Bonomi was developing this political fabric came the tragic episodes of the massacre of Sarzana. There not less than eighteen Fascists fell. Then came the butchery of Modena, where the Royal Guards shot into a parade of Fascists, leaving some ten dead and many wounded persons. The home policy had not found as yet, one could say mildly, any perch of stability. I constantly was unfolding my active task as leader of the party, as journalist and politician.

Finally in November, 1921, I convoked in Rome a large congress of the Fascists of the whole of Italy. The moment had arrived to emerge from the first phase, in which Fascism had had the character of a movement outside the usual political diversions, into a new phase, where the organic structure of a party which had been made strong both by firm political intrenchment and by the growth of central and local organization, should be crystallized. (Continued on Page 105)

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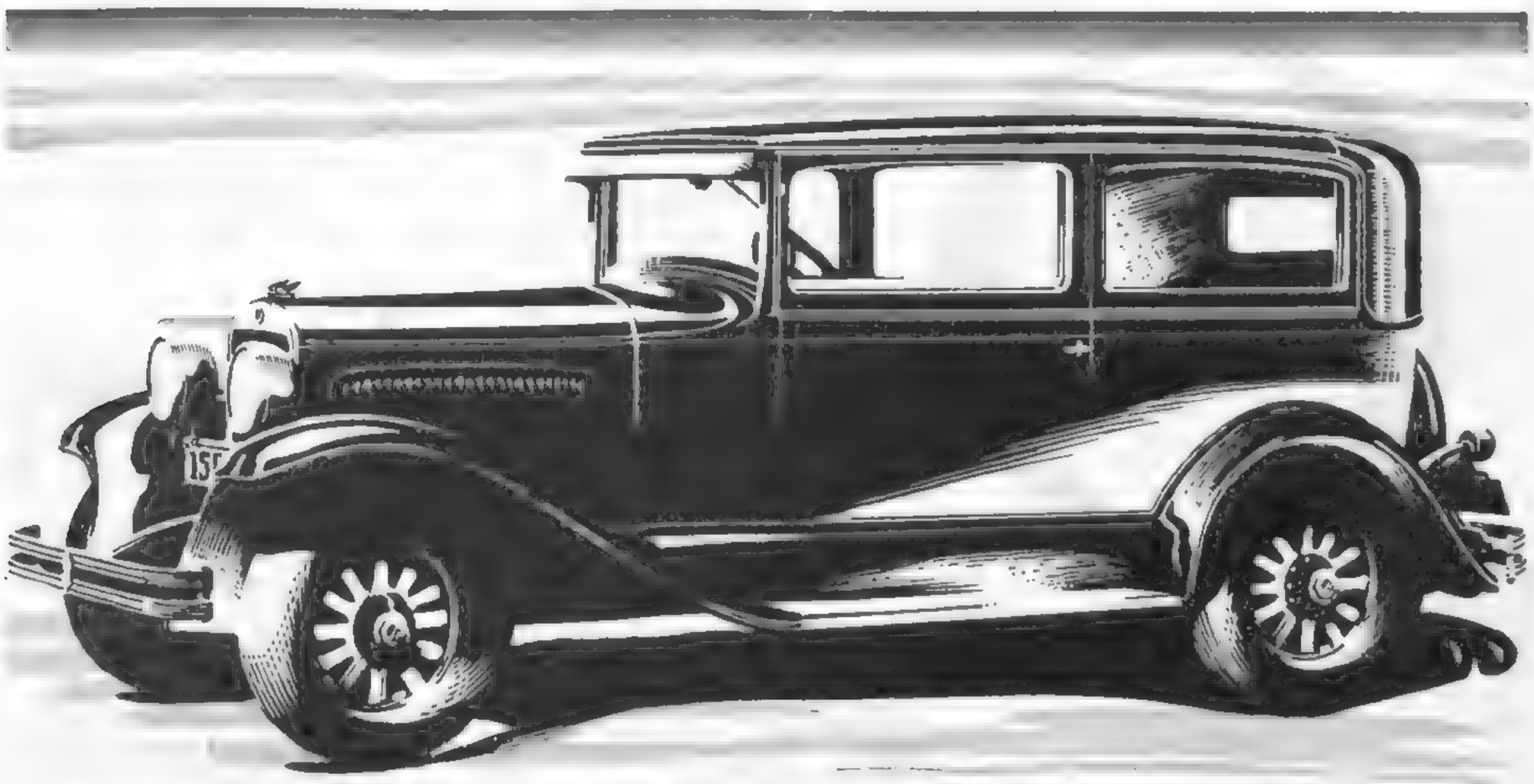

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(Continued from Page 101)

The Italian Bundles of Fight had been inspired by impetuous spirit. They possessed, therefore, an organization of battle rather than a true and proper organization of party. It was now necessary to come to this second phase in order to be prepared to be a successor of the old parties in the command and direction of public affairs. The congress at the Augusteo—the tomb of Augustus and now a concert hall in Rome—had to agree on the terms for the creation of the new party. It had to fix both the organization and the program.

That was a memorable meeting. Thanks to the number of the followers and the quickness and solidity of the discussions, it showed the virility of Fascism. My point of view won an overwhelming victory in that meeting. The Italian Bundles of Fight were now transforming themselves. They were to receive the new denomination of Fascist National Party, with a central directory and supreme council over the provincial organizations and the lesser Fascist sections which were to be created in every locality. On that opportunity I wanted with all my desire to strip from our party the personal character which the Fascist movement had assumed because of the stamp of my will. But the more I wished to give the party an autonomous organization and the more I tried, the more I received the conviction from the evidence of the facts that the party could not have existed and lived and could not be triumphant except under my command, my guidance, my support and my spurs.

The meeting in Rome gave a deep insight into the fundamental strength of Fascism, but especially to me it was a revelation of my personal strength. But there were several unpleasant incidents. There had been some men killed in Rome. The workers' quarter of Rome was hostile to us. The work of the congress had, however, its full and normal development, and through the streets of Rome at last filed off the parade of Fascists in battle array. It served notice to everybody that Fascism was ripe as a party, and as an instrumentality with the heart and the means to battle and to defend itself.

The Bonomi ministry developed its pacification policy in the midst of difficulties of all kinds. The time and the moment were rather murky. The year 1921 presented difficulties which would have made any politician shiver. On the horizon a line of clarification was to be discerned, but the sky was nevertheless still heavy with old clouds.

About the end of this formless gray year, awaiting a great dawn, happened an event in the financial world which threw a shadow of sorrow over the whole land. This was the crashing of the Banca Italiana di Sconto. The collapse was felt particularly in the southern part of Italy by the humble classes who had deposited in that bank their savings. This great banking institution had been born during the war and had done notable services for the organization of our efficiency, but it could not bear in the postwar period the burden of its engagements. This big banking organism, in which the laboring populations of the South and of Upper Italy were interested so deeply, was crumbling on itself, giving all the postwar Italian financial policy a sensation of dismay and failure. Ignorance, foolishness, fault, levity? Who knows?

Certainly our credit as a power and as a rebuilding force in comparison with foreign countries diminished enormously. To the faults of our domestic policy was added now, in the eyes of the world, a plutocratic and financial insufficiency.

From the broils of financial chaos and in the maze of debates which ensued, Fascism kept itself aloof. It delayed not to consider the past, but chose to determine carefully a sound, wise and foreseeing monetary policy of the nation. For the first time I found myself squarely challenged by the gigantic problem of public finance.

For me it was a new airplane—and there was no competent instructor anywhere on our field.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of reminiscences by Premier Mussolini. The next will appear in an early issue

THUS MAN LEARNED TO FLY

(Continued from Page 11)

made up into columns of type ready for printing and purchased from agencies. But theirs was the experience of the average small-town editor—it proved too costly and after four months they gave it up.

A few years later, in 1894, Wilbur joined Orville in a job-printing business on West Third Street, Dayton, and they also produced a small weekly magazine, Snapshots. Wilbur contributed to each issue a satirical skit on some local matter in controversy. But this business was not big enough for the young men. They wanted to branch out.

The bicycle was then at the height of its popularity. While retaining their printing business, Orville and Wilbur organized the Wright Cycle Co. and opened a factory across the street from their other shop.

Here they built the Van Cleve bicycle, still remembered as one of the best. They also had a repair department, and both learned how to handle instruments and tools, though they had served no apprenticeship and therefore were reluctant to classify themselves with the skilled mechanics they employed. They devoted most of their time to study and experiments.

"Until then," said Mr. Wright, "we had never given any serious thought to flying. One evening in 1896 the newspapers had an account of Otto Lilienthal's death during a gliding experiment.

"I was in bed with typhoid at the time, and Wilbur usually brought the paper to my room, where he would read the contents to me. We discussed Lilienthal's accident at length. Later Wilbur took down from our library shelves a book by Professor Marey entitled Animal Mechanism.

"We had read it many times; it had been our refuge on rainy holidays when kept indoors—interesting chiefly because it described the flight of birds.

"Wilbur read Marey's book again and we commenced to wonder if there were not books telling what had been done toward human flight. We made some inquiries, but failed to find any book about human beings trying to fly, and, as our interest then was mere curiosity, we put it aside.

"Again, this time in 1899, the subject came up while we were discussing another book on birds. Wilbur and I always had the habit of talking things over. To introduce a subject was to start an earnest discussion; and, whatever its nature, it was sure to be thoroughly threshed out before we dropped it, and then only when we had reached an agreement. This mutual understanding between Wilbur and myself had been a source of annoyance to our parents on many occasions. Later we found that one or the other of us could make statements to the press on behalf of both and in the other's absence, and they would reflect accurately our individual opinions.

"On that occasion in 1899 Wilbur and I agreed that the most interesting thing about birds was their power of flight. To us it seemed that such power was contradictory to the laws of Nature. Yet the performance of birds was so varied and wonderful that we could not refrain from believing it possible for human beings to imitate at least a few of their simple maneuvers in the air.

"We were aware, of course, that people generally knew that it could not be done. When one said 'A man might as well try to fly,' he expressed the popular notion of impossibility. And yet so many strange creatures could fly—birds, fish, insects, reptiles, and even some mammals. Why not man?

"The thought persisted. We decided to find out, if possible, just how far others had gone; and having heard that the Smithsonian Institution in Washington was interested in flying, we sent a letter asking for the names of the best books on the subject."

Here Mr. Wright named Octave Chanute's Progress in Flying Machines, published in 1894, Prof. Samuel Pierpont Langley's Experiments in Aerodynamics, published in 1891, and the Aeronautical Annuals of 1895, 1896 and 1897. The Smithsonian had recommended these publications to the brothers and also had sent them a few pamphlets taken from the annual reports, one containing a reprint of Mouillard's Empire of the Air, Professor Langley's Memoirs on Mechanical Flight and some quotations from Otto Lilienthal on his experiments in soaring.

Though they acquired that literature only by degrees, the brothers were amazed at the voluminous material printed and available. They had not known of the many sincere attempts toward the conquest of the air. But they were even more surprised to find that so much had been attempted without success. Flying was more of a problem than they had believed.

If the reader would place himself in their position for a moment, he must first understand what had been done prior to 1899, when Orville and Wilbur Wright sat down to study the books and pamphlets so full of contradictory theories and results.

First, there had been the legends, mythological attempts perpetuated in song and story and written in almost all languages. Every nation had its flying heroes, though what they did and how they did it remained shrouded in the mists of antiquity.

That versatile genius, Leonardo da Vinci, late in the fifteenth century, devoted much brilliant thought to the idea of flight and made close observation of birds. In notes describing their flight he asserted his belief that one might build a machine modeled after the bat and fly it with man power. Two generations later several enthusiasts were trying to do it.

Every generation had its daring birdmen who built things with wings, but when they dared to leap off high places with their crows and eagles and flying fish, they met with the inevitable tragic accident. Flapping wings were not practical.

Though scientists declined to agree with him for many years afterward, Sir George Cayley had found in 1809 that some birds could soar and appear to be flying without moving their wings. He had also concluded that to imitate the birds a machine must have a prime mover—that is, an engine. Cayley was the first to realize that to have an airplane one must first have a science of aerodynamics, and he was the first to attempt measurements of the resistance of air on wings. But he did not go very far with that.

Thirty years later Henson took out an English patent for a winged machine to be driven by a steam engine, but it was never built. Several others built gliders, but for reasons unknown to them they could not glide.

At about the time of our Civil War a number of Europeans were trying to solve the problem by calculations in mathematics and experiments in physics. Francis Wenham thought he could get results by using large wing areas, and he devised the method of having this great area reasonably safe for the pilot by using small wings set one above the other. James Stringfellow had designed an airplane model with propellers, a rudder and a tail, but it lacked the chief essential—it could not be controlled.

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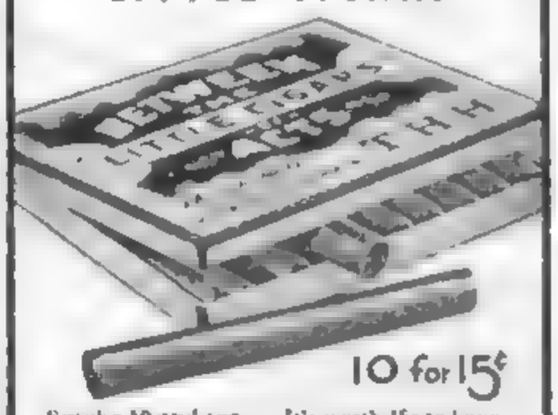

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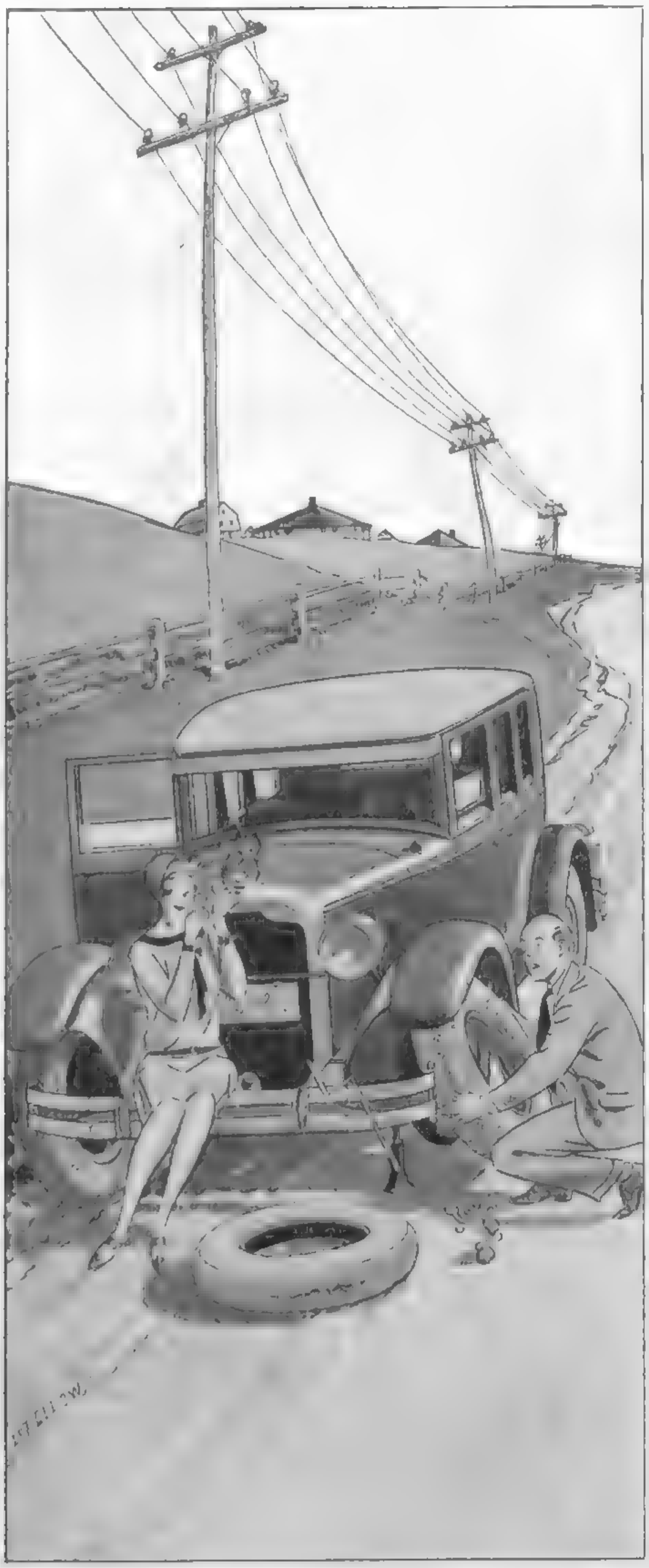

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"Is that so! Well, this Kelly didn't cost any more than that piece of junk that blew, so I don't know where you get your argument."

The only real flying machines ever made were toys; and the best of the lot was that of Pénaud, which had been powered with twisted rubber bands. It flew about 130 feet one day in 1871. It was the only one which had inherent stability. But the toys could not be controlled in flight and, contrary to popular opinion, had they been developed into full-sized machines they would have been useless, for they could not have left the ground.

The models and toys represented the theories of their owners, who had no means of testing them accurately, for they could not be controlled. There was no way of controlling them. A model or toy might fly straight or on an even keel during one test and next go plunging earthward without its owner knowing why. Though the Wright boys did not know it at the time that they were trying to make larger toys, they were to find that a machine having twice the linear dimensions of another—an airplane copied from a model—requires eight times the horse power.

Two Schools of Flying

At first what they read was all very disconcerting to the young men of Dayton. They found that the past fourteen years—1885 to 1899—had been the most prolific of ideas and, be it stated here, of real scientific effort. But it had developed two clearly defined schools.

One was represented by Sir Hiram Maxim in England, Clement Ader in France and Prof. Samuel Pierpont Langley, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, in Washington, D. C. That school of aeronautic thought had been seeking flight by means of power, using engines and propellers.

Financed by the French Government, Ader had built a large machine at a cost of more than $100,000, and when it was tried out secretly near Paris in October, 1897, it represented years of study. Ader, an electrical engineer, had studied bats, and his machine imitated their structure. The wings had a span of more than fifty feet. A forty-horse-power steam engine was designed to take it into the air. It never flew.

In 1893 Horatio Phillips had built an airplane. It had an engine and a propeller, but it could not fly.

Another major effort was that of Sir Hiram Maxim, the English inventor. He spent about $100,000 on a giant multi-winged ship, measuring 104 feet between the tips. A big steam engine of 360 horse power was geared to the propellers. The outfit weighed four tons. One day in 1894 Sir Hiram and his aids started the machine out on its supporting track in a final test—and that was all. The mechanics spent some time harvesting the wreckage.

The second school dealt solely with soaring flight, without engines. Among its champions had been L. P. Mouillard, of France; Otto Lilienthal, of Germany; Octave Chanute of Chicago; and Percy Pilcher, of England.

Mouillard's imagination had been stirred while living in Algeria and Egypt, where he saw vultures soaring without moving their wings. In 1881 he published a book describing his observations in such exceptionally fine literary style that he inspired many to believe in flying. He attempted to build machines that would soar, but was unsuccessful.

Otto Lilienthal is universally credited with having founded soaring flight. He and his brother Gustav had experimented with wings over a period of twenty years. They were students when a Prussian state committee solemnly announced officially that man would never be able to fly.

For five years prior to his death in 1896, Otto Lilienthal had experimented with gliders, some of them measuring twenty-three feet over the wings. Starting at the top of a hill near Steglitz, Germany, he would run into the wind and glide, often for a distance of several hundred feet. At a time when most of the others were using flat plane surfaces, Lilienthal had discarded them for the arched wings.

Lilienthal was killed when his glider plunged to earth. Like all others before him, he had not solved the secret of balance and control.

In 1899, the year that the Wrights were trying to absorb the mass of conflicting evidence for and against the possibility of flying, Pilcher was killed in England while trying to glide in gusty weather. Of all the exponents of soaring flight, Octave Chanute remained alone its champion. Chanute was one of the best-known engineers in the world, as popular in Europe as in America, where he had lived since childhood. He had acquired fame as a designer of bridges. When he took up gliding as a sport he applied to it his technical knowledge.

In 1896, the year of Lilienthal's death, Chanute had done some gliding with machines of his own design, using double wings trussed in his own way from his knowledge of the stresses in bridge construction. Since then he had remained simply an observer of what the others were doing. Captain Ferber, in France, had also built a glider that year, but he did little or nothing with it.

Of all the experimenters in the broad field of aeronautics, only one was really active when in 1899 Wilbur and Orville Wright started to build a glider for the sport of the thing. That other was Professor Langley, noted astronomer, popular as the scientist who had devised the system of telegraphing correct time around the country, and holder of the extremely dignified position of secretary, the directing head, of the Smithsonian Institution.

He had long been interested in flying and was familiar with the work of all the others. For years he had been experimenting with various types of wings, and his courageous persistence, at a time when people generally classified flying with perpetual motion, won him the lasting admiration of his friends.

Langley's Experiments in Aerodynamics, published in 1891, had drawn this comment from Lilienthal:

"It is also to be greatly regretted that the extended experiments of Professor Langley, carried out with so much care and expense, were limited to the resistance of plane surfaces—flat wings—as for such surfaces data have long been on record sufficient for computing all cases occurring in practice."

The Obstacle to Aviation

The indefatigable Langley visited Lilienthal in 1895. Upon his return he built a steam-driven toy monoplane which the next year made an uncontrolled flight above the surface of the Potomac. He had then obtained from the Bureau of Ordnance and Fortifications of the War Department $50,000 with which to build a full-sized machine. He was secretly at work on this when the Wright brothers decided to follow the other school—that of soaring flight. Their reason was twofold.

"Our resources were such that we could devote to the experiment only the funds which we might have available for recreation, and our expenses must be kept at a minimum," said Mr. Wright. "Engines would be costly, and to put them into a machine that we could not manage seemed the height of folly; so we readily adopted the idea of sailing through air on immovable wings.

"Again, Wilbur and I at that time thought that it would be possible to build wings strong enough to carry the engine and the aviator, but that the problem of equilibrium had been the obstacle in previous attempts to fly and therefore should be solved first. We thought that anybody could build a machine with an engine in it."

The others apparently had tried to remain in the air with machines susceptible to every gust and change in direction of the wind. The available literature was of service in impressing upon Orville and Wilbur Wright the need for proper balance.

With a machine in the air, there are two opposing forces. One is gravity, the other

(Continued on Page 109)

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(Continued from Page 106)

is pressure. Pressure is the force exerted underneath the wings as they move through the air. It is the same when a wind blows against the surface of anything. The trick of balancing is to have the center of that pressure directly on the center of gravity—one counterbalances the other.

Otherwise the wings and their load will be tipped backward or forward as the pressure moves back or ahead of the center of gravity. The Wrights read that the center of pressure traveled forward when the wing was tipped against it. Those who thought about it had reached that conclusion. This is an important point to remember; for the brothers had not proceeded far when they proved definitely that after the wing has been tipped at a certain angle toward the horizon, the center of pressure reverses and moves rapidly to the rear.

At the time they had to accept what they read. They knew that Lilienthal had made 2000 glides before his death and they believed that his accident had resulted from loss of control while using his body as a means of balance. Pilcher had been killed for the same reason.

In Search of Wind

"We concluded," said Mr. Wright, "that they had failed to solve the problem of control because they had not practiced enough. During Lilienthal's five years of gliding he had been in the air only about five hours. We felt that if we could practice for an hour at a time we might accomplish something. So we decided to build a glider and take it to a spot where the wind blew at eighteen miles an hour or more—enough to sustain it in the air."

In reply to their letter, the Weather Bureau in Washington informed them that they would find places along the Atlantic Coast with winds ranging from sixteen to twenty-five miles an hour. They then wrote to the postmaster at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, inquiring about sand dunes and hills from which they might glide. He wrote back that the dunes were there, also Kill Devil Hill. The Wrights decided to go to Kitty Hawk in the summer of 1900; it would be an ideal vacation.

In the preceding fall they had made a five-foot kite with which they experimented near Dayton, testing the control of wings and the tail. Then they drew up their plans for a glider, Orville and Wilbur arguing every point to a finished conclusion before it entered the general scheme.

The Wrights were engaged in sport; yet if they were amateurs, their plan for the first glider did not show it. In visualizing the thing that they hoped to ride on the winds at Kitty Hawk they concluded that tails had always caused trouble; so they left off the tail. Thereby they divorced themselves from the slavish practice of building mechanical birds without first knowing how each part functioned.

Next they reasoned that in other gliders the operators were upright, their bodies, supported by braces under the armpits, offering at least five square feet of resistance to the wind. The Wrights decided to lie prone, face down, thus cutting that human area of resistance to one square foot.

Again, Lilienthal's method of control by shifting his body appeared too slow and inefficient. There they plunged into deep water where no other had known how to swim.

They decided to make a double-winged machine, one wing above the other, as Chanute had done, by employing the trussing system used in bridges—the crude forerunner of the present biplane. This permitted them to add their own innovation—a small surface braced well out in front, in horizontal position and connected with a bar which the occupant of the glider could grasp with his hands. With this he could tilt the little surface, or elevator, up or down. It was designed to act as a counterbalance against the dangerous movement of the center of pressure when the wind varied or the resistance of the wings changed for any reason, such as the machine tipping backward or too far forward. Since then no plane has been built without that part. In modern machines these elevators are on the tails.

When they commenced work on that first glider the thought kept occurring that there should be some method of balancing laterally, to prevent being tipped sidewise and overturned in mid-air. Many accidents had resulted from that cause when the wind shifted or any of the many mysterious upsetting conditions arose. Yet none had ever tried to control these movements save by contortions of the human body. Orville and Wilbur Wright talked this over for hours at a time, week after week.

They believed that Lilienthal had become exhausted by shifting his body continuously first one way and then another; that when he saw the need of moving forward quickly to restore balance and prevent a nose dive, he simply lacked the physical strength to do it and therefore his glider pitched down to the fatal crash. They concluded that the wings must be made to perform the balancing act. By their study of the effect of air pressure on wings they knew that increased pressure on one side would lift that wing higher than the other. In fact that was one of the reasons why a machine got off balance. Why not use it to restore balance? But how?

They had the theory. But how could they twist or warp one wing so it would catch more air pressure—that is, turn up with the under side more squarely against the wind than the other? And how could they do it with a biplane—double wings, so braced that the wings formed two sides of an oblong box and the braces, so far as rigidity was concerned, forming the two other sides? How could two sides of a box be warped, still retain its strength and permit of being returned to normal? Well, trivial matters have often led to big events.

Wilbur was selling a customer an inner tube for his bicycle one evening. It had been sealed in a pasteboard box, or carton. Wilbur stood talking to the customer, Orville meanwhile idly twisting the box with his hands at each end. The box warped out of shape—two opposite sides turned up at one end and at the other end down. The brothers saw this. If the box could be warped, then so could theirs—their wings.

Putting Control in the Air

They went to work. The wings would be flexible enough to permit warping without breaking the spars and ribs. Wires would be attached to the wing tips and run in toward the center to levers one on each side of the pilot.

One lever pushed forward and the other backward would warp all the wings, twisting them so that their tips on one side would be drawn down and the others up. Thus the tips pressed rear edge down would catch more air than the others and increase the lifting power on that side. By this the brothers hoped to raise one side or the other at will if their glider started tipping to the right or left. And they did it, thereby inventing the principle of lateral control.

It is the principle by which all airplanes are controlled laterally today. It is the basis of the original Wright wing-warping patent. It is used in steering, banking on a turn, and is now represented by the hinged ailerons that you see on the rear edge of the wing tips.

The control system was only one of the striking original things that they put into that first glider. They did not copy any design, though they used what knowledge they had of the others. At that stage they did not discard an idea solely because it had been used before, though later on they had to adopt the practice and reject everything until they had proved it of value, to avoid confusion.

They chose their materials with care—good strong muslin to cover the wings. For the first time the wing spars were to be covered on both the upper and lower sides. These were to be made of spruce, which they had found both stout and light.

The most important thing, as you will find, was the curve of the wings. How much to curve them, or how little—the brothers could only guess at first. But it wasn't guesswork. It was theory. They thought that in their machine the wings should have a slighter curve than Lilienthal's glider—less than any predecessor, in fact, for all the others were using the Lilienthal curve.

That curve of the wings is a most important point and deserves explanation. Lilienthal had proved conclusively that flat wings did not have near the supporting or lifting power that curved wings possessed. He had compiled a set of tables presumably showing the best curve for wings of various sizes. Langley, Chanute and Pilcher had accepted them as accurate.

Following Lilienthal

When a wing is designed, the size of the curve is designated by a straight line drawn between the front and back edges and compared to the depth of the curve. With a curve one-twelfth as deep as the width of a wing, between front and rear, it is said to have a camber of one in twelve. Lilienthal had built his wings with that camber. Later, Langley's wings were found to have that same curve. He apparently had followed Lilienthal after his visit with him in Germany, a year before Lilienthal's death.

The Wrights had no reason to doubt Lilienthal's tables, but they figured out for themselves that a smaller curve would be better for their machine. They made their wings with a camber of one in twenty-two.

Another practice universally approved by the others was slanting the wings toward the body to form a very broad V, a dihedral angle. By that they had tried to maintain a straightforward glide without swerving off to one side. But they could do this only in absolutely calm weather. The slightest wind, the merest zephyr, by packing underneath the wing on that side in the direction from which it came, had a tendency to tip it over. The others had set their wings at a dihedral angle. The Wrights used a slight dihedral at first, but after a few glides they altered the wings, removing the dihedral by bending down the tips of the wings like those of a sea gull.

They had planned a glider larger than all others in the past, one with 200 square feet of wing area; but when they came to procure the materials they found some difficulty. To save time they took what they could get quickly, with the result that the wings had an area of 165 square feet. Even this was larger than others had thought safe. Lilienthal's glider had 151 square feet and Chanute's double-decker 134.

Again, the Wrights employed original construction. They trussed the upper and lower wings in such manner that all the bracing wires could be tightened by shortening only two. These new departures also made their machine much stronger than those of the past and, incidentally, saved the brothers considerable grief when flopping to earth with one wing tip first. But it required endless study and work.

For amateurs, theirs was a daring enterprise. Men of long experience had been killed in the same sort of venture. Years afterward they wondered how they had possessed the audacity to risk their lives in such a large machine, without first practicing with smaller ones. Small gliders would not have had the lifting power to bear them too high for safety. But then, they would not have given the same results that this first glider was to give.

They did not assemble it in Dayton. They made some parts in their bicycle shop. The cloth to cover the wings was patterned and cut out on the floor of the front porch at home and sewed together by themselves on a sewing machine. They worked until all hours of the night, when other respectable persons were in bed. Assembly of the machine was to be made at Kitty Hawk.

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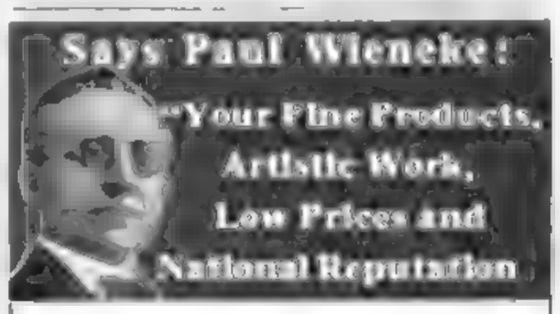

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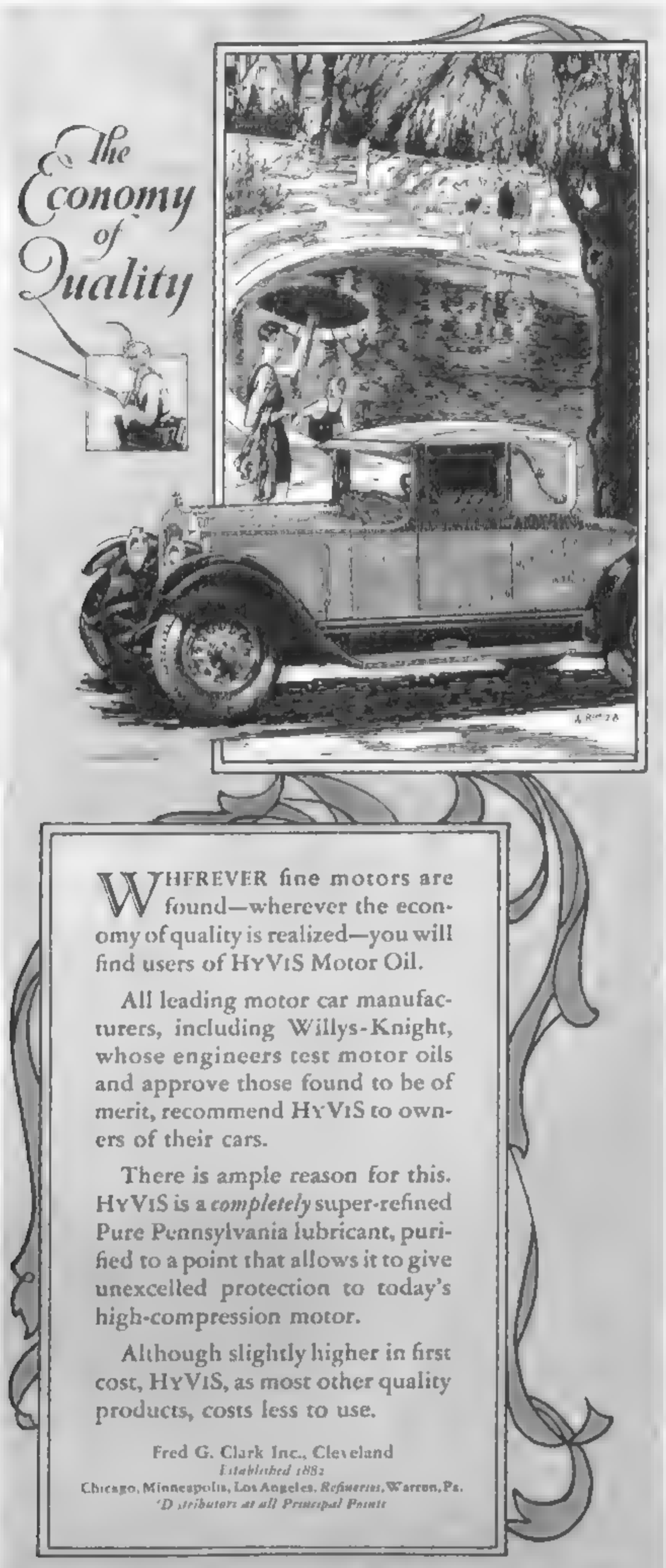
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Much attention was paid to camping equipment, restricted as far as possible to what they must have. For they would take the machine with them, partly in packing cases and the rest—the longer pieces, such as spars and braces—strapped into bundles. They had a tent for shelter. Most important of all were the instruments for measuring the velocity of the wind, and the time and the angles and what not. This was sport, but it was to be thorough sport.

The summer of 1900 was on the wane when they had completed the parts of the glider. They at once left Dayton on a trip which took them a week. They found Kitty Hawk a small fishing village on a narrow strip of sand that jutted out between Albemarle Sound and the Atlantic Ocean.

The natives in Kitty Hawk were very much amused—and tolerant. Some of them visited the brothers. While they were assembling the glider as many as five or six would gather—but not often. There was that much interest in young men who wanted to fly. Today they are building a great memorial at Kitty Hawk.

One man, Capt. William J. Tate, was sympathetic and helpful. He assisted the strangers and one day in October had the mild pleasure of seeing the first Wright glider assembled, a double set of wings measuring eighteen feet between tips and five feet wide. A long stout rope was attached to it, and the first day, with the wind blowing at twenty-five or thirty miles an hour, the brothers flew it as a kite a few feet above the sand. When they found a mild wind a few days later they took turns getting into the glider, lying face down, feet braced against the frame made for the purpose and hands gripping the bar which controlled the elevator out in front.

They were surprised to find that, contrary to what other experimenters had said about the reaction of the wind against wings such as they were using, their glider, when used as a kite and with a man aboard, did not fly level.

Against a twenty-mile wind it tipped back at a sharp angle of about twenty degrees—almost a fourth of the vertical. Even in a thirty-mile wind, which has a lifting power more than twice that of a twenty-one-mile wind, the glider could not be held very level while in leash. This was contrary to the tables of air resistance that they had studied.

A Giant Kite

The most delightful thing about those early trials was that little elevator in front. It worked! And the wings worked—that is, they could be warped. Flying the glider as a kite, the brothers would stand underneath, one at each end. By means of cords attached to the controls, they experimented, measuring as carefully as they could the lifting power of the wind at varying velocity and the peculiar reaction of the wings as they were twisted this way and that. Nothing of the kind had ever been done before with full-sized machines. It had never been done thoroughly with models.

Yet according to the tables supposedly giving the actual lifting power of curved surfaces, theirs was sadly deficient in that respect. They did not think the glider was lifting enough weight, and they modestly concluded that they had been unwise to curve their wings as they had, according to their own ideas. They thought that perhaps they should have followed Lilienthal's table, making the curve one in twelve instead of one in twenty-two. With the width of their wings, the curve would then have been five inches deep instead of about three inches.

But still the cloth on the wings might not be tight enough to hold the air as it packed itself underneath. Possibly that caused the loss of lifting power. Yet here they were, out for a vacation on the ocean shore, and here they would remain until they had enough of it.

As yet they had not attempted to glide. There were no hills high enough in the immediate vicinity of Kitty Hawk. Kill Devil Hill was four miles to the south, appropriately named for flying experiments, a great dune rising 100 feet above the level. One day the Wrights packed up and moved down there, delighted to find that toward the northeast it sloped one foot for every six of its length—more than enough for their purpose.

They had planned to start off as all others had done, by running with the glider against the wind and then hopping aboard as it gained momentum, but a better idea presented itself. With one of the brothers in the machine, the other and Captain Bill Tate would hold it aloft and start it off.

On the first glide it landed at a speed of about twenty miles an hour, and safely. At first these glides were made at a height of only two feet above the surface, later they permitted the glider to move a few feet higher. The height was controlled by the elevator. The front of it, if depressed slightly, would catch the wind and be forced downward with the entire machine in that direction.

Taking Stock of Their Vacation

The brothers had agreed that at first they would not try free glides with the wing-warping device in operation; so that first season they kept it tied down and inactive. They concentrated on studying the operation of that front elevator, which, they soon learned, was very effective in preventing a nose dive. It would counteract the effect of the fore-and-aft travel of the center of pressure. That was something nobody else had been able to do. They also found that they were able to make glides at a much flatter angle than any of their predecessors, keeping the machine much in the same position as that of a modern airplane in flight.

While it usually landed at a speed of about twenty miles an hour, the glider proved to be of staunch construction, and it appeared safe. Very often the pilot would notice that his speed increased gradually after he was well under way, and this indicated that it would be safe to glide, not parallel with the slope of the hill but well up and more nearly level with the starting point throughout the major part of a flight.

When Orville and Wilbur decided to return to Dayton they took stock of their first season as active flying experimenters. In some respects they were rather pleased—they had found the center of pressure, they could make flatter glides. The fore-and-aft control system appeared to function properly, and this was a better method than that of shifting the human body back and forth. But their glider seemed to lack the lift which others had procured, if the tables of air pressures were correct. Nearly two years were to elapse before they could prove conclusively that their first glider in fact had an excellent lift—that the old tables were inaccurate. But that first season they did not know. They had been in the air gliding only about two minutes all told; and this was a disappointment to them, for they had expected to glide for hours instead of minutes. They thought they had built a poor machine; and they left Kitty Hawk knowing that something was wrong with it, unable to determine what it was, but still believing what the books taught about the science of flight.

On returning to Dayton they wrote to Octave Chanute, describing their experiences. Always interested, though he had discontinued his own active gliding experiments in 1896, the engineer encouraged them to continue the "sport." A lively correspondence resulted, in which Chanute explained what he had learned by following the Lilienthal tables, the Wrights, on the other hand, telling of what they believed they had learned in practice. They added that they were building another glider which they hoped to test at Kill Devil Hill the next summer, 1901, and they invited him to come down and see it glide.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Mingos. The concluding article will appear next week.

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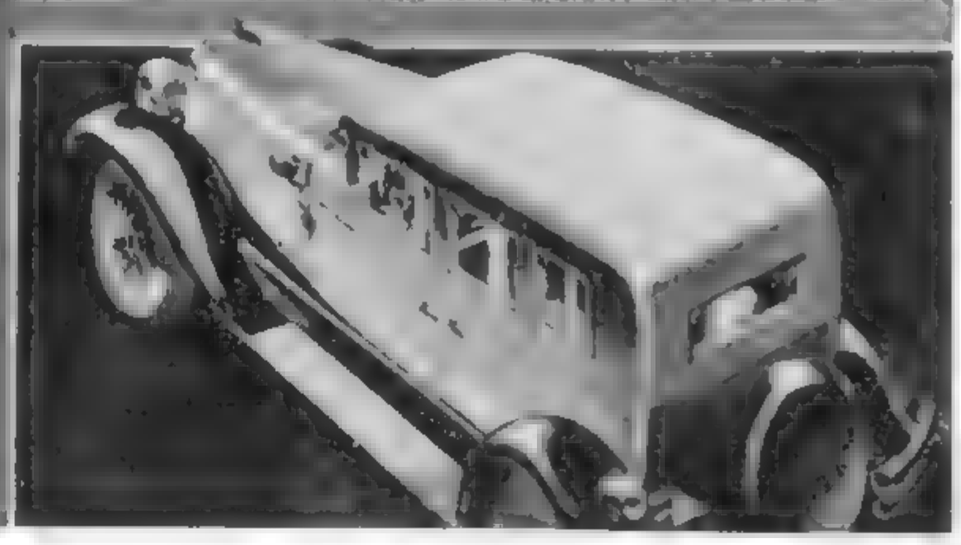

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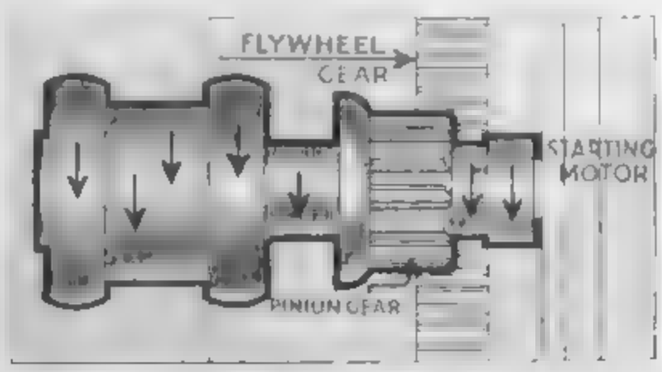

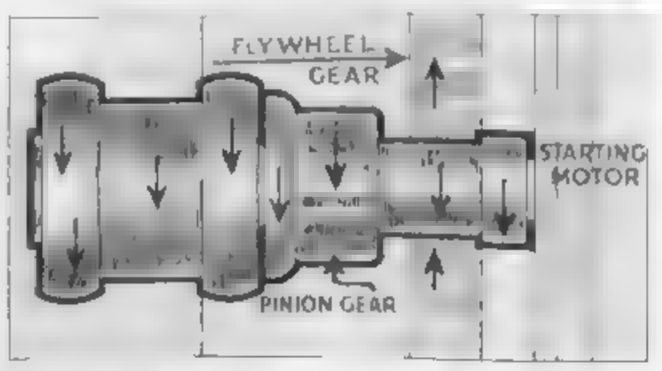

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RIGHT OF WAY

(Continued from Page 40)

would be better to take it from those who can afford to give it."

Wayne moved his head in deliberate dissent.

"I have tried to tell you that here I can pay my way," he said. And without waiting for my grandfather to answer, he began to talk about the bees, denying them their repute for wit and thrift and industry and calling them the stupidest of all living creatures, wasting their little hour of life to lay up honey for the greedy giants who traded on their folly. My grandfather cut through the talk at last.

"All this says nothing of repaying the Widow Maynard for your keep," he declared.

Wayne's eyes regarded him with a hint, I thought, of mockery.

"Why, as to that, McNaughten, I make no great secret. I hope to sell her house for her. She is too old and feeble to be living here alone through another winter, and a fair price for her little property here would keep her comfortably in the village." He grinned—slyly, I thought. "Will you buy her out, McNaughten, as you bought out Ridley?"

My grandfather shook his head. "I have no use for the place, and no money in hand to tie up in it."

He spoke impatiently. I could see that he regarded Wayne's suggestion as no more than a thin pretext to excuse his cadging on old Mrs. Maynard for food and shelter.

"Perhaps, then, I shall have better luck with Abel Harney," said Wayne. "The house is near his own; he could use it for one of his hired hands. But think of it again, McNaughten. You may change your mind."

I looked for my grandfather to resent the flippant mockery of the face and voice, but he seemed not to notice. He spoke gravely:

"Why should I change my mind, Wayne?"

"Because"—Wayne waved his puffy hand—"because only fools are obstinate in error, McNaughten, and you are not a fool."

More than this he stubbornly refused to say, turning the talk, when my grandfather questioned him, back to the widow's bees and their pitiful fever of witless industry. We left him at last with no more light upon his meaning, and I could see that my grandfather was troubled.

Parlin was waiting for us beyond the barred gate and drove us home, filled with talk of what he would do with his land. My grandfather said little, but all day, as we cut and shocked our corn, I knew from his look and silence that what Wayne had said continued to lie heavy on his thought. At supper I asked him what he made of it. He shook his head.

"Little enough. But I should sleep easier if I had bought the widow's house, as Wayne proposed." He fell silent again. "And yet," he said, as if he spoke to himself more than to me, "he did not want me to buy it or he would have given me a reason." He pushed back his chair. "Tomorrow," he announced, "we will ride back and have more talk with him."

We left our corn harvest to do this. Wayne seemed to expect us. He sat among the beehives, his hands folded across his paunch, and he settled his chin more deeply into the folds of his red jowl, as if our coming made him even more indolently content than he had been before.

"The night," he said, "has brought you counsel, has it? You have come to buy the widow's land and house?"

"I have come to ask you whether you advise it," said my grandfather. "You have talked in riddles so far. Do you counsel me to tie up money that I can ill afford in this property for which I have no need or use?"

Wayne's face lost, suddenly, its look of mocking impudence.

"And if I so advised you, Andrew, would you do it—for no better reason than the word of drunken Charlie Wayne?"

"Say that I know you would not advise it without a valid reason," said my grandfather.

There was a brief silence. It seemed to me that Wayne straightened a little; that, for a moment, behind the gross, bleary vagabond I had a glimpse of the man Charles Wayne might have been but for the drink and what followed on it.

"If you can buy it for a penny less than three thousand dollars, Andrew, buy it by all means," said he. "And by no means give a penny more."

My grandfather stared. "Why," he said, "it would be a fool's bargain at half your price! Have you lost your wits, Wayne, or do you think that I have lost mine? Three ——"

"You asked for my advice," said Wayne, "and there it is. Take it or leave it. But I think that our friend Harney will have a word to say before you act upon it."

His eye moved past me and I turned to see Abel Harney coming toward us in the dusty road. His pace quickened suddenly, as if the sight of my grandfather disturbed him.

"Where's the widow?" he demanded, ignoring us and speaking to Wayne.

"I represent her," said the other, rising deliberately, "but it may be better that she should be present." He paused. "McNaughten has it in mind to buy her property, Harney. If that is your own errand, we might conduct, informally, a sale by auction, and so deal fairly by you both." He moved ponderously to the door and called gently to the old woman. Again, as he led her out and placed a splint chair for her, I fancied that I saw another man behind the shabby, sodden reprobate. "We have two buyers, Mrs. Maynard," he told her, lifting his voice a little. "I suggest that we listen to their bids."

"Whatever you say, Charles."

She seemed not merely to have faith in him but, somehow, to imply that there could be no other attitude on her part or on ours. I was hardened, as we all had to be, to the spectacle of such old women, wives of day laborers, worn out by work and facing, in their feeble age, the sorry charity of the county farm; but my throat tightened as I watched this one, and I forgot that we were here to buy her land, and hoped heartily that the price would be high.

Wayne resumed his seat and folded his swollen hands across his middle.

"What am I offered," he said, "for this desirable property, consisting of one acre of land, with house and outbuildings in good repair, fine shade and fruit trees?"

"Give you a thousand!" snapped Harney.

His look and tone puzzled and alarmed me. There was something dangerous in that eagerness. Wayne smiled.

"It will do for a beginning," he said. "One thousand is bid. Do I hear ——"

"And a hundred," said my grandfather.

"Twelve!" Harney did not wait for Wayne to speak.

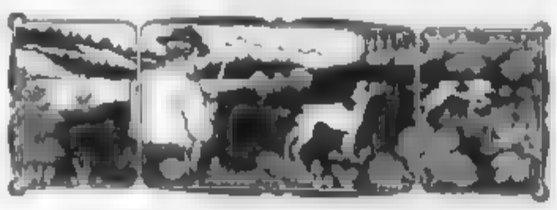
I could see that his hands were tightly clenched and wondered at the passion in his look and voice. The bidding climbed by hundreds to two thousand, where, for a moment, I thought my grandfather would stop. I saw Wayne look at him as he hesitated; it seemed to me that there was just a hint of a quiver at one corner of a bleached blue eye.

"And fifty," said my grandfather.

"Twenty-one!"

"And fifty"

I was worried now. My sympathy for the Widow Maynard yielded to concern on grandfather's account. If he had to pay



such a price for the worthless bit of land, after tying up the money he had given Enoch Ridley, I knew that it would cramp him pretty sorely, and I waited eagerly on each of Harney's sharp advances.

"Three thousand," he said.

My grandfather shook his head. "Let him have it then."

Harney laughed harshly. "Make out the papers, Wayne. We'll settle it right here, hard and fast, black and white."

Wayne led the way into the house, where some temporary bill of sale was drawn and signed. I heard him telling Harney, as they came out again, that although the deed must be acknowledged formally before a notary, the sale would stand at law provided the check which he had given was duly honored by the bank.

"No chance to back out of it, eh?" Harney slanted his mean eyes at my grandfather.

"None whatever," said Wayne. Harney laughed. He waved the bill at grandfather.

"Thought you'd licked me, did you? Thought you and Parlin could keep me locked out of Canastego, eh? Laugh out the sour side of your mouth when you find out what I just bought!"

"You bought the Widow Maynard's lot," said my grandfather.

"And what else?" Harney's chuckle was shrill with joyous malice. "You ask Charlie Wayne what's throwed in for good measure with this here lot!"

"Harney refers, no doubt," said Wayne composedly, "to a right of easement granted by John Ridley to his daughter Sarah in his deed of the one-acre lot which Harney has just now bought from the Widow Maynard. This deed specifically grants the right of passing and repassing from the aforesaid lot over the so-called Ridley lands to and from the Canastego turnpike, and this right, regardless of change in ownership, would still reside in the smaller parcel."

"And you watch me use it!" said Harney. "Just watch me drive across the hill to Canastego and put Parlin out of business!" He turned to Wayne, clapped him heavily on the shoulder. "Got to get up bright and early to outamart you, Charlie! Guess you got another jug of apple coming to you for showing me how I could have the laugh on Parlin and McNaughten this way. You stop in and c'lect it any time you want."

Wayne shook his head. "I am not permitted," he said soberly, "to accept a fee for legal services. I gave you, as you say, a hint that you would do well to look up the deed by which John Ridley conveyed this land to his daughter, but I must decline even the informal compensation you are good enough to tender, Harney. Regard my suggestion as—as free advice, willingly given without money and without price."

"All right. And call the applejack a free gift, too, if it suits you better that way," laughed Harney.

Wayne repeated his gesture of dissent. "I am obliged to you," he said, "but although, as McNaughten was blunt enough to suggest yesterday, I have been known on occasion to accept charity, I am still particular as to the hand from which I take it. You may keep your apple whisky, Harney."

Harney stared, reddening. "Suit yourself," he said. He nodded sullenly as Wayne arranged for a meeting that afternoon in Canastego for the formal transfer of title, and swaggered down the road. I remember hating him, and as I thought of Jim Parlin and his plain-faced, patient wife and the solemn little girl with her black-and-yellow kittens, I hated Charlie Wayne too. I knew well enough what all this would mean for the Parlins. Jim had fought his way up from day labor, but he was not the sort to retrieve disaster. This would finish him—and all because old Charlie Wayne had told Harney about that

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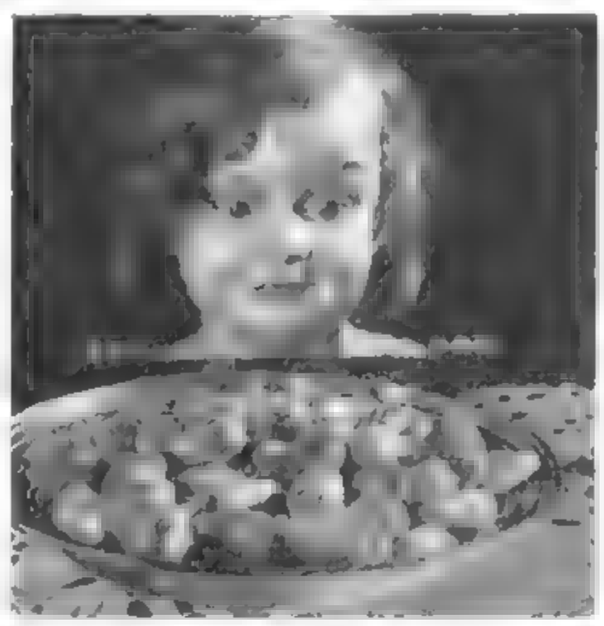

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right of way! I thought, vaguely, that he must have done it because my grandfather's blunt speech had angered him. It was clear enough that although he had made use of us to run up the price of the widow's acre, he had meant all along that Harney should have the best of it in the end. Else why had he told my grandfather to bid no more than three thousand? Why ——

I was amazed to find my grandfather smiling in his beard, holding out his hand to Wayne. It was not his way to be too forgiving of such injury as Wayne had done him.

"It is the first time, Wayne, that to my knowledge you have given bad advice," he said.

"I told him," said Wayne, "simply that the wording of that title deed would interest him." He grinned. "Before a man buys land, Andrew, what wiser course could he follow?"

"You knew that he would think "

"I knew what he would find," said Wayne. "What layman's silly inference he might choose to draw from a perfectly drawn deed is no affair of mine."

My bewilderment drew my grandfather's notice. One of the reasons why I loved him was his way of letting light in apon whatever puzzled me, instead of troubling my confusion, after the habit of so many men and women who find a mean amusement in a child's mystification.

"This right of way," he told me, "applies only to the widow's lot. Under the law, Harney cannot extend it for the benefit of his other lands; he must use it only to pass between this single acre and our road; he cannot even go and come by it from and to his own house; he cannot haul over it the produce of any foot of land beyond its limits. So that, in his eagerness to snatch up a weapon to destroy young Parlin, he has paid three thousand dollars for a wooden sword!"

"I see that you know the law, McNaughten."

Wayne seemed not altogether pleased. My grandfather glanced at him, a little puzzled, I thought, by the look and tone.

"And it does not please you to find that I know, at least, this much of it?" he asked. "Why not, Wayne?"

"You carry too much weight of conscience on your back," said Wayne. "A good thing, perhaps, but not overly convenient in conspiracy."

My grandfather chuckled under his breath and glanced along the road toward Abel Harney.

"My conscience does not ride so hard as that," he said. "I will tell Harney when I see him again." He hesitated. "But I think it likely that by that time he will have his title deeds and the purchase money will be safely banked to the Widow Maynard's credit."

THE APPALACHIAN TRAIL

(Continued from Page 31)

stout clothesline—and it didn't look stout enough to hold her! Still with her pack on her back, for she intended to sleep that night on the summit, this indomitable female entered the dusk of the chimney before the sun was over the ridge, and our prayers went with her—and with the guide.

He got her up! It took him eight hours, but he did it! He left her on top of the mountain and came down the regular trail—a wreck. She, however, had never shown the slightest fear, he said, but had scrambled ponderously on, or been hauled up by the rope, as calmly as if she were walking the pavements of Berlin. The next day five of us, all husky and experienced men, with a 100-foot Alpine rope, required nearly five hours for the same climb of 1200 feet.

Our verdict was that if that woman had been in the Germany Army, the Allies would never have won the war!

Of course, such side trips as the Katahdin chimney are rare on the Appalachian Trail, but lesser scrambles will exist by the thousand—do exist now on the 600 or 700 completed miles. Many of them exist in the Berkshire Hills, where I live. A year or two ago some fifty men and women belonging to a hiking club in New York took advantage of a Monday holiday to make a three-day excursion to my village, and I guided them over the portion of the Appalachian Trail on Mount Everett and into some of our wilder ravines. They had warned me that they didn't want a mere walk. They wanted, they said, some real scrambling. They were, I fancied, a bit scornful of the Berkshire Hills, which stung my pride, so I took them up a deep, rocky cleft, beside a waterfall, till we came to a seventy-five foot wall almost precipitous.

"Now where do we go?" said they.

"Up there," said I, uncoiling my rope.

No Turning Back

Forty-seven of them returned down the gorge and took a detour path. But three of them accepted the challenge. I went up and fastened the rope and came down again and boosted all three to the top.

And those three were women—not particularly young women, either—not girls. The girls in the party went back with the men!

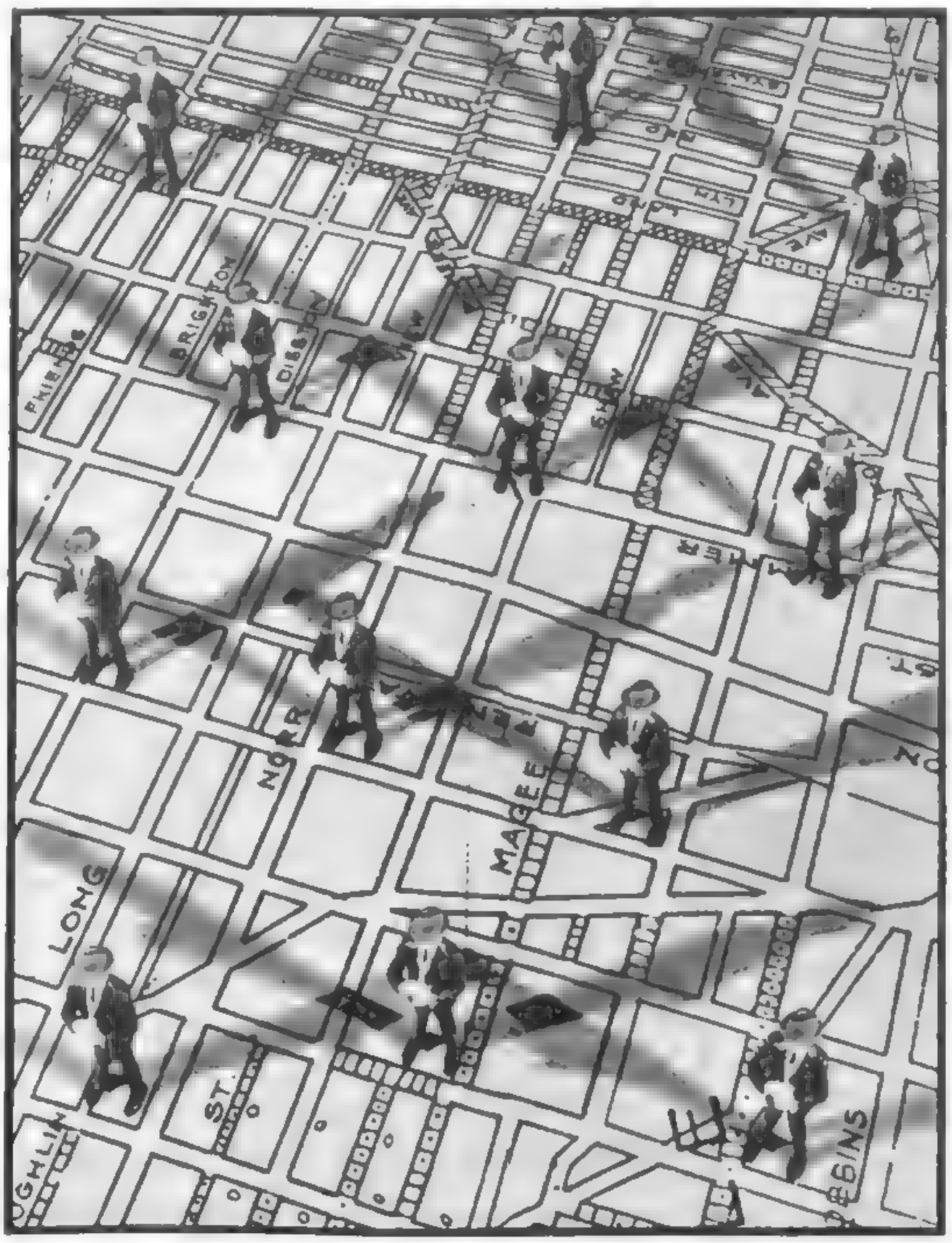
Before I got the party home that night, I took them down another ravine where the only possible way out was to descend a long slope so steep that you had to face it and go down as on a ladder. All fifty of them had to do it. There was no detour in this case. They clung desperately to the rope. There was much squealing and some pale faces. But of course everybody arrived safely at the bottom.

And they talked about it all the rest of the evening. After it was over, they adored it! It wasn't a bit like school-teaching, or running a library, or being cashier in a bank. It was rough and hard and just dangerous enough to be exciting, and sent them back to New York with racing blood and happy memories. They were back in the autumn for more.

Foot Traffic Only

One beautiful summer day not long ago my wife and I climbed Chocorua, a small but rugged and beautiful mountain in the southern part of the White Mountains, and connected, of course, with the network of trails which makes that whole region much of it now a national forest—a paradise for trampers. There must have been fully 200 people on Chocorua that day, and at least 75 per cent of them were boys and girls from various camps. All these youngsters probably were city-bred. They were getting from this rugged climb and this superb view from the summit a sense of Nature no city could ever give them; they were getting some idea of the country their ancestors had to conquer, the labors of exploration they had to perform; above all, they were stocking their memories with precious pictures and sensations, to enrich their future lives.

It will be a sad day for America when there are no such wild and rugged places to which we can take our children and to which we can retreat ourselves. Yet yearly such places grow fewer, except among the higher mountains, as the motors carry the backwash of the cities far into the country. We have got to preserve what we have left and make it available for recreation and refreshment. That is the object of the Appalachian Trail. That is why it goes, and will go, where the motors cannot follow it; and that is why, in future, it will be trod by great and greater numbers of men and women escaping for a day or a week from the rush and strain of modern life into the great peace and solace of the wilderness and the high places.



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SUPREME CANNED MEATS
SUPREME COOKED LUNCHEON MEATS
SUPREME FRESH SAUSAGE
SUPREME MARGARINE
SUPREME EGGS
SUPREME CHEESE
SUPREME CREAMERY BUTTER
AND
"WHITELEAF" LARD

A national service-sales force daily supplying your needs

EARLY morning at the Morris & Company branch houses. Great trucks are being loaded with thousands of tons of meat. Off they dart in every direction—stopping at countless retail stores to deliver sides of beef, shoulders and racks of lamb, loins of pork, hams, bacon and other meat products.

Who tells the loading crews what to put in each truck? Who tells the drivers where to go? The order sheets of the Morris & Company salesmen are the authority. For the day before, this army of men personally called on or telephoned thousands of retail dealers and found out what each needed and when they wanted it.

You may never see these salesmen of Morris & Company. But as the alert vanguard of this great provisioning organization, they make it possible for your retail dealer to serve you quickly and efficiently every day with a great variety of food products in which you may have the utmost confidence.

MORRIS & COMPANY
BRANCH OF THE NORTH AMERICAN PROVISION COMPANY

MORRIS Supreme FOODS

CHICAGO

Buffalo's JUNE *extends* 100 Days

DURING July and August, Buffalo is cooler than most summer resorts. The whole summer averages a June-like temperature of only 68°.

This means more than a chance to enjoy life. It makes people want to work as well as play.

The veteran meteorologist, James Harvey Spencer of the Weather Bureau, has put it this way:

"..... I do not hesitate to express the belief, as a result of my studies, that the Buffalo climate as an 'all-year-'round' proposition has no superior in the United States" .....

Climate, then, is one of Buffalo's many industrial advantages. In fact, this is a greater advantage than the presence here of a financial institution like the Marine, with $225,000,000 of resources, enough to serve an enterprise of any size.

Take a vacation trip to Buffalo. Investigate its advantages while here. Ask the Marine for the facts.

MARINE
TRUST COMPANY
OF
BUFFALO

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS OVER $27,000,000

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

"Tune In On M-O-N-E-Y"

Says Lincoln McGill, Radio Tenor and Post Representative

"I earned $13.20 in a single day of Curtis work," announces Lincoln McGill, whose voice is frequently heard over the air from New York.

This time his message can put real money in your pocket! For in one month recently "Mac" earned $91.75 EXTRA! And what he has done, *you can do!*

If you have a little spare time now and then, morning, afternoon, or evening, we'll show you how you can easily turn it into CASH as our subscription representative.

You need no experience. You needn't leave your own locality. And you won't have to spend a penny. Take Mac's word for it—it's worth looking into!

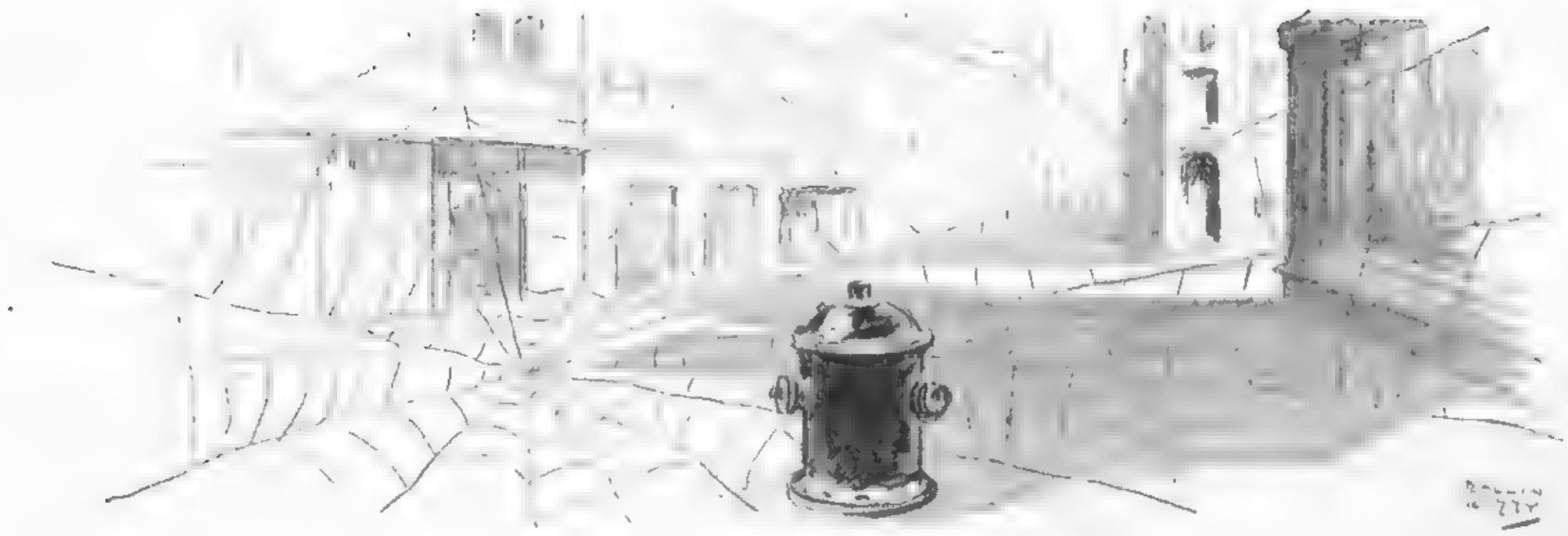
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
656 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please tell me about your cash spare-time offer.

Name (Please Print Name and Address) *Age*

Street

City *State*



Everyone doesn't go away in the summer-time

What is responsible for the summer slump in retail business?

The Van De Veers, who always go to Europe when school closes down? Hardly—there are only a few of them anyway.

If business slackens during the summer months, it is for a reason closer to home than the Van De Veers. Shopping in a crowded store loses its charm as the thermometer climbs into the upper eighties.

Printers know a much more comfortable way for folks to shop—right at home on the cool veranda.

It may be a burden for the average woman to get to the stores during a hot spell. It's no job at all for her to read good printing when the mailman delivers it to her.

Electric fans, lawn mowers, awnings—can all be chosen from a printed catalog page with far less effort than by elbowing through shops. Slip covers, garden furniture, refrigerators—can be pictured more alluringly with good printing than they can be exhibited on the crowded floor of the furniture department.

Even the family planning a trip out of town can select luggage, bathing suits, and camping outfits by means of a folder or leaflet, and order by telephone.

Good printing can make vacation time one of the big buying periods of the year. When the soaring thermometer keeps customers from your store, use a good printer to take your store to their homes.

TO MERCHANTS, MANUFACTURERS, PRINTERS, AND BUYERS OF PRINTING

A number of books dealing with different phases of the use of direct advertising and printed pieces have been prepared by S. D. Warren Company. Any of these books that you require may be obtained without cost through your printer. Write to him, asking that you be put on the regular mailing list. Or write S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

Warren's Printing Papers

This mark is used by many good printers to identify productions on Warren's papers. These papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding and binding

People don't throw money away in winter

WARREN'S STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS {better paper – better printing}

THOUSANDS OF LOVELY OLD HOMES WILL BE REMODELED THIS YEAR

More and Larger Windows is the verdict of builders

WHAT queer-looking houses they built, twenty, thirty, forty years ago. Funny old places they were, with "gingerbread" scrollwork, odd little cupolas, and great blank spaces of empty walls—souvenirs of a windowless age, the "gay nineties"!

This is the age of sunshine and outdoor life. Houses are built with many windows, sun parlors, sleeping porches and daylight basements. Homes are brighter, cheerier and healthier. To modernize an old house is to bring the sunshine in with more and larger windows.

Many a fine old home, substantially built, but out of style, is being transformed by the addition of a few windows, a sun parlor or glass-enclosed porch. These little improvements make all the difference in the world! The value of the building is greatly increased at small cost.

A practical little book which shows how wonderfully the addition of windows, and sun parlors, transform a house, has been published for free distribution. It is called "The Sunny Side of the House." If you are interested in making your home a "sunshine home," ask your glass dealer, or write to us for a copy.

For over twenty-five years, "A-W-G" Window Glass has been the preference of architects, contractors, and glass dealers everywhere. Because of its high quality, greater tensile strength, brilliant lustre and freedom from defects and discoloration, it is used in the finest of buildings. Whether you are building or remodeling, specify "A-W-G" Clear-Vision Window Glass.

AMERICAN WINDOW GLASS CO.
World's Largest Producer of Window Glass; also makers of QUARTZ-LITE, *the Ultra-Violet Ray Glass for Windows*
Dept. B, Farmers Bank Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

If you want a copy of "The Sunny Side of the House," write name and address on the margin below and mail it to us.

A·W·G CLEAR-VISION WINDOW GLASS

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 42)

And the best of it is that the quiet young man with a capacity for application and concentration can go further now without pull than ever before. Bluffers don't stand in the way of everything and everyone progressive, for fear they will be shown up. Today anybody can go right to the top of the business pile without bull strength, a loud personality, noise, bluff and size. I think it's a fine thing and a credit to the good common sense of our American business man. It's certainly a big thing for any of our young men who have courage and vision enough to organize their careers on the always sound basis of achievement instead of popularity, pull and bluff."

I agreed that it did seem wise for a fellow really to get the goods instead of make believe he had them and shout about it. Uncle John 'llowed as how nobody could get by on loud talk any more.

"I'll never forget old Sam's funeral," he added, and I thought I noticed his cool gray eyes grow moist in the twilight. "Sam had worked for us for years, and his family before him were slaves in our family before me way back in the 1800's when there were still slaves in Jersey. Sam was an awful hard-working, willing, good-hearted and thoughtful nigger. He used to ride me around on the cart or hayrack besides him just to keep him company. When Sam died I went to his funeral. I was the only white person there. The nigger preacher got up when the time came when it was custom to say some praise of the deceased. I'll never forget it. It was one of the finest tributes I ever heard paid to a man, white or black. He said:

"'Sam done a powerful heap o' good in his day that people didn't hear nuthin' of. Why, he used to go down to the Cimetry and put flowers on my folks every Sunday. He never said nuthin' 'bout it to me. Never got no credit ner nuthin'. Never 'spected none. He done a lot o' things like that. Never talked a lot. Sorta quiet and scarce around. But, brethren, hit's an empty wagon a-goin' down the road that makes the most noise.'" —HIRAM BLAUVELT.

The New Decor

After Lewis Carroll

HE THOUGHT he saw a trapezoid
With Neo-Euclid feet;
He looked again, and found it was
A modernistic seat;
"I hoped it was a dream," he said,
"But for the love of Pete! . . ."

He thought the walls were falling in,
With devious objective;
He looked again, and found it was
An up-to-date perspective;
"If that's intelligence," he said,
"Then let me die defective!"
—Corinne Rockwell Swain.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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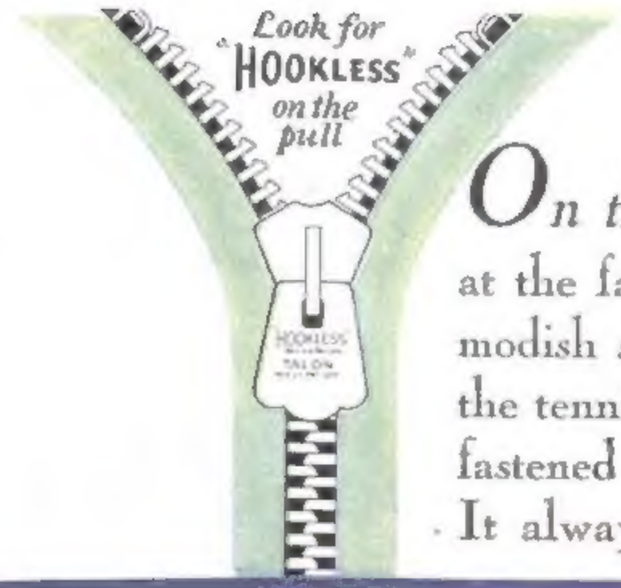
A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1.00 the year (U. S. and Canada), and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request.



On the Shore—or in the Mountains. You see it on fine luggage arriving at the fashionable resorts. You see it at the shore—on smart new bathing suits, on modish shoes, on gayly colored bathing bags. Just glance around the golf links or the tennis court and note the sport clothes, golf bags, racquet covers neatly and securely fastened with the Talon Fastener! . . . Salt water, rain, damp weather cannot rust it. It always opens with an easy pull and always closes quickly, snugly and securely.

How many uses has the Talon Fastener? You liked the speed, the smartness, the convenience of the Talon Fastener on overshoes and youngsters' leggings. Now it's available to you on play suits, riding boots and purses—tents, sleeping bags and lumberjacks—countless items of apparel and equipment . . . Before you buy, be sure to ask "Can I get that fitted with a Talon Fastener?" Then, to make certain that you get the Talon, the original slide-fastener—that always works, never rusts, launders perfectly—look for "Hookless" or "Talon" on the pull.

Bathing bags and bathing shoes, bathing trunks and tennis racquet cover showing the application of the smart, convenient Talon Fastener.

Write us, the original manufacturer, for the name of companies making articles fitted with the Talon Fastener

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY, MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

CHICAGO: Lytton Building, 14 East Jackson Boulevard NEW YORK CITY: 393 Seventh Avenue

THE TALON

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FASTENER

Get Ipana Tooth Paste

start to use it tonight!

Within thirty days your gums will be firmer—your teeth will be whiter!

IF you follow that bit of advice at the top of the page—if you will switch to Ipana for one full month—your experience over the next 30 days will sum up about like this:

First, you will find that Ipana has a delicious taste—a taste that is different from any other tooth paste—a taste you will like from the very first brushful.

Next—within a very few days—your mirror will show you the good effects of Ipana's cleansing power. Your teeth will become whiter and brighter, with the sparkle and brilliance that prove they are thoroughly clean.

But most important are Ipana's benefits to the health of your gums

Finally—before 30 days have passed—you will observe the results of Ipana's power to tone and to strengthen the gums. Your gums will become firmer and healthier in texture—lighter and pinker in color. Then you, too, will know what Ipana can do for the health of *all* your mouth.

* * *

Because of our soft diet, our gums fail to receive the stimulation they need to remain in health. They become dormant—soft, tender and weak.

Very logically, thousands of dentists pronounce a tooth paste that stimulates the gums a necessity in this day of prevalent gum troubles.

Such a tooth paste is Ipana. For it has a special ingredient (ziratol) long used by dentists in treating the gum tissues:

So, we repeat, make a full month's trial of Ipana. Brush your gums as well as your teeth with it, faithfully, twice a day. This will speed to the depleted tissues a fresh supply of rich, nourishing blood, making the gums harder, firmer and in every way more resistant to disease and infection.

The coupon brings a ten-day tube, gladly sent. That is enough to prove Ipana's taste and cleaning power. But the better plan is to start at once with a full-size tube from the nearest drug store—enough for more than a hundred brushings—for that makes the fairer test of Ipana's good effects on your gums!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. P 78,
73 West St., New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

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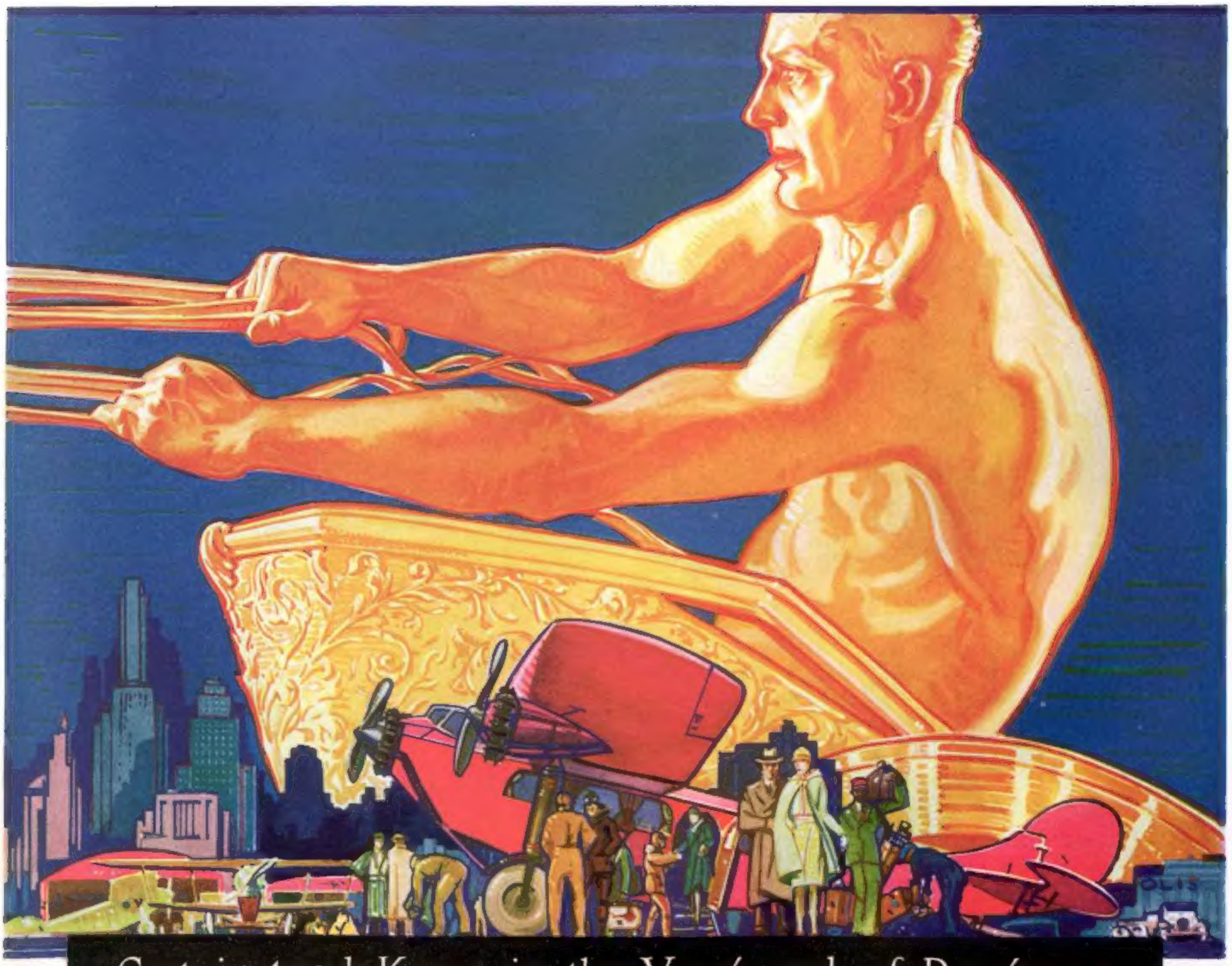

Certain-teed Keeps in the Vanguard of Progress By Maintaining Its Policies and Products in Accord with the Changing Needs of the Public

Take any one of the Certain-teed lines... you will note that every product is practical, modern, popular. The range of choice is varied and satisfying; there are no slow-selling items.

It has always been a Certain-teed policy to keep its lines suited to changing tastes and trends. Your needs—plus the requirements of modern architecture and interior decoration—govern the character of these hundred and more products. Where color, pattern and design are important attributes, Certain-teed products are notably correct.

Underlying the pleasing appearance of each product is its proven quality. It has made the name "Certain-teed" a byword for satisfaction and value throughout the world. Purchasers know that when they buy under the Certain-teed label, they always get extra value, extra quality and extra satisfaction.

Certain-teed

ASPHALT ROOFINGS, ASPHALT SHINGLES, BUILDING PAPERS, BUILDING FELTS, ASBESTOS SHINGLES, PAINTS, VARNISHES, LACQUERS, LINOLEUM, FLOORTEX

NAFARA RUGS, OIL CLOTH, GYPSUM PLASTERS, BUILDING BLOCKS GYPSUM BOARD, FIBER WALLBOARD, INSULATING BOARD

A "Living Diary" of your Children!

Take ten feet of Ciné-Kodak film each month and watch them grow up before you on the Silver Screen

THERE they are, just as they used to be. The first announcement flashes on the screen . . . "Arthur T. Makes His Movie Debut." "When Barbara K. Was Six Weeks Old" . . . or "The Twins—Aged Four Months" . . . and then, as you catch your breath with the thrill of it, their childhood passes in review.

Now, years afterward, sitting at ease in your living room, you once more watch them grow . . . and change. Creeping, stumbling, walking, running . . . crying, laughing, eating, playing . . . dolls, toys, dogs, cats . . . the nursery, the lawn, the playground, the seashore, the school-yard. Twelve months flash by in a few minutes, and soon you've seen a bird's-eye view of the whole wonderful period, infancy to adolescence.

Do you suppose that any other movie could thrill you more? Among all the mementos of their younger days, what could be more precious? A Living Diary of your children! Worth so much—and so easy to possess.

You have probably heard before this of the Ciné-Kodak. With this remarkably simple camera, home movies are as easy to take as snapshots. You press a button and instantly all the action within range of the lens is registered forever on a thin strip of film.

What a simple matter to take ten feet of your youngsters every month. Later to splice these ten-foot strips together in what becomes a serial picture of their early years. And, finally, to run this film through the Kodascope, the wonderful Eastman home projector, and see their month-by-month development revealed in a few thrilling moments.

This opportunity, which home movies present to every parent, is worth looking into at once. Just drop in on your Ciné-Kodak dealer and ask him to tell you something about the Ciné-Kodak and the Kodascope. And in the meantime, send in the coupon for the interesting booklet that we'll be glad to send you.

Ciné-Kodak

Simplest of All Home Movie Cameras

EASTMAN KODAK CO., Dept. 100
Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me, FREE and without obligation, the booklet telling me how I can easily make my own movies.

Name.....

Address.....

28

The Ciné-Kodak in the capable hands of Commander Richard E. Byrd, hero of the aerial expedition to the North Pole and now preparing to fly over the South Pole.